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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

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AND

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LIBRARY EDITION

VOLUME XXIV

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

THE CAVALLI MONUMENTS

VERONA

GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY

VENICE

ST. MARK'S REST

672344

The South Side of St. Mark's.
1846.

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

THE CAVALLI MONUMENTS

VERONA

GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY

VENICE

ST. MARK'S REST

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

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Note.—Of Ruskin's drawings included in this volume, the originals of Plates A, B, C, and D were exhibited at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in 1905; the right-hand subject of Plate C and the upper subject of Plate D were in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, 1900 (No. 201), and at Manchester, 1904 (No. 386).

The sketches at Venice and Verona (Plate A) appeared (by half-tone process) as an "Art Supplement to the *Architectural Review*, June 1898." The right-hand subject on Plate C and the upper subject on Plate D appeared (by half-tone process) in the *Magazine of Art*, April 1900. The head of St. George (Plate LXIX.) appeared (by half-tone process) in the *Magazine of Art*, April 1900, and (by photogravure) at p. 139 of Mr. William White's *Principles of Art as Illustrated by Examples in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield* (1895). Plate LVIII. appeared (by half-tone process) in the *Magazine of Art*, April 1900, and Plate LX. (by the same process) in *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXIV

This is a North Italian volume, bringing together various writings upon Padua, Verona, and Venice. They belong for the most part to Ruskin's later period, and the volume comes in its chronological order, except that the first of the books here collected is of a much earlier date. It has been reserved for this place, partly because its inclusion in an earlier volume in its chronological place would have been difficult, and partly because the presentation in a single volume of Ruskin's shorter North Italian pieces is in itself convenient. The pieces thus collected are: I. *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, being Ruskin's descriptions of the frescoes in the Arena Chapel, to accompany the Arundel Society's series of woodcuts, together with an introductory essay on Giotto. The essay was written and published in 1853; the descriptions were published at various dates between 1853 and 1860. II. An essay on *The Cavalli Monuments in the Church of St. Anastasia, Verona.* This was written in 1872, to accompany a chromo-lithograph issued by the Arundel Society. III. The *Guide to the Principal Pictures at the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice* (1877). This was written during Ruskin's sojourn at Venice in 1876–1877. IV. *St. Mark's Rest*, for the most part written at the same time. V. A letter, and a circular, occasioned by the restorations of St. Mark's, Venice (1877–1880). In an Appendix some passages are added which Ruskin wrote, and in part had put into type, for an intended continuation of *St. Mark's Rest.*

In this Introduction, account is subsequently given of these various writings, but first the story of the author's life is continued from the preceding volume, where it stopped at the end of 1874, down to the time of his return from Venice in 1877.

1875–1876

At the period of Ruskin's work to which we have now to turn, the reader will be struck by two characteristics. The work is broken, scattered, incomplete, and the tone of the author's mind becomes increasingly marked by irritability. The old energy remains, but, though

sometimes in thoughts and studies which did not excite his strongest feelings there is the serenity of his earlier work, yet on the whole the fire now becomes fitful and feverish. Thus in 1875 Ruskin gave only one course of lectures at Oxford, while in 1876 he gave none. He wrote in these years chapters, rather than books—parts of *Ariadne Florentina*, of *Mornings in Florence*, of *Proserpina*, of *Deucalion*, and a single number of *Academy Notes*. His monthly letter, *Fors Clavigera*, went on regularly, but these letters, though they had a certain inner consistency, were disconnected in immediate subject, and they were also fiery in temper. A remark in a letter of Carlyle to John Forster, of an earlier date, introduces us to one explanation of this temper. Carlyle is describing a meeting with Ruskin at the end of 1872. "Ruskin," he writes, "good and affectionate. He has fallen into thick quiet despair again on the personal question; and meant all the more to go ahead with fire and sword upon the universal one."[1] Incidental reference has been made in previous volumes to the alternations of hope and disappointment which accompanied Ruskin's attachment to Miss Rose La Touche—a subject to which we shall recur, when we come to his own account of "Rosie" in *Præterita*. Here it need only be said that the clouds which were settling upon this "personal question" had in 1874 shown some break, as we have seen;[2] but the clearing was only for a brief time, and early in 1875, all earthly hope was extinguished. "The woman I hoped would have been my wife," he wrote in *Fors Clavigera*, "is dying."[3] In May she died.

The chequered course of this romance, which was also in some aspects a tragedy, had for many years placed a severe strain upon Ruskin's emotions; now that it was closed by death, he was left numb and paralysed. "That death is very bad for me," he wrote to his friend Dr. John Brown (June 18), "—seal of a great fountain of sorrow which can now never ebb away. Meanwhile I live in the outside of me, and can still work." He had much work on his hands; at Oxford, the reorganisation of his Drawing School (already described[4]), and elsewhere, the development of various schemes in connexion with *Fors Clavigera* (of which an account may more conveniently be given in an introduction to that book). In other directions his work during 1875

[1] Letter of December 20, 1872, in *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, 1904, vol. ii p. 293.
[2] Vol. XXIII. p. liii.
[3] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 49, § 13. Compare Letter 61 (p. 4).
[4] Vol. XXI. p. xxiii.

and 1876 was for him comparatively light. In March 1875 he lectured at the Royal Institution on Glaciers;[1] and in November at Oxford on the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.[2] In the spring of the following year he lectured at the London Institution on Stones,[3] repeating the lecture, no doubt with modifications, at Christ's Hospital and Woolwich. For the rest, he spent most of the time at Brantwood, paying, however, several visits and also taking some driving tours.

Of his visits, one was of peculiar importance to Ruskin's mental and spiritual life. This was to Mr. and Mrs. Cowper Temple (afterwards Lord and Lady Mount Temple) at Broadlands. Mrs. Cowper Temple, the φίλη of *Sesame and Lilies*[4] and of his intimate letters, had been the confidante of Ruskin's romance, and when the end came she begged him to visit her and let her surround him with the affection as of a mother's care. "It is so precious to me," he wrote in reply (Brantwood, August 10, 1875), "to be thought of as a child and needing to be taken care of, in the midst of the weary sense of teaching and having all things and creatures depending on one,—and one's self, a nail stuck in an insecure place." So he went to Broadlands, and his friends interested themselves in his pursuits, as he relates in letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

> "(*October* 8.)—I am beginning to feel that it is right I should be here. Botany and Polit. Econ. will be all the more complete for being worked in this garden and under such trees, and with Lord Palmerston's library for reference—and the perfect quiet of the Park view with its long avenue, and no railroad sights or whistle, is very good for me. I gathered a rose and a piece of Oxford weed and sent them in by Juliet to Isola[5] this morning, and I'm going to give her a feather I'm going to draw to-day, out of her hen's breast—picked up in poultry yard yesterday, for my first St. George's lesson."[6]
>
> "(*October* 20.)—Things are going nicely with me—φίλη has an angelic cook . . . who does everything I want, and we're making experiments on the glaciers, in the kitchen with jelly and cream and blanc-mange, and I got two quite terrific crevasses opened to-day which William and φίλη were there to see."

[1] See *Deucalion*, i., parts of chaps. ii., iii., and iv.
[2] Vol. XXII. pp. 493 *seq.*
[3] See *Deucalion*, i., ch. vii.
[4] Vol. XVIII. p. 47.
[5] "Isola" (like φίλη), a name for Lady Mount Temple; Juliet, her adopted daughter.
[6] See the feather engraved at the bottom of Plate I. in *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 367).

The experiments on the glaciers with cream will recur when we come to *Deucalion*;[1] but there were other experiments at Broadlands which had a profounder influence. Mrs. Cowper Temple was a devout believer in spiritualism. In earlier years he had attended séances with her, without, however, being firmly persuaded.[2] Perhaps this is a region in which the will to believe is an essential condition of belief, and Ruskin was now in a mood to lend himself, not unwillingly, to experiments. Broadlands had been the scene of some of his happiest hours, for there he had been wont to meet the girl he loved. His friend was eagerly persuaded that the partition between the life of this world and the spirit world was impenetrable only to the hard in heart. Gradually the conviction was borne in upon him also. He notes the conclusive dates in his diary:—

> "*December* 14.—Heard from Mrs. A—— (in the drawing-room where I was once so happy) the most overwhelming evidence of the other state of the world that has ever come to me; and am this morning like a flint stone suddenly changed into a firefly, and ordered to flutter about in a bramble thicket. Yet slept well and sound all night."
>
> "*December* 18.—Increasing anxiety about illness, and more and more wonderful or sad things told me unfit me much for my work. . . . Mrs. W—— sees me in evening, φίλη throwing her into trance, tells me all things that ever I did."
>
> "*December* 20.—Again, first through φίλη and her friend, then conclusively in evening talk after reading, the truth is shown to me, which, though blind, I have truly sought,—so long."

What was this truth and how much of it was shown to him, and in what guise? Frederic Myers, who was of the company at Broadlands and whom Ruskin presently visited at Cambridge, has told us something of the revelation:—

"Chiefliest I think of him," he wrote to the Psychical Research Society, "in that house of high thoughts where his interest in our inquiry first upgrew. For the introduction to the new hope came to him, as to Edmund Gurney and to myself, through a lady whom each of us held in equal honour; and it was on the stately lawns of Broadlands, and in that air as of Sabbatical repose, that Ruskin enjoyed his one brief season,—since the failure of his youthful Christian confidence,—of blissful trust in the Unseen. To one among that company a vision came,—as of a longed-for meeting of souls

[1] Chapter iii. ("Of Ice Cream"); and see *ibid.*, i. ch. vii. § 23.
[2] See Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxi.–xxxiii.

beloved in heaven,—a vision whose detail and symbolism carried conviction to Ruskin's heart.[1] While that conviction abode with him he was happy as a child; but presently he suffered what all are like to suffer who do not keep their minds close pressed to actual evidence by continuous study. That impress faded; and leaving the unseen world in its old sad uncertainty, he went back to the mission of humanising this earth, and being humanised thereby, which our race must needs accomplish, whatever be the last doom of man."

Myers goes on to relate how "half in jest I would complain to him that to earth he gave up what was meant for Infinity, and bent a cosmic passion upon this round wet pebble of rock and sea. 'Ah, my friend!' he answered once when I spoke of life to come, 'if you could only give me fifty years longer of this life on earth, I would ask for nothing more!'"[2] Nor did any vision of the angels in heaven seem recompense to him for what he had lost on earth. "*You*," he once wrote to Miss Susan Beever, "expect to see your Margaret again, and you will be happy with her in heaven. I wanted my Rosie *here*. In heaven I mean to go and talk to Pythagoras and Socrates and Valerius Publicola. I shan't care a bit for Rosie there, she needn't think it. What will grey eyes and red cheeks be good for *there?*"[3] At a later date the present writer, in some notes submitted to Ruskin's criticism, had chanced to quote from William Cory's "Mimnermus in Church":—

> "You promise heavens free from strife,
> Pure truth and perfect change of will;
> But sweet, sweet is this human life,
> So sweet I fain would breathe it still.
> Your chilly stars I can forgo:
> This warm, kind world is all I know."

The lines were new to Ruskin, and he inquired for particulars about the author of *Ionica*. "I like this one verse," he said, adding characteristically, "I have never thought of stars as chilly." A transcript of the whole piece was sent to him. "They are beautiful lines," he wrote in reply; "so true of me also."[4]

[1] Compare the letter to Professor Norton of January 13, 1876 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[2] *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, by Frederic W. H. Myers, 1904, pp. 90, 91.
[3] *Hortus Inclusus* (1887), p. 18 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[4] See *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 3, 1891.

The vision, then—granted not to Ruskin, but to another[1]—was doomed to fade; he had heard something from the spirit world of fulfilled Love, but he sought not to peer further beyond the veil. He turned back, here on earth, to "Duty loved of Love." Yet much remained to him from these experiences and thoughts at Broadlands. The conviction and the hope, there borne in upon him, strengthened the religious development which we traced during his sojourn at Assisi,[2] and faith in the very real presence of ministering spirits coloured much of his later writing. The practical bent of his mind, the good sense in which he interpreted that faith, are shown in a beautiful letter to a girl-friend:[3]—

> "Aylesbury, 17*th August*, '76.—I am so very thankful for all, but chiefly for the last part of your letter, in which you speak of feeling the angels nearer you.
>
> "It is strange that this letter of yours should come to me and be read this morning in the room in which I received the tidings of her death, a year and a half ago. If *any*thing is true of what all good and noble Christians have believed, it is true that we not only may, but should pray to the saints, as simply as we should ask them to do anything for us while they were alive. Do but Feel that they ARE alive and love us still, and that they have powers of influencing us by their love and wisdom, and what else *can* we do? I should like you to think of Rose as a perfectly pure and innocent friend, who could, and only besought to be permitted to, teach you and inspire you in all things relating to feelings about which you have had no other adviser.
>
> "One of your greatest charms to me was your tender hearing of her and your belief in the vision of her. I think it is very likely she may speak to *you*, when she will not to me—or cannot. I cannot tell you why I think this, but I do, very earnestly.
>
> "Do not permit yourself to be disturbed by the so often repeated foolish saying that we should never go to any one but God. Of course such a principle would take living friends from you more swiftly than dead ones, being less pure. It is the greater sanctity and power of the 'Cloud of Witnesses' which makes simple people fancy they are idolatrous in addressing them instead of Christ. But they are all as the Angel who *talked* with John—but when he would have worshipped him, said, 'See thou do it not.'[4]

[1] See, again, a letter to Professor Norton of February 1, 1876.
[2] See Vol. XXIII. pp. xlvi.–xlvii.
[3] Miss Sara Anderson, a frequent visitor at Brantwood, where she helped Ruskin in secretarial duties.
[4] Revelation xix. 10.

"It is strange that I was reading yesterday with extreme care the two sonnets of Guido Guinicelli at p. 273 of the Cary's *Dante* which I send you by this same post; I should like you to read these, and the 30th, 31st, and 33rd canto of the *Purgatory*, in my own book, but you must send it back to me when the one comes I have ordered for you.

"There is one thing I am sure both Rose and Beatrice would say —and Dante, now he is with them—that in *this* day of the dark world, no one who loves truly should think of being happy *here;* that we are called upon to labour and to wait[1]—being sure of joy, such as we know not, and need not know, till it is revealed to us by the Spirit.

"I can't write less gravely from this place, dear; but all your letter is delightful to me."

One of the poems which Ruskin had been reading is this:—

"'Comfort thee, comfort thee,' exclaimeth Love;
And Pity by thy God adjures thee 'rest':
Oh then incline ye to such gentle prayer;
Nor Reason's plea should ineffectual prove,
Who bids ye lay aside this dismal vest:
For man meets death through sadness and despair.
Amongst you ye have seen a face so fair:
Be this in mortal mourning some relief.
And, for more balm of grief,
Rescue thy spirit from its heavy load,
Remembering thy God;
And that in heaven thou hopest again to share
In sight of her, and with thine arms to fold:
Hope then; nor of this comfort quit thy hold."

And, again, in the other:—

"I would from truth my lady's praise supply,
Resembling her to lily and to rose. . . .
A mightier virtue have I yet to tell;
No man may think of evil, seeing her."

One may find further reason[2] here for what Ruskin says in the autobiographical preface to *Sesame and Lilies*: "In all that is strongest and deepest in me,—that fits me for my work, and gives light or shadow to my being, I have sympathy with Guido Guinicelli."[3]

[1] Longfellow: *A Psalm of Life* (the last line).
[2] Compare Vol. XVIII. p. lx.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 48.

Such were Ruskin's thoughts, as they were revealed to intimate friends, at this period. In general society he was as eager and enthusiastic, often also as gay, as ever. The very pressure of sad thoughts and his disinclination to sustained mental labour made him the readier to give and receive pleasure by mixing among his friends. He called often upon Carlyle and upon Miss Jean Ingelow. He saw something of Manning, whom he took to see Burne-Jones's pictures.[1] He had a warm liking for his "darling Cardinal," though he found the Papal pretensions as light as the Cardinal's puff pastry: "you had but to breathe upon it and it was nowhere."[2] A friendship of a different kind which became intimate at this time was with the Royal Academician, Stacy Marks. Ruskin had made his acquaintance some years before, and early in 1876 wrote at Marks's invitation a notice of the works of Frederick Walker.[3] Henceforward Ruskin saw a good deal of Marks, and found much pleasure in his jovial society.

A letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn, undated, but belonging to the year 1876, reveals the Professor in an unfamiliar scene. He was staying with one of his Oxford pupils (Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt), and enjoyed a close sight of the hounds:—

> "(Peppering, Arundel.)—It has been a bright day! really lovely!! and I've been out with the hounds!!!—only—on foot. But there was a meet on the Downs, and Dawtrey drove Lucy and Alice and me; and Papa and Helen rode, and for inconceivable wonder, I was lucky for them, for first the hounds and riders came down a lovely two miles of dingle and glen in front of us—with shadows across from bright sunshine, then they reached a piece of wood close to us.
>
> "How difficult it is to explain anything [sketch]. D is high open down; V, a steep valley in it; C, copse on side of valley; A, Alice and Lucy and Dawtrey and me on foot, looking on.
>
> "The hounds searched the copse at C, right opposite, on the face of the hill. Drove the fox out at B. The black thing is the fox, with his tail behind him. As soon as he got off, we ran up the hill to D, and were just in time to see him cross the down, where the big dots are, as if he meant to go up the valley, V. Instead of that, he turned and came down J, throwing dogs and men all out at the steep hill at X, came down to his own wood, ran into it, doubled, and got out again, leaving all the dogs in the wood, went up the valley again, and came across right in front of us, still at D, and

[1] See *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 61.

[2] *Hortus Inclusus* (a letter of a somewhat later date, reprinted in a later volume).

[3] Printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 339–348.

then put steam on and went away, where I've drawn him big, and got safe off afterwards.

"I ought, if I had had room, to have given him a much wider sweep from B at first, else we should not have been in time to see him cross.

"Dawtrey says it is very rare to see a fox that way. He got away at last into a big wood, so full of hares that the huntsman, the last time he went in, said, 'The hares got all together, and drove the dogs out!'

"It was all very lovely, every creature enjoying itself; I'm not sure that even the fox wasn't laughing all the time. The horses were scampering in pure delight on the soft grass; Dawtrey quite wild; I had Lucy to pull up a bit of steep hill, and just at the top came on one of the riders! the son of my old Dean Gaisford of Christ Church, who was one of the merriest at my first Freshman's college supper!

"There has just been the most glorious vermilion sunset I've seen for many years."

A diversion which gave Ruskin some pleasure at this time was that of posting tours to Derbyshire and Yorkshire with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn as companions.[1] These expeditions, on which Ruskin and Mr. Severn sketched together, must have been wholly good for Ruskin if they were as breezy as the account of one of them given by Mr. Severn :—

"The Professor said to us, 'I will take you in a carriage and with horses, and we will ride the whole way from London to the north of England.' He further said, 'I will not only do it, but I will do the best in my power to get a postilion to ride, and we will go in the old-fashioned way, stopping at Sheffield for a few days.' Mrs. Severn was delighted when she heard of this beautiful scheme, for what woman is there who can resist a postilion? The Professor went so far that he actually built a carriage for the drive. It was a regular posting carriage, with good strong wheels, a place behind for the luggage, and cunning drawers inside for all kinds of things we might want on the journey. The Professor took a portable chessboard, and over some long, and, to him, rather wearisome

[1] At the end of January 1875 he drove by himself through Brantwood to Yorkshire and Derbyshire (see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 50, § 16, and Letter 52, §§ 6, 9, 10), returning to London. Letters written from Bolton and Castleton may be read in *Hortus Inclusus* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition). In July 1875 he drove again, this time with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and thence to Brantwood. And again in April 1876 from London to Sheffield, and thence to Brantwood (see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66, Notes and Correspondence).

Yorkshire moors we used to play games of chess. We started on one fine morning from London, and, I must say, without a postilion; but when we arrived at the next town, about twenty miles off, having telegraphed beforehand that we were coming, there was a gorgeous postilion ready with a fresh horse, and we started off in the right style."

And so they rode to Sheffield. His plans for a "St. George's Museum" at Sheffield were now beginning to take shape,[1] and he spent some days there in meeting many local people and discussing the matter with them. When this business was finished, the journey was resumed:—

"Then the Professor gave orders that the carriage should be got ready to take us on our journey. We were to start after luncheon, and sure enough there was the carriage at the door, and a still more gorgeous postilion than any we had had so far on our journey. His riding breeches were of the whitest and tightest I ever saw. His horses were an admirable pair and looked like going. A very large crowd had assembled outside the inn to see what extraordinary kind of mortals could be going to travel in such a way. 'Well, Professor,' I said, 'I really don't know what the people expect—whether it's a bride and bridegroom, or what.' He said, 'Well, Arthur, you and Joan shall play at being bride and bridegroom inside the carriage, and I will get out on the box.' He got hold of Mrs. Severn by the arm and put her into the carriage; I was put in after, and he jumped upon the box. The crowd closed in around us and looked at us as if we were a sort of menagerie."

Sometimes there were delays and hitches on the road, but the Professor "treated that sort of thing with the utmost coolness, and seemed very glad because it enabled him to look at the view and point it out to us."[2] Sometimes information picked up on the road was disillusioning. They had made a deviation to see Hardraw Fall, one of Turner's subjects in the "Richmondshire" Series, and Mr. Severn, who had gone on in front, fell into conversation with a countryman.

"Mr. Severn expressed his surprise that so large and powerful a body of water did not wear away the edge of the cliff much more. The man, with an amused smile, said, 'To tell you the truth, sir, it does wear it away, only you see we work at it.' 'Work at it?' 'Yes, build it up again. You will see mason's work, sir, if you go to the top of the cliff and look close.' 'You will meet a gentleman and a lady a little farther on,' said Mr. Severn; 'I wish you would tell this to the gentleman, he would be so interested!' 'Arthur! Arthur!' exclaimed Ruskin when he

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 59, § 10.

[2] Report of a speech, at the opening of the Ruskin Museum, in the *Sheffield Independent*, April 16, 1890.

joined Mr. Severn at the fall shortly afterwards, 'how could you do such a cruel thing as make that man tell me about the waterfall? I shall never care for it again!'"[1]

Entries in Ruskin's diary, and letters to friends, showed how much he enjoyed the bright companionship of his cousin and her husband, in scenes which he had known since boyhood, and which comprised much of Turner's country. The only drawbacks were "the storm cloud"[2] and evidences sometimes of vandalism:—

> "*August* 13, 1875.—Another *perfect* day, and again to-day a perfect sunrise. . . . I am very thankful to have seen the windhover.[3] It was approximately at a height of 800 feet, but being seen over the cliffs of Gordale, I had a standard of its motion, and when it passed, it was pause absolute; no bird fixed on a wire could have stood more moveless in the sky, so far as change of place was considered, but assuredly both wings and tail were in slight motion all the time. It had two modes of stopping—one, holding the body nearly horizontal with rapid quivering of wings; the other, holding the body oblique with very slight movement of wings and tail. Of course it stands to reason that the motion of these must be in exact proportion to the face of the wind, otherwise it would be blown back."
>
> "*August* 15.—On Monday I drew studies of leaves in exquisite calm sunshine in Malham Cove;[4] and was studying the two geranium species in perfect peace at two o'clock, when suddenly, within five minutes, the whole air became misty and the sun dim. It cleared again in an hour, and was beautiful in evening, Arthur drawing his woodland evening sun subject. Then, yesterday windy, but sunny. I sheltered in Cove, drawing first geranium study in great happiness. At two it got blacker, and, as I walked to Malham Tarn, very cold; but in evening the most divine and intense moonlight prevailing over the drifted cloud of the black wind."
>
> "*August* 16.—An exquisite morning sky, all fretted with sweet white cloud, seen only here and there through miserable rack of the foul storm smoke. Why does, how *can*, God do it, and spoil

[1] Mrs. Alfred Hunt, in her edition of Turner's *Richmondshire*, 1891, p. 29. Mr. Severn's account of this slight, but characteristic, incident is somewhat different, and may be read in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 321-322. Mr. Severn was sketching, when he had his conversation with the mason, and as the sketch was a very good one, Ruskin was mollified.

[2] See the account of "the modern plague-cold" at Bolton Abbey, July 4, 1875, in *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, § 28.

[3] See *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. § 18, where Ruskin refers to the flight of the windhover.

[4] Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 58, § 6, and Vol. XXI. p. 145.

His own work so wretchedly? At the moment, whistling wind, calm luminous sky, and the black Devil cloud all contending for mastery."

"*April* 21, 1876, St. Albans.—Yesterday down here, enjoying Joanie's and Arfie's pleasure—fierce black sky, and storm."

"*April* 26, Newark.—Really quite bright, with the fine spire misty in morning light and domestic smoke only; at ten minutes to six, all clear and sweet; earlier, some rosy clouds across the spire behind, very heavenly. How different had they crossed a chimney! Yesterday here from Grantham, through terrific hail storm, at least sleet, hail, and wind, which Crawley thought would have upset the carriage. Ran down to see castle; pouring shower drove me under bridge. Lightning, sharp and bright, in black thundercloud, as we drove to Southwell, and in morning at Grantham.

"I am aghast at the vile state of English mind which the transition from Earliest English shows. Grantham is a wonderful church in proportion, and its early traceries are as fine as Rouen; its spire magnificently set on its four enormous piers, buttresses in exquisite proportion, and the two little gables on the ends of aisles cocked thus [sketch] towards it, with a difference of (I should think) between 8 feet and 9 on the sides, or at least 60 and 45 in angles. All this very fine; but the later window and door in centre have ball flowers, the most interesting I ever saw in quaint medlar-like twist and sourness (a base of oak leaves on right side of door, as if rolled up together by the wind, quite exquisite, and the ball flowers, not one like another, either varied in set of trefoil and depth [sketch], or richly carved and wreathed. Then along under the cornice on north side are the most monstrous and loathsome heads in clownish stupidity of leer, stare, squint, and grin, as in a seasickness of a ship of fools and diabolic swine, dying of cholera, that ever I saw in art; only just a little removed by a trace of humour, picturesqueness, and knotting into bosses and lumps from the last grotesques of Venice. Six or seven heads all in a heap at one place. Then, at Southwell, the utter stupidity of the heads meant to be human; the miserable attempts to be subtle without knowledge, and dexterous without feeling; the essentially hard, coarse, and vile touch through all the agony and vanity of Chinese effort; and the palpable inability to carve the body of *any* thing (that of men, never attempted—all English Gothic is mere boss and decapitation); and the beasts, mere logs with legs for lions, or ropes with scales for serpents—utterly gross and humiliating to one's English soul."

"*May* 2.—Yesterday a happy day at Ripon and Fountains. Truly nothing like that ever seen by me—showing what St. George can do. Variable rain and sunshine on its violets and anemones, but always the malignant power abiding; a grand thundrous sunset on bridge and shingle of the Swale."

(Letter to Lady Mount Temple.) "GRETA BRIDGE, *3rd May*, '76—I have had nothing to tell you, till to-day, of good, but at last the sun has come, and the old Inn here is unchanged, and there is a window looking through blossom into the garden and up to Brignall woods, and I had a walk up the glen yesterday, wholly quiet—nothing with voice of harm, or voice anywise, except the Greta and the birds; and I found, up the glen, the little Brignal churchyard with its ruined chapel, and low stone wall just marking its sacred ground from the rest of the violets, and the chapel untouched, since Cromwell's time, the river shining and singing through the east window, and the fallen walls scarcely higher than a sheepfold, but the little piscina and a stone or two of the altar steps left, and the window and wall so overgrown with my own Madonna herb[1] that one would think the little ghost had been at work planting them all the spring. And it's still lovely to-day, and I'm going to take Joan to see it. Please send me a little line to Brantwood."

Ruskin was now in Turner's country, and in Scott's, and he was delighted, as ever, in tracing the artist's fidelity to nature. "Found Turner's view accurately," he notes in his diary (May 3); "quiet tea, with clear twilight over the woods of Mortham, seen over little garden and waved mountain field, and the blossoming sprays and sharp cherry leaves, motionless and round the window frame." And so again, two days later: "Saw Junction [of Greta and Tees][2] and Greta bed yesterday; exquisite beyond words. Turner so right!"

From Greta they drove across by Brough to Patterdale, and so home to Brantwood. "I sad all the way," says Ruskin in his diary (May 6), "thinking of old times, and the different joy."[3] Yet at Brantwood also, during this period (1875–1876), there were often golden days, and Ruskin to friends and acquaintances was cheerful and full of interest. It was at this time that Coventry Patmore visited him, and enjoyed, as we have seen, much talk with his host.[4] A little later came his Oxford pupils, to go through their translation of Xenophon's *Economist* with him, and help in building his harbour (Vol. XXIII. p. xxiv.). Entries in his diary for July 1876 mention visits from Leslie Stephen and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), who were staying at a neighbouring farm-house. These

[1] See the drawing of the herb, Plate XVII. in Vol. XIX. (p. 377).

[2] See Vol. XXI. p. 11 and *n*.

[3] It was on his return from this driving tour that Ruskin wrote his preface (reprinted in a later volume of this edition) to Robert Somervell's *Protest against the Extension of Railways in the Lake District*.

[4] Vol. XXIII. pp. xxvi., xxvii.

entries fix the date of the meetings which have been described so sympathetically by Thackeray's daughter:—

"Low Bank Ground, our own little farm . . . had been the site of a priory once, and on this slope and in the shade of the chestnut trees, where monks once dwelt, the writer met Ruskin again after many years. He, the master of Brantwood, came, as I remember, dressed with some ceremony, meeting us with a certain old-fashioned courtesy and manner, but he spoke with his heart, of which the fashion doesn't change happily from one decade to another; and as he stood in his tall hat and frock-coat upon the green, the clouds and drifts came blowing up from every quarter of heaven, and I can almost see him still, and hear the tones of his voice as he struck the turf with his foot, speaking with emphasis and true and hospitable kindness. Low Bank Ground is but a very little way from Brantwood . . . 'A dash of the oars and you are there,' as Ruskin said, and accordingly we started in the old punt for our return visit. . . . That evening, the first we ever spent at Brantwood, the rooms were lighted by slow sunset cross-lights from the lake without. Mrs. Severn sat in her place behind a silver urn, while the master of the house, with his back to the window, was dispensing such cheer, spiritual and temporal, as those who have been his guests will best realise,—fine wheaten bread and Scotch cakes in many a crisp circlet and crescent, and trout from the lake, and strawberries such as grow only on the Brantwood slopes. Were these cups of tea only, or cups of fancy, feeling, inspiration? And as we crunched and quaffed we listened to a certain strain not easily to be described, changing from its graver first notes to the sweetest and most charming of vibrations. . . . The text was that strawberries should be ripe and sweet, and we munched and marked it then and there; that there should be a standard of fitness applied to every detail of life, and this standard, with a certain gracious malice, wit, hospitality, and remorselessness, he began to apply to one thing and another, to one person and another, to dress, to food, to books. I remember his describing to my brother-in-law, Leslie Stephen, the shabby print and paper that people were content to live with, and contrasting with these the books he himself was then printing for the use of the shepherds round about. And among the rest he showed us Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase of the Psalms, which he has long since given to the world in the *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. . . . Listening back to the echoes of a lifetime we can most of us still hear some strains very clear, very real and distinct, out of all the confusion of past noise and chatter; and the writer (nor is she alone in this) must ever count the music of Brantwood oratory among such strains. Music, oratory—I know not what to call that wondrous gift which subjugates all who come within its reach.

'God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.'

If ever a man lent out his mind to help others, Ruskin is the man. From

country to country, from age to age, from element to element, he leads the way; while his audience, laughing, delighted, follows with scrambling thoughts and apprehensions and flying leaps, he meanwhile illustrating each delightful, fanciful, dictatorial sentence with pictures by the way—things, facts, objects interwoven, bookcases opening wide, sliding drawers unlocked with his own marvellous keys—and lo! . . . We are perhaps down in the centre of the earth, far below Brantwood and its surrounding hills, among specimens, minerals, and precious stones, Ruskin still going ahead, and crying "Sesame" and "Sesame," and revealing each secret recess of his king's treasury in turn, pointing to each tiny point of light and rainbow veiled in marble, gold and opal, crystal and emerald. Then, again, while we are wondering, and barely beginning to apprehend his delightful illustrations, the lecturer changes from natural things to those of art, from veins of gold meandering in the marble, and, speaking of past ages, to coins marking the history of man. I was specially struck by some lovely old Holbein pieces of Henry VIII. which he brought out. I can still see Ruskin's hand holding the broad gold mark in its palm." [1]

No other pen, I think, has caught so well as Miss Thackeray's the notes of Ruskin's manner. Its charm, *abandon*, copiousness were the spontaneous expression of a nature richly endowed, yet they were fed also by constant thoughts of duty and reverence. Miss Thackeray's picture of Ruskin at his tea-table may be supplemented by a note from his diary: "As I was eating my last bit of bread, looking at the sky and thinking, what I have often thought before, that *all* bread should be eaten 'in remembrance of Me,' and so, whether we eat or drink, all should be done to the glory of God,—it came to me that if we do not *this*, we *must*, in all we eat or drink, do all to the glory of the devil." [2] And as one reads of Ruskin's cheerful talk and happy ways, one must not forget the understrain of effort, trial, and self-searching, which colours almost every page of his private communings at this time. "My own mind," he writes on one page, "is in a quite discomfited and disgraced state . . . except only in taking shame to itself for all failure, and resigning itself to what of distress it has to bear and to what pleasure it can take, my clear duty being now to be as happy as I can; so redeeming what I can of the past which has been so lost or miserable, happy for the sake of others always, without wanting, for pride's sake, that they should know how hard it costs to be happy. Not but that I've more capacity in that kind

[1] From *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 66–76. Another account of an evening at Brantwood, at about the same date —by the late Professor Gurney of Harvard University—is printed at vol. ii. pp. 134–135 of the *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*.

[2] Entry at Venice, December 28, 1876. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 9.

still than thousands, or than I ever hoped to have, lately."[1] Such is the law of compensation; the acutest sensibility means capacity, alike for pain and for pleasure, which is not shared by minds cast in a commoner mould.

1876–1877 (VENICE)

Ruskin's depression at this time was very great, and it was deepening. His diaries become increasingly full of hypochondriacal entries, and he notes, as symptoms new to him, both nervous irritability and mental languor. His medical attendant, Dr. Parsons of Hawkshead, to whose skill and sympathy Ruskin owed much, told him that he needed nothing but rest. "I never yet have been in so great discouragement," he wrote in his diary (April 4, 1875), "and disgust with all my work, or so sad feeling that I should not do much more"; and, again, a year later (May 10, 1876), "quite terrible languor." In the spring of 1876 he had been re-elected Professor at Oxford, but he felt unable to lecture, and, obtaining leave of absence for a year, determined to seek a stimulus in complete change of scene. His mind was half set on revisiting Venice, when he received counsel which decided him in that direction. Prince Leopold, early in 1876, had been in Venice, where he saw much of Ruskin's friend, Rawdon Brown. The Prince told Brown to persuade Ruskin to come and prepare a new edition of *The Stones of Venice*. Ruskin accepted the counsel as a command, and set out in August for a long sojourn in Venice, during which he wrote, or collected material, for the later books collected in the present volume. Before setting out for Italy he went for a few days to Wales, in order to see the tenants on the first bit of ground possessed by the St. George's Guild (see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 69). He then went abroad, landing at Boulogne on August 24, and did not return to England till the middle of June.[2] He journeyed on this occasion without friends, and wrote and worked as he went. Thus at the Simplon, on the way out, he wrote the chapter of *Deucalion*

[1] Entry at Venice, May 3, 1877.

[2] His itinerary was as follows: Boulogne (August 24), Paris (August 26), Geneva (August 27), Brieg (August 30), Simplon (August 31), Domo d'Ossola (September 2), Orta (September 3), Arona (September 7), Milan (September 6), Venice (September 8 to October 26), Verona (October 26–31), Venice (November 1 to May 23, 1877), Milan (May 23), Stresa (May 24), Domo d'Ossola (May 28), Isella (June 4), Simplon (June 7), Brieg (June 10), Martigny (June 11), Nyon (June 12), Paris (June 14), Boulogne (June 15), Herne Hill (June 16). On this occasion he was accompanied by his servant, Baxter, who had now taken the place vacated by Crawley, his former valet of twenty years' service. Baxter was familiar to attendants at Ruskin's later lectures, as Crawley before. Baxter remained in Ruskin's service to the end, and, though his master made special provision for him in his will, is still a trusted member of the Brantwood household.

entitled "Thirty Years Since," and at Milan the notes on Carpaccio and Luini which are printed in *St. Mark's Rest* (§ 195). He reached Venice on September 7, being met by his old friend Rawdon Brown, and on the very next morning set to work on the new edition of *Stones of Venice*, as appears from a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

"Ca' Ferro, Venice,
"*Thursday evening, 7th Sept.* 1876.

"I got here just at eight this evening, and caught dear old Rawdon by the arm, as he was rushing up and down wistfully on the platform.

"He brought me away through the sweet shadows, hiding all loss, to his own rooms, strangely in the very palace I drew so eagerly when a boy, in the sketch that Prout copied.[1]

"It is on the Grand Canal, exactly opposite the Salute, with very white marble shafts, and a luxurious balcony. The waning moon is still large enough to be lovely, and the scene is singularly quiet—a piece of the Venice of old, infinitely more beautiful to me than ever."

"*Friday morning.*

"Such intense moonlight there has been, all night, over the Salute, and the piece of canal seen from here is yet entirely unimpaired.

"I have been correcting my *Stones* for printer, and find it mostly all right, but the advance of my mind since I wrote it!—it is like editing a volume of baby talk, without any fun in it.

"I am amazed to find myself so happy in the old places. Looking up from my letter and seeing the water through marble shafts is *such* a good to me!"

Ruskin stayed on in rooms at the Ca' Ferro (the Grand Hotel)[2] till February, when he moved to the Calcina, on the Zattere, opposite the Giudecca. This little café, with its connected lodgings and vine-clad restaurant, well known to many literary and artistic visitors to Venice, is now (1905) being rebuilt, and Ruskin's sojourn there is to

[1] The sketch (now No. 65 in the Reference Series at Oxford) is given as Plate 2 in Vol. III. (p. 212). Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 72, § 1.

[2] His rooms are described in a note to Mrs. Severn, printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 324: "*December* 3.—I'm having nasty foggy weather just now,—but it's better fog than in London,—and I'm really resting a little, and trying not to be so jealous of the flying days. I've a most *comfy* room—I've gone out of the very expensive one, and only pay twelve francs a day; and I've two windows, one with open balcony, and the other covered in with glass. It spoils the look of window dreadfully, but gives me a view right away to Lido, and of the whole sunrise. Then the bed is curtained off from rest of room like that [sketch], with fine flourishing white and gold pillars—and the black place is where one goes out of the room beside the bed."

be commemorated by a memorial tablet on the new and more pretentious edifice. His own impressions of the place were duly recorded in a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

> "(VENICE, *13th Feb.* '77.)— . . . I couldn't write yesterday, for I was changing lodgings. The Grand Hotel was really *too* expensive; I was getting quite ruined, so I came away to a little inn fronting the *Giudecca*, and commanding sunrise and sunset both, where I have two rooms for six francs a day, instead of one for twelve. Also, which I find a great advantage, I look along the water instead of down on it, and get perfectly picturesque views of boats instead of masthead ones, and I think I shall be comfy. St. Ursula *is* nearly done at last I think, then I begin a gold and purple arch of St. Mark's, for spring work.
>
> "You'll have such an explosion of fireworks[1] (poor dear old Harrison, were he but here to see! . . .) next month if I keep well—Venetian history and pictures!"

The eight months which Ruskin spent in Venice were a busy and a productive time. He wrote the *Guide to the Principal Pictures in the Academy*, the greater part of *St. Mark's Rest*, and the letter to Count Zorzi on restorations at St. Mark's. The monthly issue of *Fors Clavigera* continued, and he was also passing through the press the later parts of *Mornings in Florence* and Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter (*Rock Honeycomb*). The study of Carpaccio, which is a leading topic in his Venetian writings of this period, meant a great deal more than any process of mere word-painting. As with Tintoret and Turner and Luini and Botticelli, so with Carpaccio Ruskin's descriptions were based on long and laborious studies with the brush. He spent many weeks in making studies of St. Ursula's Dream, and was greatly pleased with the facilities which the authorities gave him,[2] for at that time the picture was hung high above the line.[3] Letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn report progress with his drawings:—

> "(*September* 16.)—I'm in a great state of effervescence to-day, for they're—what do you think—going to take my dear little princess down for me, and give her to me all to myself where I can look at her all day long. It really happens very Fors-y that the very person whom I found facing the frescoes by Cimabue at Assisi[4] should be

[1] That is, in *Fors Clavigera*. W. H. Harrison, Ruskin's old friend and mentor, had died in 1874.

[2] Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71, § 2, and *Art of England*, § 71.

[3] "High up, in an out-of-the-way corner, seen by no man—nor woman neither—of all pictures in Europe the one I would choose for a gift" (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 40, § 12).

[4] See Vol. XXIII. p. xliii.

At Venice and Verona

1876 - 7

now inspector of the Academy at Venice, and that the Historical Society of Venice had just made me a member last month, so I can get anything done that I want almost. And I find so much more beauty than I used to, because I had never time to look for it rightly, doing the technical work of the *Stones*, but now I see such beautiful things everywhere, and I'm doing pretty things; but, oh dear, they take such a time to do well, and the houses have got *so* many windows in them!"

"(*September* 19.)—I've been having a quite glorious day with St. Ursula, and am really enjoying my Venice,—the weather delicious and the after-dinner lazy evenings about Murano are exquisite. I enjoy all my meals and sleep sound, and am doing really things that please me. . . .

"Fancy having St. Ursula right down on the floor in a good light and leave to lock myself in with her. . . . There she lies, so real, that when the room's quite quiet, I get afraid of waking her! . . .

"Then there's the one of St. Ursula asleep—that other way[1]—which was up so high I never found it out till this time. It has been terribly injured, and wants securing to the canvas, and the Academy, like our own [National Gallery], can't get money from the Government. So I've offered to bear all the expense of its repairing, on condition it is brought down where people can see it; and I think they'll do it!—at all events they're grateful for the offer."

"(*October* 24.)—I have not the least idea at present when I shall get home, for I am determined I *will* not leave this St. Mark's school drawing unfinished—if time or patience will do it. I am painting it against Canaletto, and it is of real importance to all my past writings. But the work in it is terrible, and the last fortnight has shown less and less for every day, as the difficulty of finishing increases, I find towards the end, quite beyond calculation. On St. Ursula I find I may still put any quantity of work I choose, but *must* stop some day or other.

"I am very thankful to find myself gaining strength—the rowing is far better than the digging for that. I rowed to Lido to-day, with the tide, and, against it, from St. Helena back, and am not at all tired."

"(*November* 13.)—I never was yet, in my life, in such a state of hopeless confusion of letters, drawings, and work, chiefly because, of course, when one is old, one's *done* work seems all to tumble in upon one, and want rearranging, and everything brings a thousand old as well as new thoughts. My head seems less capable of accounts every year. I can't *fix* my mind on a sum in addition—it goes off,

[1] See Plate LII. p. 176.

between seven and nine, into a speculation on the seven deadly sins or the nine muses. My table is heaped with unanswered letters—MSS. of four or five different books at six or seven different parts of each—sketches getting rubbed out—others getting smudged in—parcels from Mr. Brown unopened, parcels *for* Mr. Moore[1] unsent; my inkstand in one place—too probably upset—my pen in another; my paper under a pile of books, and my last carefully written note thrown into the waste-paper basket!"[2]

Public affairs were not forgotten in the press of artistic studies, as may be seen from *Fors Clavigera*[3] and the following letter to Burne-Jones, which refers, at the beginning, to the preparations for the "National Conference" on the Eastern Question, held at the St. James's Hall on December 8. William Morris and Burne-Jones were both keenly interested on Gladstone's side in opposition to Disraeli's policy, and Ruskin had sent his name to be placed on the list of Conveners of the Conference:—

"Venice, *8th Dec.* '76.

"My darling Ned,—All your letter is very precious to me. I am greatly amazed, for one thing, to find that I can be of use and value to you in this matter—supposing myself a mere outlaw in public opinion.

"I hope neither Morris nor you will retire wholly again out of such spheres of effort. It seems to me especially a time when the quietest men should be disquieted, and the meekest, self-assertive.

"But the great joy to me was the glimpse of hope of seeing you here in spring. It will soon be here; a few more dark days, and we shall be counting the gain of minutes in the grey of dawn, and I expect to be here far into the spring. I have scarcely begun my work yet on the old Stones, having been entirely taken up with St. Ursulas and trying my strength in old sketching, and I think we should have a fine little time again if you *could* come. I expect by then to be able to get the death of St. Ursula done, and we would mourn over her together, and then come away home, over the hills, quietly.

"Ever your loving Oldie."

"You shan't be bored with Alps, but you must wait a little among Italian chapels and budding vines, and perhaps a Swiss Hermitage or so."[4]

[1] See below, p. xli.

[2] This letter has been printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 324.

[3] See Letter 74.

[4] The first two paragraphs of this letter have been printed in the *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 73.

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Two of the studies of St. Ursula, here mentioned, are in the Oxford Collection.[1] The most elaborate of his drawings at St. Mark's is at Brantwood;[2] the study of the Scuola di San Marco, repeatedly mentioned in the above letters, is now reproduced as the frontispiece to the third volume of *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. XI.); a drawing of Casa Foscari and the Frari is in Mrs. Cunliffe's collection;[3] and one of the St. Jean d'Acre Pillars is Plate XXI. in Vol. XIV. These were all works of some elaboration; but during these months, and especially in the winter, he made a large number of rapid pencil sketches. Several of these are here reproduced (Plates A–D); a pencil sketch of Murano, made at the same time, has already been given (Plate B in Vol. X., p. 40).[4]

In order that he might study architectural details the more closely, he procured casts of some of his favourite capitals; these he described in *Fors Clavigera*, and one of the casts he sent home to his Museum at Sheffield.[5]

The literary part of Ruskin's work, devoted to studies in Venetian history, led him into many interesting byways. He had a group of friends in Venice who were equally competent and willing to help him. There was Edward Cheney, the connoisseur and collector, who had entertained Sir Walter Scott at Rome forty-four years since,[6] and who, in ripe old age, was still as cheery, and as caustic, as ever. "Mr. Cheney's sayings," says Ruskin to Rawdon Brown, "are very sweet and kind. Who would ever think there was such a salt satire in the make of him! I've just come on a most valuable bit of him in my old book.[7] What a lazy boy he is; why doesn't he write a history of

[1] Two notes to Mrs. Severn, printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin* (p. 325), refer to these studies: "*December* 9.—I hope to send home a sketch or two which will show I'm not quite losing my head yet. I must show at Oxford some reason for my staying so long in Venice." "*December* 24.—I do think St. Ursula's lips are coming pretty—and her eyelids—but, oh me, her hair! Toni, Mr. Brown's gondolier, says she's all right—and he's a grave and close-looking judge, you know."

[2] See Vol. X. p. lxiv.

[3] No. 109 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.

[4] Mr. Wedderburn possesses a water-colour sketch of the Salute with the Abbazia adjoining, on which Ruskin wrote "Left off, beaten and tired, 1876."

[5] See Letter 77, § 9.

[6] See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. pp. 368 *seq.* "Cheney is a kind of Beckford," Ruskin had written to his father (October 11, 1851). "I'm not sure but that there is not some slight affectation of resemblance; only he lets people into his house, which I believe Beckford never would." See also Vol. X. p. xxvii. Cheney was born in 1803, and died in 1884. His library of illuminated manuscripts and books was sold in June 1886; his collection of objects of art and antiquity in May 1905 (the Capel-Cure sale, the property having passed to Cheney's nephew).

[7] In a later letter it appears that the bit in question was Rawdon Brown's; the friend unnamed in Vol. IX. p. 420.

Venice."[1] The correspondence between Ruskin and Rawdon Brown, now in the possession of the British Museum, shows how much Ruskin valued his friend's assistance on all points of history. They met very often, and on other days notes, and books, and manuscripts passed between "Papa" Brown and his "loving figlio, J. Ruskin." The discovery of an inscription new to him, among the mosaics of St. Mark's, had a peculiar significance to Ruskin, as embodying the political ideal of a well-ordered state. He records the discovery in his diary:—

> "VENICE, *May 21st.*—Yesterday found in St. Mark's the Duke and his people, and had a glorious hour, in the quiet gallery, with the service going on. I alone up there, and the message, by the words of the old mosaicist, given me."

This is the mosaic described in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 113 (p. 296), as "the most precious historical picture of any in worldly gallery." Ruskin wrote off at once to one of his artist-assistants to commission a study of this new-found treasure:—

"[VENICE, *May 20th*, 1877.]

> "MY DEAR MURRAY,—Can you join me on St. Mark's Place to-morrow at half-past nine, with your drawing materials? I am going up into the gallery, behind organ at St. Mark's, to study a mosaic plainly visible, and of extreme beauty and importance. A sketch of it, such as you have made of the Simeon's robe pictures,[2] will be the most important work you or I have yet done in Venice, and if it could be begun to-morrow I would wait till Wednesday to see it in some advancement. The figures are size of life, in dresses of exquisite dark richness, with white and black crosses for relief. Colours chiefly purple, green, and blue on the gold ground. Subject, written above, thus:—
>
> 'Priests, clergy, people and Duke serene in mind.'
> 'Pontifices—cleri—populus—Dux mento serenus.'
>
> As the root of *all* Serene Highness is not this worth drawing?
>
> "Ever, with much love to your wife,
>
> "Affectionately yours,
>
> "J. RUSKIN."[3]

But none of Ruskin's historical researches pleased him so much as his discovery of an early inscription on the Church of S. Giacomo di Rialto. "There are none of the rewarding accidents of my life's work," he

[1] Undated letter in the British Museum.
[2] A study now at Sheffield: see below, p. lvi.
[3] This letter is reprinted from pp. 51, 52 of *Letters on Art and Literature by J. Ruskin*, edited by Thomas J. Wise (privately issued 1894). Mr Murray's study of the mosaics is shown on Plate LIX.

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wrote,[1] "in which I take so much pride;" and in the same place he gives an interesting account of the photographing of the inscription, and of the help rendered therein by Antonio ("Toni"), Rawdon Brown's gondolier. A facsimile of the inscription has been given in Vol. XXI. (p. 269), and it is twice printed in this volume (pp. 308, 417).

> "Venice, *7th March*, '77.—I must content myself with an evening word now—sealed before your morning note comes—for my Venetian history requires my unbroken thoughts in the morning. It is going to be very interesting, I think, because I find out so much that other historians can't in the art.
>
> "I've had a strange piece of good fortune to begin with, in discovering, on the Church of San Giacomo di Rialto (the first built in Venice, but supposed to have been entirely destroyed and rebuilt), an inscription of the ninth century which nobody knew of. It stared them in the face, if they looked up, under the church gable; but they never did, and the best antiquary in Venice, the Prefect Samedo of St. Mark's Library, accepted from me to-day, in amazement, a photograph, clear in every letter, of the Merchants of Venice motto in the ninth century!—which not an historian of the literally hundreds who have written of Venice ever read."

Ruskin, during this winter at Venice, was the centre of a large circle of friends and pupils. He especially enjoyed making the acquaintance, through an introduction from Professor Norton, of Professor C. H. Moore of Harvard University. Mr. Moore was his companion on many an expedition in the lagoons; and in Venice itself they sketched and studied in the Academy together. He met also two Oxford pupils, Mr. J. Reddie Anderson, whom he set to work on Carpaccio, with results included in this volume (pp. 370 *seq.*); "and Mr. Whitehead—'so much nicer they all are,' he wrote in a private letter, 'than I was at their age.'"[2] Mr. Caird, too, who was helping Ruskin with work at Florence, came to Venice at the same time. Then there was his pupil and assistant, J. W. Bunney, for him to set to work on further pictures and records of Venice. "Two young artists were brought into his circle, during that winter—both Venetians, and both singularly interesting men: Giacomo Boni, the *capo d'opera* of the Ducal Palace, who was doing his best to preserve, instead of 'restoring,' the ancient sculptures; and Angelo Alessandri, a painter of more than usual seriousness of aim and sympathy with the fine qualities of the old masters."[2] Ruskin employed Signor Alessandri to make

[1] Postscript to "The Ballad of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (see a later volume of this edition). See also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76, § 16.

[2] W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 323.

numerous studies for the St. George's Guild. To his friendship with Count Zorzi at this time reference is made below. His diary mentions also visits to the Countess Isobel Curtis-Cholmeley in Bermani, to whom a reference is made in *St. Mark's Rest* (p. 264), and to Browning's friend, Mrs. Arthur Bronson. He was surrounded with friends and pupils; immersed in his own work, yet interested also in theirs[1]; sketching, copying, talking, writing. Rest—the one thing which the doctors told him he needed—was the one thing which he had no time to take.

Of a typical day at Venice, Ruskin wrote an account to Professor Norton.[2] He was up with the dawn to watch the sunrise from his balcony. By seven he was at his writing-table, translating Plato, "to build the day on." At half-past seven the gondola was waiting to take him to the bridge before SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where he painted the Scuola di San Marco, with vista of the canal to Murano; "It's a great Canaletto view," he says, "and I'm painting it against him."[3] At nine Ruskin returned to breakfast, and did some writing. Then at half-past ten to the Academy, where he made his studies of Carpaccio till two o'clock. Then home to read and write letters till three, at which hour he dined. At half-past four gondola again—to Murano, or the Armenian Convent, or St. Elena, or San Giorgio—Ruskin sketching, and on the way home taking an oar himself. Tea at seven, and, afterwards, evenings spent with his friends or with his studies in Venetian history for *St. Mark's Rest*.

Ruskin plunged deep, as was his wont, into his subject, and collected more materials than he was to find time or strength to use. He rose with the dawn, and worked hard all day, except for his afternoon row on the lagoons; but "the accurately divided day," he says in his diary (October 19), "rushes round like a paddle-wheel, or rather invisibly sliding like a screw." "A thousand things in my head," he says again (December 29), "pushing each other like shoals of minnows." *The History of Venice, written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments*,[4] was but a fragment of what its author designed; while other books that he planned were never to see the light at all. Thus the complete Guide to the Works of Carpaccio, promised in the Academy Guide (below, pp. 163, 179), was afterwards abandoned (see p. 366); while a sequel to the *Laws of Fésole*, intended to define the principles of Venetian colouring, never advanced beyond a title-page[5]

[1] See his account of Miss Trotter's sketches in *Art of England*, § 21.
[2] Letter of October 5, 1876 (printed in a later volume of this edition).
[3] See the letter of October 24, above, p. xxxix.
[4] The sub-title of *St. Mark's Rest*.
[5] Ruskin gives this in his diary (December 31, 1876): "The name of my drawing-book came to me this morning as I was dressing ('Pax tibi Marce, here shall thy

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and a motto from Tintoret—typical of Ruskin's designs, ever larger than his accomplishment. His activity was unceasing, and he traversed league after league, but ever there remained, beyond, the greater sea.

The hours which Ruskin spent on the sea itself were very pleasant to him. Like other good Venetians, he loved alike the lagoons and the men who had their business on them. Among his gondolier-friends was one who came and "talked Dante" with him. To another, Rawdon Brown's "Toni," he was much attached. The pretty story of this gondolier's dog is told in *Fors Clavigera;*[1] while the diary records other things that he learnt with pleasure from Toni. His excursions took him often to the Armenian Convent for what he considered "the best of all views of Venice"; often, too, to the island of Sant' Elena, now desecrated, but in Ruskin's time still bright with its wilderness of flowers and shrubs, and monastery cloisters enclosing a garden of roses. There would Ruskin often go in autumn or spring evenings, to watch the "last gleam of sunshine, miraculous in gradated beauty, on the cloister and the red brick wall within it"; there, or to S. Giorgio in Aliga, to wait till the sunset "ended in a blaze of amber, passing up into radiant jasper-colour cirri inlaid in the blue," with "dark masts of ships against S. Giorgio Maggiore in the west." Yet, as he says in a poignant passage of *Fors Clavigera*, written at this time in Venice,[2] Ruskin could not wholly set himself to draw the beautiful things around him and describe them in peace. The "green tide that eddied by his threshold" was for him "full of floating corpses"; the very beauty of Venice heightened his perception of human misery and folly. "Oh me," he writes in his diary (September 9), "if I could conquer the Shadow of Death which hurries me at work and saddens me at rest!"

There came to Ruskin, however, shadows of another kind, and to these he attributed much of the quiet energy and stimulating thoughts which he was able to throw into his work at Venice. One of the Venetian numbers of *Fors Clavigera* (which numbers, Letters 70–78, should be read in connexion with the present volume) begins abruptly with the statement, "Last night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus 'out of her bedroom window, with her love,'" and presently he adds, "(with a little personal message besides, of great importance to *me* . . .), by the hands of an Irish friend now staying here." Several pages of his diary are given to the incident here referred to, and to the mystical

bones rest' comes to me now, for use and bearing on the peace given by Venetian colour to piety)—*Stella Maris:* 1. The Laws of Fésole, 2. The Laws of Rivo Alto, with its motto from Tintoret, '*Sempre si fa il mare maggiore.*'"

[1] See Letter 75.

[2] Letter 72, §§ 2, 3.

and symbolical significance which he found in it. The Irish friend was Lady Castletown, who, with "Irish fortune, kindness, and wit," had sent to Ruskin's rooms a pot of dianthus, "the flower of God," precisely such as Carpaccio has painted on the window-sill of St. Ursula's bedroom. Ruskin wove around the pleasant gift a web of delicate imagination, as may partly be traced in *Fors Clavigera*. His daily study at Venice was in Plato; every morning he read and translated some lines. "Must do my Plato," he notes in a day of depression; "I'm never well without that." To this disciple of Plato the divine spirit was a moving and living reality. The spiritual power of love, intermediate between the divine and the mortal, was to him, as to Socrates, "the power which interprets and conveys to the gods the prayers and sacrifices of men, and to men the commands and rewards of the gods; and this power spans the chasm which divides them, and in this all is bound together."[1] Thus did the gift "from St. Ursula" come to Ruskin with messages from his lady in heaven. "Mystical," does some one say? or "morbid"? Perhaps, in unfavourable conditions of body and mind, the mystic strain in Ruskin's genius might become unwholesome; but here at Venice, at the time with which we are now concerned, the effect was precisely the contrary. The links with the unseen world which Ruskin made, or which were revealed to him, fortified him, consoled, and chastened.[2] He notes in his diary a characteristic little touch of his better mood; for a while he ceased to be irritated or disturbed even by "the little steam devil of a boat" plying on the Grand Canal.

As the spring began to pass into early summer, Ruskin turned homewards, with his Venetian work if not fully done yet well started, and spent a month among the lakes and mountains, resuming there the botanical and geological studies which were always in his mind. Mr. Allen and one of his sons met Ruskin at Domo d'Ossola, and they botanised together. It was at Isella—in old days so beautiful a halting-place, now the Italian entrance to the Simplon Tunnel—that he sketched "the Myrtilla Regina" (his name for the whortleberry), which was engraved in *Proserpina*. At the Simplon inn, he made an entry in his diary, very characteristic of the mood which always came upon him in the midst of scenes of unusual beauty:—

> "*June 10th, Sunday.*—Quite dazzling morning of old Alpine purity; sacredest light on soft pines, sacredest sound of birds and waters in the pure air, a turf of gentians on my window-sill, just opening to the sun. Yesterday up the valley, that ends the gorge

[1] *Symposium*, 202.

[2] See what he says in *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 75 (§ 1) and 88 (§ 6).

> of Gondo, to its head; the wildest, far-away piece of lovely pastoral I remember. Three or four cottages in the upper cirque of it, so desolate! and the women and girls, with their goats, all kind and good, but so wretched! animal-like in rude endurance and thoughtless patience, and no one caring for them."

And similarly, a few days before (June 6), "this book is full enough of complaints, and would be fuller still, if I could put in words the bitterness of sorrow that comes on me in these lovely places." Thus, with "the mountain gloom" and "the mountain glory" mingled in his thoughts, Ruskin returned to England and to St. George's work.

"GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA"

Before proceeding to discuss the Venetian writings of 1876–1877, we must say a few words about the earlier work on Giotto at Padua, which, for reasons of convenience already explained (p. xix.), is included in this volume. The date and the origin of the book should be remembered. Ruskin, as we have seen,[1] was an active member on the Council of the Arundel Society, and was deeply interested in all the Society's efforts to take records of works of early Italian art. In 1853 the task of depicting Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua was taken in hand, Mr. Williams being commsisioned to make drawings of them. The drawings were cut on wood by the brothers Dalziel,[2] and published at intervals between 1853 and 1860; and with each batch of them, descriptive letterpress by Ruskin was issued. With the first part, issued in 1853, was given Ruskin's introductory essay (here pp. 13–45). The date is important, for at the time Ruskin had not yet made those more detailed studies of Giotto's work which have been described in the preceding Introduction; in particular, he had not been to Assisi. He was still at the stage of his critical development in which he attached greater importance to the limitations of the early master than he afterwards came to do.[3] Hence there is in his essay a certain note of apology,[4] which he certainly would not have used had the book been written twenty years later. The Protestant bias, which Ruskin afterwards deplored, is also noticeable in the essay (see, for instance, p. 30). Again, as Ruskin says in the "Advertisement" (here p. 11), he had made no study of Giotto's life; for historical

[1] Vol. IV. p. xliv.
[2] See Vol. XIX. p. 149.
[3] On this subject see Vol. XXIII. p. xlv.
[4] See pp. 28, 35, 38.

data he accepted Lord Lindsay, and was thus led into some statements which, in the light of later inquiries, are almost certainly erroneous.[1] Ruskin, it should be noted more particularly, places Giotto's work at Assisi after that at Padua; the more generally received view is that the frescoes in the Arena Chapel were the later by some years, those in Santa Croce being, again, much later still. Moreover, he wrote his notes on the works in the Arena Chapel, not in presence of the frescoes themselves, but upon the woodcuts as issued by the Arundel Society, and these, again, sometimes caused him to make minor mistakes.[2] The essay on Giotto and the notes on the frescoes remain, nevertheless, the standard work on their subject, and at the time of first publication made almost an epoch in the study of Italian art in this country. The style of the essay would at once show any reader, who had perused the works of Ruskin in their chronological order and had chanced not before to have seen this piece, that it belonged to the author's middle period; it is as vivid, eloquent, and suggestive as any other book by Ruskin, and at the same time is quiet, direct, and clear. English taste, in the years when the book first appeared, was only beginning to awake to a due appreciation of the Primitives, and Ruskin showed the way to a fuller knowledge of Giotto. The points upon which Ruskin insisted—the balanced sanity of Giotto's intellect, the broad humanity of his temper, his power of entering into the heart of a subject, and his peculiar faculty of dramatic presentation—these remain the essential points in all authoritative criticisms of the painter, while nothing that is much significant has been found for addition to Ruskin's notes on the legendary, dramatic, and artistic characteristics of the several frescoes.

The study which Ruskin and the Arundel Society devoted to the Arena Chapel has been followed in later times by corresponding zeal in Italy. The chapel itself, under municipal control, is well cared for, and an admirable series of photographs, on a very large scale, has been taken by the Fratelli Alinari of Florence.[3] The same firm has recently published a fully illustrated monograph on the chapel, written by Signor Andrea Moschetti;[4] while in France the iconography of the frescoes has been made the subject of a study by M. Broussolle.

Ruskin never revised his essay or the descriptive notes, and for some years the book was out of print. Shortly before his death

[1] See pp. 34, 35 *nn.*

[2] See pp. 91, 97 *nn.*

[3] These may be seen and purchased in the chapel.

[4] *La Cappella degli Scrovegni e gli Affreschi di Giotto in essa dipinti*, Firènze, 1904. J. C. Broussolle: *Études d'Art, de Voyage et de Religion, les Fresques de l'Arena à Padoue*, Paris, 1905.

Mr. Wedderburn undertook for him the preparation of a new edition, uniform with the small issue of his other works. On this scale it was impossible to give the Arundel Society's woodcuts, and "process blocks" from photographs of the frescoes were substituted. In the present volume the original woodcuts have been reduced by photo-zincography. The woodcuts are no longer accessible, while anybody who is interested in the chapel can now easily obtain good photographs or cheap reproductions of them. Again, it was the woodcuts which Ruskin had before him, and to them he makes particular allusion; he says, too, that the character of Giotto's painting "is better expressed by bold wood-engravings" (p. 36, and compare pp. 39–40). Moreover, the frescoes have been retouched since 1853, and these woodcuts are historical documents (subject to the human equation of draughtsmen and engraver) of the earlier state of the works depicted. One or two errors in the woodcuts have now been corrected (see pp. 91, 106 *nn.*). If the reader will compare a set of the original woodcuts with the present plates, he will, I think, agree that while the reduction has sacrificed no intelligibility in detail, it has given the representations of Giotto's work a more pleasing appearance. The new edition of 1900 contained some additional plates, and also some further notes from Lord Lindsay. These additions, designed to make the book more complete as a guide to the chapel, are included in the present volume. Full bibliographical details will be found below (p. 7).

A few sheets of Ruskin's *manuscript*, describing the frescoes at Padua, are in Mr. Allen's possession; these seem to have belonged to an earlier draft, for the descriptions are not the same as were printed in the text. One of the sheets, containing remarks on the fresco of "Christ entering Jerusalem," is here given in facsimile (p. 90).

"THE CAVALLI MONUMENTS, VERONA"

The essay which comes next in this volume was also written for the Arundel Society. One of the most interesting of the Society's undertakings was its series of records of Italian tombs. This work began in 1867 by the commissioning of Professor Gnauth of Stuttgart to make drawings of various Italian tombs. The works to be included in the series were (1 and 2), the monuments of the Doge Morosini and the Doge Vendramin in SS. Giovanni e Paolo; (3) the tombs of Can Grande and the Castelbarco tomb at Verona; (4) the Turriani monument in the Church of S. Fermo Maggiore, Verona; and (6 and 7) monuments of the Pellegrini and Cavalli families in S. Anastasia, Verona. The publication last mentioned was a chromo-lithograph of the Cavalli

monuments, with the frescoes behind them, in the Church of Santa Anastasia at Verona. This church, and the square outside, were among Ruskin's favourite spots, and he willingly undertook to write an essay to accompany the picture. This he did during his sojourn at Verona in 1872 (see Vol. XXII. p. xxviii.). The present reprint is from the original monograph, and corrects a few misprints which had crept into later publications of the essay (see p. 126).

"GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY AT VENICE"

The Guide "to the principal pictures in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice" was the first outcome of Ruskin's visit to that city in 1876–1877. For bibliographical details the reader is referred to p. 143. The present text, it should here be explained, is that not of the latest but of the first edition (1877). The reason is this: the later edition of 1891 was not revised by Ruskin, but was prepared for him by Mr. Wedderburn in order to suit a slight rearrangement of the Gallery which had then been made. Since 1891, however, the Gallery has again and more completely been rearranged. The text of 1891 is as much out of date, so far as references to the position of pictures go, as is the text of 1877. In these circumstances it has seemed best to reprint the Guide exactly as Ruskin wrote it, and to supply in notes and by other means the necessary corrections. The numbers are those which the several pictures now (1906) bear; particulars of alterations in the rooms in which they are placed are given in footnotes; while a list of the pictures, arranged according to rooms, is prefixed to the Guide, so that a reader who desires to read in a particular room all the notes on pictures therein contained may readily find the pages.

RUSKIN AND CARPACCIO

Much of the *Guide to the Academy at Venice*, and many pages of *St. Mark's Rest*, are devoted to the works of Carpaccio. His account of Carpaccio is, however, not so complete as he intended to make it. He promised to resume the study of the series of St. Ursula's pilgrimage (p. 163), but this he did not do; in the same Guide he referred to an intended "Separate Guide to the Works of Carpaccio in Venice" (p. 179), but this also was not published. His notices of Carpaccio are in fact scattered through several different publications, and it may be useful, therefore, to bring the principal references together here, and to

give at the same time such further particulars as may elucidate Ruskin's writings on the subject.[1]

It was, as we have seen, Burne-Jones who first called Ruskin's particular attention to the work of Carpaccio at Venice, and it was in 1869 that Ruskin first fell under his sway.[2] Henceforth, the study of Carpaccio was his main preoccupation at Venice, and his interpretation of this painter was one of the things in which he took particular pride.[3]

Of Carpaccio's life little is known. The date of his birth is unknown; his earliest dated work is 1490, and his latest, 1520, but his name occurs in later documents, and he probably died in 1525. He came from an ancient Venetian family, settled in the island of Mazzorbo.

The earliest of the productions attributed to him are a series of eight sketches illustrating Bible stories, executed, according to Ruskin, when he was but eight or ten years old. These are in the Church of San Alvise at Venice, and are described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 191–193. The attribution of them to Carpaccio is, however, not accepted by most critics, some attributing them to his master, Lazare Bastiani.

In 1479 the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo commissioned the large votive picture, which is now in the National Gallery (No. 750). It bears Carpaccio's name and the date, but the authenticity of this inscription has been much questioned, and the picture is often attributed to the same Bastiani. It is not referred to by Ruskin.

The first perfectly authenticated works by Carpaccio are the "St. Ursula" Series now in the Venetian Academy. These were commissioned by the Confraternity of St. Ursula in 1489 to decorate their Scuola of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. Of these confraternities there were three kinds.[4] Some were founded on a national basis to give mutual aid to compatriots; as, for instance, the School of the Sclavonians. Others were trade guilds; and a third class, to which the Confraternity of St. Ursula belonged, were devotional brotherhoods, banded together under the patronage of some favourite saint. The Guild of St. Ursula was founded in 1300, its school was built a few years later, and its first statutes (Mariegola) are dated 1359. It became rich, and possessed many precious relics, including the head of St. Ursula, and in 1489 it

[1] In addition to the notices of particular pictures, the following passages may be cited for general references to Carpaccio: *Harbours of England* (Vol. XIII. p. 34), on his boats; *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. pp. 497–498), "the greatest master of gradation"; *Verona*, § 25 (Vol. XIX. p. 443), one of the representatives of "the Age of the Masters"; perfect in execution (*ibid.*, § 24, and Vol. XIV. p. 301); one of the great teachers, with Plato, Dante, and others (*Fors Clavigera*, Letters 18, § 13; 70, § 12; and 71, § 1). For many other incidental references, see General Index.

[2] Vol. IV. p. 356 *n.*

[3] See Vol. IV. p. 355, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 67, § 12.

[4] See also Mr. Edward Cheney's note in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75.

turned to Carpaccio to paint the legend of the saint for the adornment of its school. These pictures increased the fame of the Guild, and they are described by Ridolfi in his *Wonders of Art* (1648). Carpaccio, we may be sure, would study the legend of St. Ursula closely in executing such a commission.[1] Among the principal benefactors of the school were the great Loredan family, and Carpaccio introduced their portraits. In 1647 the Guild built itself a new school, and several of the pictures were chopped off in order to fit their new places. In 1752 the pictures were repainted. In 1810 Napoleon suppressed the Confraternity.

The legend of St. Ursula, which it is necessary to know in order to understand Carpaccio's pictures, is told in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71.

If the reader will refer to that account he will then easily follow the order of the pictures, as Ruskin arranges them in his *Guide to the Academy*[2] and as may here be recapitulated:—

1. *Arrival of the Ambassadors of the King of England at the court of Maurus (or, according to other accounts, Theonotus), King of Brittany, to ask the hand of Ursula, his daughter, in marriage to Conon, son of their King.*—This is No. 572 in the Academy, and is shown on Plate XLVII. in this volume. The picture has been restored; formerly there was a blank space, cut out as it were of the picture, on account of the door-head which led into the sacristy. Ruskin notices this picture in the Guide (p. 116), and in one of his Oxford catalogues (see Vol. XXI. p. 201). The picture is divided into three compartments. On the left is a Venetian portico, in the Early Renaissance style. The Senator at the bottom is Pietro Loredano; the young man above, with his falcon, is his brother Giorgio. This was the first picture of the series, and Carpaccio gives the benefactors of the school a place of honour. In the second compartment the ambassadors are having audience of the King. In the third, King Maurus is seen reflecting anxiously on the marriage of his daughter with a Pagan prince, while she, fired with the hope of converting him to the Christian faith, is exhorting her father to accept the proposal. At the foot is Ursula's old nurse, a figure which must have suggested to Titian the old

[1] Those who desire to see how the pictures can be stripped of all meaning, other than of a technical character, should refer to Mr. Berenson's *Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, 1894, p. 25.

[2] The order of the pictures, as originally placed on the walls of the school, was different. Over the altar was the apotheosis (9 in our list). Then, on the left wall, nearest to the altar (with the door-head into the sacristy), No. 1; next, smaller in size, No. 3; next, No. 4. Then, on the wall of entrance, came the longest picture of the series, No. 5. On the right-hand wall, nearest to the entrance, Nos. 2 and 6 (which Signor Molmenti calls accordingly "The Dream" and "Its Accomplishment"); next, No. 7; and finally, No. 8.

woman in his picture of the "Presentation." This part of the picture admits of different explanations. One will be found in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 20, § 19 (partly corrected in Letter 70, § 12). The other, here given, is implied in the legend of St. Ursula as told in Letter 71. Of this picture there are two studies in the Ruskin Museum—a water-colour copy of the third compartment ("The King's Consent") by Mr. Fairfax Murray (see below, pp. 451 *seq.*), and one of St. Ursula's nurse by Raffaelle Carloforti.

2. *St. Ursula's Dream*, in which the angel of the Lord appeared to her, telling her that she should turn the hearts of a heathen people to the knowledge of God (see the legend in *Fors*, Letter 71).—This picture is No. 578 in the Academy; it is signed 1495, to which the restorer has added his name and the date, 1752. A pen-and-ink sketch of the composition is in the Uffizi at Florence. The picture was Ruskin's especial favourite; he described it several times, and made studies of it as often. The first and fullest description is in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 20 (1872), where, therefore, in this edition, a reproduction of it is given. He described it again, adding some further details, in Letters 71 and 72 (1876); and a third time, in his lectures of 1884 entitled *The Pleasures of England*.[1] Incidental references to it will also be found in "An Oxford Lecture" (1878),[2] *The Art of England* (1883), § 71, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 8, and Letter 91, § 3. Ruskin made a small water-colour of the picture, which is now in the Oxford Collection;[3] and from this he had coloured photographs made and placed on sale.[4] He also made a study of the window with vervain leaves, and another of the hand.[5] He also made a copy of the head of St. Ursula; this he presented to Somerville Hall, Oxford. In the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield there is a full-size study of the head by Alessandri, as well as other studies of details in the picture. See also Vol. XIII. p. 525 (49 n).

3. *Reply of King Maurus, and leave-taking of the English Ambassadors.*—This is No. 573 in the Academy; Plate XLVIII. here. For Ruskin's note upon it, see *Guide to the Academy* (below, p. 166). The picture is known in Venice as "The Scribe," from the central figure of the man who is writing the letter containing the King's conditions of marriage.

4. *Return of the English Ambassadors bearing the favourable answer*

[1] "The Pleasures of Truth," reported in E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 256, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[2] Vol. XXII. p. 535.

[3] Vol. XXI. p. 300.

[4] Vol. XIII. p. 525.

[5] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 2 *n.*, and letter to Professor Norton of January 16, 1877.

from the King of Brittany.—This is No. 574 in the Academy; Plate XLIX. here. It is fully described by Ruskin in the Guide (below, pp. 176–179), and it is the subject also of Appendix VII. (below, p. 445). He emphasises the historical interest of the picture: "the Venice of 1480–1500 is here living before you." The remark is true down to the smallest details, as may be seen from the interesting particulars collected by Signor Molmenti.[1] One instance may here be given; it will be noticed that on the building in the centre of the picture, two bas-reliefs are represented. One of these is a version of an actual sculpture still preserved in the museum of the Ducal Palace. Of the master of the ceremonies in this picture, there is a study by Mr. Fairfax Murray in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.

5. *Prince Conon takes leave of his father; meeting of the betrothed couple; leave-taking from Ursula's parents, and the embarkation.*—This is No. 575 in the Academy (signed and dated 1495); Plate L. here. For Ruskin's notes on it, see the Guide (below, pp. 168–176). It is pointed out in the official catalogue of the Academy (1904) that the fantastic landscape (noticed by Ruskin) resembles that of Rhodes and Crete, as engraved in a book published in 1486 entitled *Peregrinatio in Terram Sanctam.* A design for this portion of the picture is in the Print Room of the British Museum. In the case of this picture, again, Signor Molmenti finds many details of historical and archæological interest.[2] The standing figure in the centre of the picture, bearing a scroll, is Niccolò Loredan, another benefactor of the school. The departure of St. Ursula was again painted by Carpaccio in a small picture in the possession of Lady Layard at Venice. A study, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, of St. Ursula receiving the Prince is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.

6. *St. Ursula and the Prince, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, are received by the Pope at Rome.*—This is No. 577 in the Academy; part of the picture is shown on Plate LXVIII. here. For Ruskin's notes on it, see the Guide (p. 167), and *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 204, 205. Ruskin says in the latter place that "the bishops and cardinals are evidently portraits," matters of offence being here and there thrown aside. Signor Molmenti's subsequent researches have illustrated this remark. The Pope is Alexander VI. (Borgia), though the sensual features of the face have been modified by Carpaccio into a severe asceticism. The Castle of St. Angelo at Rome corresponds with its appearance on a medal struck by that Pope. For the rest,

[1] *Vittore Carpaccio et la Confrérie de Sainte Ursule à Venise*, by Pompeo Molmenti and Gustave Ludwig, 1903, pp. 62 *seq.*

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 72 *seq.*

the scene is a faithful representation of Venetian processions.[1] Of this picture there are three studies in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield—a copy, full size, in oil, by J. W. Bunney, of the banners of St. George and St. Ursula and part of the procession; and sketches, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, of the central portion (here reproduced) and of part of the background. Ruskin showed an aquatint of the picture at his Bond Street Exhibition of 1878 (see Vol. XIII. p. 527); this aquatint is now at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 37, No. 111).

7. *Arrival of St. Ursula at Cologne with the Pope, who has joined the pilgrimage.*—This is No. 579 in the Academy (dated 1490). The picture is dismissed by Ruskin as "unworthy" (see the Guide, p. 167), and in this opinion Signor Molmenti concurs.[2] It was the picture which Carpaccio did first.

8. *Martyrdom and Funeral Procession of St. Ursula.*—This is No. 580 (dated 1493); partly shown on Plate LII. Ruskin notices it in the Guide (p. 167); in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 206; and in "An Oxford Lecture" (Vol. XXII. p. 535). He made a study of "St. Ursula on her Bier," which is in the Oxford Collection;[3] while at Sheffield there are two studies by Mr. Fairfax Murray of "The Moment before Martyrdom."[4] In this picture, again, Carpaccio introduced the portraits of contemporaries.[5] An old engraving of the picture was shown at Ruskin's Exhibition of 1878 (Vol. XIII. p. 526, 52 n).

9. *The Apotheosis of St. Ursula.*—This is No. 576 in the Academy (dated 1491); Plate LIII. here. For Ruskin's note on it, see the Guide (p. 167). Drawings for some of the girls' heads on the left are in Mr. Gathorne Hardy's collection; these, as well as the heads of the three men behind, are portraits.[6]

These pictures, as we have seen, suffered much from barbarous treatment, and from repainting. Afterwards, in the Academy at Venice, they received little honour, being hung, as Ruskin mentions, "out of sight, seven feet above the ground."[7] He was able to study and describe them so closely only by special favour of the authorities, who, as has been said, had the pictures taken down for him. The importance which Ruskin, an honorary member of the Venetian Academy, attached to the pictures, the fame of them which he noised

[1] *Vittore Carpaccio et la Confrérie de Sainte Ursule à Venise*, by Pompeo Molmenti and Gustave Ludwig, 1903, pp. 86 *seq.*

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 89.

[3] See Vol. XXI. p. 200; and compare Vol. XIII. p. 526 (50 n).

[4] See Vol. XIII. p. 526 (53 n).

[5] See Molmenti, p. 92.

[6] See Molmenti, pp. 96, 97.

[7] E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 257 (report of a lecture in *The Pleasures of England* course, reprinted in a later volume).

abroad, and the increasing attention which visitors now paid to them, have led in recent years to great and admirable changes. Two new galleries have been built for the exhibition of the works by Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini respectively; the "St. Ursula" Series is now shown all together in one room, admirably lighted and on the level of the eye. In the Carpaccio Room there is contained in a frame an illuminated copy of *Le Historie de S. Ursula Secondo Jacobo da Voragine*, "scripto illuminato per mano di me, Lucio Mariani romano, 26 Aprile 1895. Laus Deo"; there is also a photograph of an original letter from Carpaccio to the Venetian Senate, dated 15th August 1511.

In 1494 Carpaccio painted "The Miracle of the Holy Cross," No. 566 in the Academy; noted by Ruskin in the Guide (p. 162), and see "Venetian Index," under "Rialto," Vol. XI. p. 400.

In 1501 he was commissioned to execute paintings in the Sala de' Pregadi, in the Ducal Palace,[1] but these have not survived; and in 1507 he received appointment as one of John Bellini's assistants in painting the Great Council Chamber of the Ducal Palace. Ruskin prints the decree of his appointment in *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret* (Vol. XXII. p. 89).

To the year 1504 belongs a picture in the Correr Museum at Venice, "St. Mary and Elizabeth," which is mentioned in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 202 *n.*

Between the years 1501–1511 he painted the series of pictures, to which Ruskin devotes so much attention, for the Confraternity of the Sclavonians.[2] The foundation of the brotherhood is described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 161, 213; the general appearance of the little chapel —called by Ruskin "The Shrine of the Slaves" (*i.e.*, Sclavonians)— in §§ 164, 165. The pictures by Carpaccio upon its walls are nine in number, here enumerated in order beginning on the left-hand wall as one enters. The first three are from the story of St. George. The legend is told in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 214, 216–222, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26.

1. *St. George and the Dragon.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 168, 223–241, and in *Fors*, Letter 26, § 4; see also *Lectures on Landscape*, § 77 (Vol. XXII. p. 57). Of this picture there are two studies by Ruskin in the Museum at Sheffield; one of the whole picture, here reproduced (Plate LX.); the other of the upper part of the figure of St. George only (Plate LXIX.). Of the viper in this picture

[1] See Nos. 256 and 257 in Lorenzi's *Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale.*

[2] Rawdon Brown notices that the Sclavonians, of the Venetian provinces, were great seamen and did much commerce with England. Their guild had a burial-place near Southampton, and in the church of North Stoneham a slab is preserved bearing the following inscription: "SEPVLTVRA DE LA SCHOLA DE SCLAVONI, ANO DŇI MCCCCLXXXXI" (*L'Archivio di Venezia con riguardo speciale alla storia inglese*, 1868, p. 151).

Ruskin also made a study, which at one time was at Oxford.[1] There is another picture by Carpaccio of the same subject in the Convent of St. Giorgio Maggiore.[2]

2. *The Triumph of St. George.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 166, 169. Shown on Plate LXI. here (the upper subject). At Sheffield there is a water-colour study of part of the picture by Mr. Fairfax Murray. The design for the picture is in the Uffizi at Florence.

3. *St. George baptizes the heathen King and his Court.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 170. Shown here on Plate LXI. (the middle subject). The picture is dated 1508. A study, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, of the central portion of the picture is at Sheffield. The Arundel Society published a chromo-lithograph of the picture, from a drawing by Signor L. Desideri, in 1888. Ruskin made a study of the bird in the foreground, which is now at Oxford,[3] and is here reproduced (Plate LXII.).

4. *St. Tryphonius and the Basilisk.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 171. Shown here on Plate LXI. (the lower subject). St. Tryphonius, as one of the special saints of Dalmatia, was naturally included in the decoration of the chapel. There is a water-colour study, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, of part of the picture at Sheffield.

5. *Christ in the Garden of Olives.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 172.

6. *The Calling of St. Matthew.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 173–175. Plate LXIII. here. Of this picture also the Arundel Society published a chromo-lithograph.

7. *St. Jerome and the Lion.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 176–181. Plate LXIV. here (the upper subject). The reader should also consult the account of St. Jerome given in *The Bible of Amiens* (ch. iii., "The Lion-Tamer"). From this picture (painted in 1502) there are four studies at Sheffield—one by Mr. Fairfax Murray, the others by Signor Alessandri.

8. *The Funeral of St. Jerome.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 182, 183. Shown on Plate LXIV. here (the lower subject). From this picture (also painted in 1502), there are two studies at Sheffield, by Mr. Murray and Signor Alessandri severally. Ruskin made a copy of Carpaccio's signature, held by a lizard. This is Plate LXV. here: for particulars and Ruskin's note, see Vol. XXI. p. 152 and *n.*, where some other references to the lizard are given.

9. *St. Jerome in his Study.*—Described in *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 184–187, and noticed in Vol. XV. pp. 362–363, and *Fors Clavigera*,

[1] See Vol. XXI. p. 90, and for other references to the viper, Vol. XXII. pp. 62, 367.

[2] A small reproduction of it is given on p. 14 of Osvaldo Böhn's guide-book.

[3] No. 161 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 89, 135). For other references to the bird, see Vol. XXII. p. 53, and *Love's Meinie*, § 37.

Letter 61, § 9; Plate LXVI. here, which has been made from the chromo-lithograph of the picture published by the Arundel Society in 1887. Ruskin, it will be seen, accepts Mr. James Reddie Anderson's interpretation of the picture as being intended to show the saint in heaven.[1] Ruskin made a study of the dog in this picture, and an engraving of it is given on p. 230.

Ruskin's chapter on these pictures in "The Shrine of the Slaves" brought them a fame greater than they had enjoyed since the time of their first production. The little chapel, so long neglected, is now included in every visitor's round, and the custode, so soon as an English or American tourist enters, conducts him to the proper point of view, and adjusts the window-blinds to give the proper light. Ruskin's chapter has also had imitation; and Messrs. Alinari have published a little illustrated guide-book to the chapel.[2]

The next in date of the pictures which are noticed by Ruskin is "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple." This was painted in 1510 for the Church of St. Job, and is now in the Academy (No. 44). Described in the Guide, pp. 159–160; Plate XLV., here. To appreciate the elaborateness of Carpaccio's work the visitor to Sheffield should look at the seven studies of detail which Mr. Fairfax Murray made from this picture. One of these was shown by Ruskin at his Exhibition in Bond Street in 1878: see Vol. XIII. p. 526 (51 R.).

At the same time he was commissioned to paint a series of pictures for the School of St. Stephen. These are now dispersed in various collections. One of them (painted in 1514) is in the Brera at Milan—"Stephen disputing with the Scribes"—and this is described by Ruskin in *St. Mark's Rest*, § 195.

Other pictures of uncertain date, noticed by Ruskin, are "The Virgin in the Temple," at Milan (see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 195); and in the Correr Museum, "Two Venetian Ladies and their Pets" (*ibid.*, §§ 199–201). This is shown on Plate LXVII. here.

Ruskin's very high praise of this latter picture is often regarded as an instance of the occasional waywardness of his judgments,[3] but those who smile at Ruskin's description of the canvas as "the best picture in the world," forget the limitations which he added—namely, "putting aside higher conditions, and looking only to perfection

[1] Molmenti's suggestion with regard to this picture is that it is meant to represent St. Jerome at Rome in 382, when he was acting as secretary to Pope Damasus. Molmenti questions generally whether Mr. Anderson's explanations of this picture and of the "St. George" are not too metaphysical for Carpaccio (*Carpaccio, son Temps et son Œuvre*, 1893, p. 117).

[2] Osvaldo Böhn: *The Church of St. George of the Schiavoni in Venice and the Paintings by V. Carpaccio:* 1904. Published also in French.

[3] See, for instance, Layard's edition of Kugler's *Italian Schools of Painting*, 1887, vol. i. p. 322, and Okey's *Venice*, p. 304 *n.*

of execution."[1] Even so, however, the praise is felt by many to be overstrained; but for the rest, Ruskin's efforts to make this charming painter better known have met with general success. In Venice, especially, they have been followed up by Signor Molmenti's two books, already quoted; his study of the "St. Ursula" Series is the more interesting from the fact that in his atlas of plates the pictures are shown with conjectural restorations of the portions which were hacked off in 1647. More recently he has issued an elaborately illustrated monograph on the work of Carpaccio generally.[2]

"ST. MARK'S REST"

St. Mark's Rest falls into two sections. Chapter ix. is an additional chapter, first issued in 1884 as an Appendix; it was written by Mr. Wedderburn, being a detailed description of the mosaics of the Baptistery, briefly noticed by Ruskin himself in an earlier chapter. Chapters x. and xi. (originally issued as a "First" and "Second Supplement") are studies, by Ruskin and Mr. J. R. Anderson respectively, of Carpaccio's pictures. The other section of the book (chaps. i.–viii.) is that to which the sub-title applies; it consists of studies in "The History of Venice, written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments." It was written for the most part during Ruskin's sojourn in Venice in 1876–1877. Chapters i.–iii. were printed and published before he left, and chaps. iv.–vii. (as also the present ch. x.) shortly after his return to England. His serious illness in 1878 delayed the publication of chaps. viii. and xi. (see p. 400). It also prevented Ruskin from working up much additional material which he had collected at Venice. A large amount of such material was found among his papers; some of this, being interesting and carefully written, is now added in Appendices I.–VIII. In going through his papers at some later date, Ruskin noted this material as "all useful, and to be got out as fast as I can."

Two other Appendices (IX. and X.), touching upon Carpaccio and characteristics of the Venetian School, include matter which Ruskin wrote for his intended continuation of *The Laws of Fésole*. It was to deal principally with colour, and to be called *The Laws of Rivo Alto* (see above, p. xlii. and *n.*). Those who are not acquainted at first hand with the body of Ruskin's writings upon art suppose him to have been insensitive to, and indifferent of, the purely pictorial side of pictures. His notes on a picture by Carpaccio as, in Mr. Whistler's language, "a harmony of crimson and white" (p. 453), may in this connexion be noted.

[1] See also Vol. XI. p. 369.

[2] Gustavo Ludwig e Pompeo Molmenti: *Vittore Carpaccio, La Vita e Le Opere, con* 225 *Illustrazioni nel testo e* 62 *Tavole*, Milano, 1906.

Full bibliographical particulars about *St. Mark's Rest* are given elsewhere (p. 195), but what has here been said is enough to explain the comparatively fragmentary nature of the book. This characteristic has not escaped the critics, who have noted also that "much of it seems to be addressed to children of tender age." In quoting from one of the chapters, Ruskin himself said at Oxford that it was "meant for a lecture."[1] These little Italian guides were professedly written to assist young students. They irritate some readers by the occasional querulousness of their tone. "Aids to depression in the shape of certain little humorous—ill-humorous—pamphlets," Mr. Henry James called them.[2] The sympathetic reader, however, is not irritated; while the judicious, among those who do not sympathise with Ruskin's mood, know how to discriminate. "We edify ourselves," wrote George Eliot from Venice in 1880, "with what Ruskin has written in an agreeable pamphlet shape, using his knowledge gratefully, and shutting our ears to his wrathful innuendoes against the whole modern world."[3] And Mr. James goes on to admit that the book is "all suggestive and much of it delightfully just." The little red hand-books have been as familiar in Venice as the "Mornings" in Florence. American reprints have been particularly numerous, and recently an admirable Italian translation, illustrated and carefully edited, has been issued. To the Italian notes the present editors are indebted for several references and particulars.

Of the manuscript of *St. Mark's Rest*, a small portion is in the possession of Mr. F. W. Hilliard. This portion is from about the middle of § 94 to the end of § 96, and also from towards the end of § 106 to the end of § 110. The rest is unknown to the editors.

RESTORATIONS AT ST. MARK'S, VENICE

The Fifth Part in this volume contains two pieces which Ruskin wrote in the years 1877–1879, in protest against restorations at St. Mark's, Venice, some already accomplished, others at that time threatened. Particulars must here be given to explain the occasion, and the results, of his intervention. The work of restoration has been in progress at St. Mark's, according as means permitted, ever since 1840, and in the opinion of successive architects and engineers, the Basilica would otherwise have been in danger of falling to pieces. This point of view, which it is right to bear in mind, was forcibly expressed, a few years after Ruskin wrote, in the columns of the *Times*:[4]—

"St. Mark's was built by men who were admirable artists but wretched builders; it was built probably in parts, and without any appreciation of

[1] *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 244.
[2] An article on "Venice" in *The Century Magazine*, November 1882, vol. xxv. p. 3.
[3] *George Eliot's Life*, by J. W. Cross, 1885, vol. iii. p. 405.
[4] August 5, 1886.

the artistic importance it should one day have, or much care for the elements of stability requisite for the prolonged existence it has enjoyed. In the renewal of the little pavilion at the south-west angle, which is only attached to the church at one side, but serves as a flying buttress, and bears the thrust of the outer walls of the two chapels on that side, the foundations were found on excavation to consist of piles about six feet long, on which was laid a mass of uncemented rubble, a yard or two thick, and on this the bases of the columns were laid. The wall on the south side of the southern aisle had split from top to bottom from the wretched quality of the material, both brick and mortar, and from the use of sticks of firewood, which had been used in the piers as binding material and perhaps to save masonry. The mortar had almost lost cohesion, and bricks could be rubbed to dust by the fingers, and the wood had not waited to be rubbed, for nothing but dust remained of it. The outer pier of the south-west pavilion was sinking from the insufficiency of the foundation, and the whole south wall of the two chapels had long been prevented only by extensive shoring up from falling into the piazza."

This evidence is incontrovertible, and Ruskin, though he was unaware of the extent of the danger, did not deny its existence. He admitted the need from time to time of structural repairs ("Letter to Count Zorzi," § 9); he distinguished between the condition of the encrusting marbles, which needed no restoration, and the stability of the fabric, which might need strengthening (*Memorial Studies*, § 8). He predicted, only too truly, that the prime danger was to the Campanile (*ibid.*, § 9). What he protested against was not the work of restoration in itself, but the manner in which it was carried out. Here, as we shall see, he was happily in large measure successful.

We may now pass to the history of the restorations. In 1853 the restorations were entrusted to the "R. Direzione Generale delle Pubbliche Costruzioni nelle Provincie Venete," and in 1857, this body delegated the work to G. B. Meduna, who was clerk of the works to the churchwardens. His first undertaking was the rebuilding of the north side of the church towards the Piazzetta dei Leoncini. He took down the whole of the marble facing, laid new foundations with relieving arches under the bases of the pilasters, and rebuilt the internal masses of the walls. So far, the work of restoration may well have been necessary, and no fault need be found. It is otherwise with Meduna's subsequent proceedings. The columns were all scraped with pumice-stone, and "a facing of unpicturesque smooth-veined Tino marble was substituted for the precious ancient one,"[1] which was

[1] See p. 927 of *The Basilica of S. Mark in Venice, illustrated from the points of view of Art and History by Venetian writers under the direction of Professor Camillo Boito.* Translated by William Scott and F. H. Rosenberg: Venice, Ongania, 1888–1889. This is the volume of letterpress accompanying the same publisher's

arranged in symmetrical patterns and richly coloured by time. These original marbles were all thrown away. This work was finished in 1864, and at the time it was loudly applauded. Meduna had given Venice something spick and span, and she rejoiced in the gift.

Thus encouraged, Meduna next took in hand a similar reconstruction of the south side, including the pavilion, or portico, at the south-west angle. This work was carried out, says the Venetian writer whose authority I am here following,[1] with even worse taste than that which characterised the earlier. The horizontal lines of the south side were altered, thus making no true junction with the west front when they turned the corner;[2] and the old marbles, "inestimable for their historical value, rarity, and colour," were again dispersed or destroyed. Ruskin, as he tells Count Zorzi (§ 6), had bought some of these discarded marbles, and he exhibited them at one of his lectures.[3] This restoration on the south side of the cathedral, commenced in 1865, was closed in 1877. Meanwhile in 1870 another "restoration," which Ruskin deplored hardly less, had been carried out. This was the levelling of the pavement of the left aisle of the church, the removal of the old tesseræ, and the substitution of new ones by Messrs. Salviati and Co.

In 1877, as in 1864, the brand-new front which had been put upon the southern side of the old Basilica was warmly applauded, and Meduna next proposed to treat the great western façade in the same way. This was the state of things in which Count Zorzi, with warm encouragement from Ruskin, who was then in Venice, intervened with his pamphlet of "Observations on the Internal and External Restorations of the Basilica of St. Mark." "A pamphlet by my new friend, Count Zorzi, in defence of St. Mark's," wrote Ruskin to Mrs. Severn (February 16, 1877), "is the best thing I ever saw written on architecture, but by myself! and it is more furious than me!" To this pamphlet Ruskin contributed the prefatory letter, here

magnificent volumes of illustrations of St. Mark's—a work, says the publisher, which involved "ten years' unremitting effort," and in which "there served to inspire him with courage the voice and the wise counsels of the celebrated English writer, John Ruskin." The English translation of the letterpress bears accordingly the following dedication:—

> "To Professor John Ruskin, M.A., LL.D.,
> whose cordial encouragement and able suggestions
> have contributed not a little to the successful
> conclusion of an arduous enterprise, this English
> translation is respectfully dedicated by his
> obliged and faithful servant, F. Ongania."

[1] Boito, *ut supra*, p. 928.

[2] This point was shown in one of the photographs exhibited by Ruskin to illustrate his protest (*Memorial Studies*, § 11): see below, p. 420.

[3] See *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 40.

reprinted (pp. 405–411). It was translated into Italian, and its eloquent and powerful arguments were so addressed as to make strong appeal to Venetian readers. Ruskin was on friendly terms with most of the local antiquaries, and with many of the influential citizens. He alluded to himself as "a foster-child of Venice"; he depicted once more in glowing terms the splendour of her monuments; he applauded the patriotic spirit of Count Zorzi, a Venetian noble worthy of "the lords of ancient Venice"; and, in what he condemned, he blamed rather the mistaken spirit of the time than the Venetians, who had still "the genius, the conscience, the ingenuity of their race." He reinforced the Count's plea for the careful preservation of the old marbles, and his description of the beauty of the old colouring. In this connexion he referred to his own drawing of the south side, made thirty years before. The drawing, now in the Oxford Collection, which seems to be the one referred to, forms the frontispiece to the present volume.[1]

The protest of Count Zorzi and his English friend was not to be unavailing; but at the time Ruskin was in sore distress and displeasure.[2] Nothing was left for him to do, of practical effort, he felt, except to collect such records as might be possible of a building now doomed to destruction. He employed Mr. T. M. Rooke, then an assistant in Burne-Jones's studio, to make drawings of the mosaics. Mr. Rooke entered upon the task with enthusiasm, and Ruskin invited subscriptions towards the work. He inserted an appeal in *St. Mark's Rest* (see below, p. 132), and also in the "Travellers' Edition" of *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. X. p. 463). The mosaics of St. Mark's and the capitals of the Ducal Palace, which was also under restoration, "become to me every day," he wrote, "more precious both for their art and their meaning," and he set his heart on preserving some memorial of the treasures which a perverse generation seemed bent upon destroying. Meanwhile William Morris and Burne-Jones were busy in organising a protest in England. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings had recently been founded, and Morris, on its behalf, wrote letters to the papers and arranged for public meetings. At one of these, held in Oxford on November 15, 1879, Burne-Jones was prevailed upon to speak—the only occasion in his life on which he thus appeared in public. The newspapers took up the subject, and "special correspondents" discussed it from various points of view. Among the articles was one in the *Standard*[3] which quoted a statement made by Meduna in his defence. He gloried in

[1] A drawing of the southern portico, before restoration, is engraved as Plate 6 in the *Examples of Venetian Architecture* (Vol. XI. p. 330).

[2] See § 1 of the *Circular* (p. 412).

[3] See below, p. 421 and *n*.

the new work which he had substituted, because it was more precise and regular than the old; to this article Ruskin refers (*Circular*, § 12). In connexion with the public meetings a Memorial was drawn up for presentation to the Italian Government. Gladstone signed it (at Burne-Jones's instance[1]), and so also did Lord Beaconsfield. Ruskin's contribution to the English movement was the publication of the *Circular respecting Memorial Studies of St. Mark's*, which is here printed (pp. 412–424). He described yet again the wonder and the beauty of the building, which indeed, he said, was not so much a piece of architecture, as "a jewelled casket and painted reliquary." He wished all success to the protest, which, as we have seen, he had anticipated in Venice itself, and asked for assistance towards completing his Memorial Studies. He showed also in the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours a series of photographs, showing the past and present state of the building. His *Circular* was distributed to all visitors at the Water-Colour Exhibition, as also at that of the works of Prout and Hunt in Bond Street. In his catalogue of the latter Exhibition Ruskin again refers to the subject (Vol. XIV. pp. 427–429). He wrote, as will be seen, in much wrath and despair.

Yet already his efforts had been successful. Some say that the protests in England availed; "the roaring of the British Lion," it was suggested, "had saved the Lion of St. Mark."[2] The Venetian writers say that Count Zorzi's pamphlet was the important thing, and certainly Ruskin's appeal therein was more adroit than some of the utterances in England. However this may be, already before the Memorial was presented, the Italian authorities had taken decisive action. Threatened works were arrested, and the standing Commission for the Preservation of Monuments appointed a Committee to consider the whole question. This Committee reported in March 1880.[3] Its Report, which was afterwards adopted in a Government Minute, was a complete vindication of Count Zorzi and Ruskin. It laid down in the strongest terms that henceforth the principle of preservation was to prevail over that of reconstruction, and that any structural repairs were to be executed "with the most scrupulous regard for the preservation of the monument in every particular." A Committee of Superintendence was appointed, and it was ordered that Meduna's substituted marbles should as far as possible be replaced by others more nearly resembling those of the ancient fabric. In the further restoration of the south front and south-west portico, which was completed in 1886, these principles were observed, and the west front itself

[1] See *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 95–96.

[2] See the Third Annual Meeting and Report of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings (June 28, 1880).

[3] The Report is fully summarised in Boito, *ut supra*, pp. 929 *seq.*

was saved. The old mosaics in the Zeno Chapel were, as Count Zorzi urged, restored to their places. At the present time (1906) very extensive works are in progress, as a result of the thorough examination of the fabric which followed the fall of the Campanile; but the principles for which Ruskin and Count Zorzi pleaded are, as far as possible, being respected. The old mosaics, for instance, which were removed from the Paradise and Apocalypse vaults in 1860, and were fortunately preserved, are now to be reinstated; nor is any modification contemplated in the level of the floor.[1] But into work done to the cathedral later than 1877 it would be out of place to enter here,[2] for after that year Ruskin never saw Venice again.

To Ruskin, then, is due not only the better appreciation of St. Mark's, but also in large measure its preservation. Much restoration that has since been found necessary would, no doubt, have grieved him; but all such work has since 1877 been carried out with better regard for the past, and often with faithful and loving reverence. The Memorial Studies which Ruskin procured are of many kinds. The large painting of the whole façade, which he commissioned J. W. Bunney to make for the St. George's Guild, was completed in 1882; it is at Sheffield, and a photogravure from it has been given in Vol. X. (p. 82). A water-colour drawing by the same artist, equally careful, of the north-west angle is also at Sheffield. Of the mosaics of the interior, a large number of "exquisite drawings" were made by Mr. Rooke, but of these the greater number were destroyed by fire in the St. Gothard Tunnel.[3] The artist had, however, taken tracings of several of them, and copies made from these are now at Sheffield. In the same museum is a study of some of the mosaics by Mr. Fairfax Murray; this is here reproduced (Plate LI.). There are also a few of the Memorial Studies at Oxford.[4]

The *illustrations* to this volume are very numerous, and will, it is hoped, add not a little to the interest of the books collected in it.

The *frontispiece* is a chromo-lithograph from Ruskin's drawing of the south side of St. Mark's (1846), to which special reference is made in the text (p. 409).

Plates A–D, in the Introduction, are from his drawings, as mentioned above (p. xxxix.). Two of them have previously appeared in the

[1] See a telegram in the *Times* of June 16, 1905.

[2] Those who wish to pursue the subject will find full information in Boito. The Third (1880) and Eleventh (1888) Annual Reports of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings also contain information on the subject; see also a valuable series of articles in the *Times* (August 1886) on "Restorations in Venice."

[3] See *Master's Report to the St. George's Guild,* 1884 (in a later volume of this edition).

[4] See Reference Series, Nos. 107, 170 (Vol. XXI.).

Architectural Review (see Vol. XXI. p. lii. *n.*). The others had also been placed at the disposal of the editor of that *Review*, and will presently appear in it. Ruskin has not in all cases dated them correctly; "Oct. '77" (B), "Nov. '77" (D), and "Dec. '77" (B, upper subject) should all have been "'76."

Plate E is a plan of the Arena Chapel, and Plates I.–XXXVIII. are reductions from the Arundel Society's woodcuts (see above, p. xlvii.). The next five Plates (XXXIX.–XLIII.) are additional illustrations of Giotto's frescoes in the same chapel.

It has been found impossible to give, on the scale of this page, any reproduction in colour of the Arundel Society's chromo-lithograph of the Cavalli monuments. Plate XLIV. is, therefore, a photogravure from it.

The *Guide to the Academy at Venice* is now illustrated by eleven plates. Eight of these (XLV., XLVII.–LIII.) are of pictures by Carpaccio, and have been mentioned in a preceding section of this Introduction. Plate XLVI. is of Gentile Bellini's picture of a Procession in St. Mark's Place. The picture is described in the Guide, and again in *St. Mark's Rest* (see references on p. 146). Plate LIV. is of Tintoret's "Madonna and the Faithful," the picture with which Ruskin bids us close our inspection of the Gallery. Had Watts this picture in mind when he painted his "Dedicated to all the Churches" (described in Vol. XIV. p. 266)? Plate LV. is of Paul Veronese's "Supper in the House of Simon"; the reduction in scale is here very great, but the plate will serve as a note of the picture, which the reader may find useful in perusing the account of the painter's examination by the Inquisition (p. 187).

The illustrations in *St. Mark's Rest* include ten more plates from pictures by Carpaccio (LX.–LXIX.). These, again, have all been referred to already. The other four plates illustrate works of art to which Ruskin calls special attention in the text. Plate LVI. is a woodcut (by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich) from the bas-relief of St. George on the front of St. Mark's (§ 45). Plate LVII. is a photogravure from a later St. George, which was at Venice when Ruskin wrote (§ 48), but is now in the South Kensington Museum. Plate LVIII. is a photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin of a portion of the central archivolt of St. Mark's (§ 99); while Plate LIX. is a photogravure from Mr. Fairfax Murray's study of some mosaics already mentioned (p. xl.).

The engraving printed on p. 230 is from Ruskin's copy of the dog in Carpaccio's picture of "St. Jerome in his Study"; the engraving was made for Ruskin by Mr. Stodart.

E. T. C.

I

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

(1853–1860)

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA:

BEING

An Explanatory Notice of the Series of Woodcuts

Executed for the Arundel Society

After the Freſcoes in the Arena Chapel.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

PRINTED FOR THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

1854.

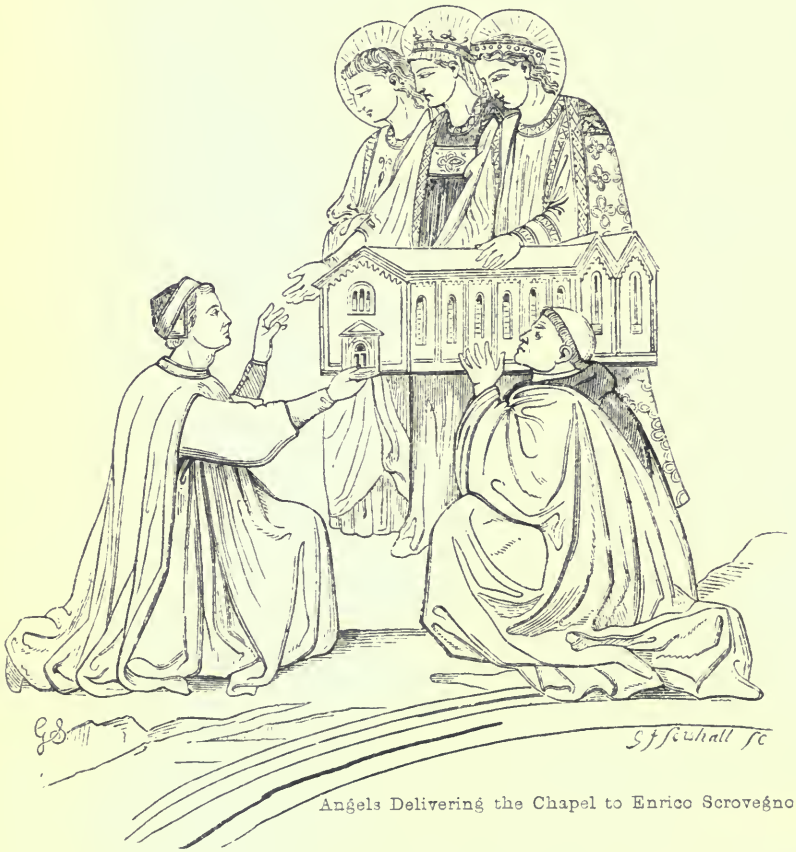
Arena Chapel, Padua

A SERIES OF WOOD ENGRAVINGS FROM

THE FRESCOES OF GIOTTO

ILLUSTRATING THE LIVES OF

THE VIRGIN AND OUR SAVIOUR



Angels Delivering the Chapel to Enrico Scrovegno

ACCOMPANIED BY AN EXPLANATORY NOTICE BY

JOHN RUSKIN

ARUNDEL SOCIETY

1860

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This work owes its existence to the Arundel Society, which in the years 1853–1860 issued a series of thirty-eight large woodcuts, representing the majority of the frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua. These appeared gradually, and as they were completed, Ruskin's "explanatory notice" of them was also gradually written, and published by the Society. Ultimately the work consisted of two volumes, viz. (1) a large atlas (21 inches × 16½) containing, with a title-page and list of subjects, the thirty-eight woodcuts, and (2) a thin volume containing Ruskin's introduction and account of the frescoes, together with two plans of the chapel, and a woodcut of the Baptism of Christ from a thirteenth-century missal.

The Arundel Society also published a copper-plate engraving of one of the subjects (see p. 104 *n.*); and (in 1856) a chromo-lithograph from a drawing by Mrs. Higford Burr, entitled "A View of the Interior of the Arena Chapel, Padua, in 1306."

The woodcuts of the frescoes were gradually issued, and were sold separately, the price to members being 2s. 6d., to strangers 3s. 6d. The price of the complete set was £4, 4s. to members, and £5, 5s. to non-members. The first fourteen are dated 1853; the next eight (15–23) 1854; after which Nos. 24–26 bore date 1855; Nos. 27–28, 1856; Nos. 29–30, 1857; Nos. 31–34, 1858; Nos. 35–36, 1859; and Nos. 37–38, 1860. The title-page was as shown on the second title-page here included.

The vignette is of a portion of the fresco of "The Last Judgment" (see below, p. 114, Plate XL.). Each plate was numbered at the top, and lettered with its titles and the words, "Giotto *pinx* . . . *W. O. Williams del* . . . *Dalziel fratres fec.*"

Of Ruskin's explanatory text there have been several issues, as follows :—

First Edition (1853–1860).—The text was first issued in three separate parts, with continuous pagination. The title-page issued with Part I. is as shown here on the former of the preceding leaves.

Royal 8vo, pp. 124. Half-title with blank reverse, pp. 1–2; in the centre of the reverse is the imprint "London: | Printed by Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, | Great New Street and Fetter Lane." Title-page with blank reverse, pp. 3–4. "Advertisement" (here p. 11) with blank reverse, pp. 5–6. Text, pp. 7–124. The headline is "Giotto and his Works in Padua" throughout on each page.

Issued in stiff buff-coloured paper wrappers, lettered on the front cover "Giotto | and his Works in Padua. | By John Ruskin. | Parts I., [II., and III.] | Printed for the Arundel Society." Price (of the three parts) 10s. to members, 15s. to non-members.

The three parts were issued thus :—

Part I. (1853).—This contained Title-page, etc., pp. 1–6; Giotto and his Works in Padua, pp. 7–45 (here pp. 13–45); "Series of Subjects," pp. 46–47 (here pp. 46, 47); Explanation of Subjects I.–XIV., pp. 49–74.

On p. 41 was a full-page woodcut of the Interior of the Arena Chapel, Padua, looking eastward (see here p. 42).

Part II. (1854).—Explanation of Subjects XV.–XXII., pp. 75–96.

On p. 92 was a full-page woodcut of the Baptism of Christ, taken from a choir-book of 1290 (see here p. 83). At the end was a leaf of advertisements of the Society's publications.

Part III. (1860).—Explanation of Subjects XXIII.–XXXVIII., pp. 96–124.

Page 4 of the wrapper of Part I., and pages 2–4 of that of Part III. are filled with lists of the Arundel Society's publications. The three parts were sold separately. Part I., to members, 5s.; to non-members, 7s. 6d. Part II., 2s. and 3s.; Part III., 3s. and 4s. 6d.

Second Edition (1877).—The text was next issued in a single volume, the remainder sheets of each part being utilised, and the original title-page being left uncancelled. But the stock of Part III. was insufficient, and the part was reprinted. The reprinted sheets may be identified by the imprint at the foot of p. 124, which reads "Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham, Took's Court, Chancery Lane"; whereas on the original sheets it is "Robson, Levey, and Franklyn, Great New Street and Fetter Lane."

The book was for many years out of print and somewhat scarce.

Third Edition (1900).—An entirely new edition, on a different plan, was prepared by Mr. Wedderburn for Ruskin during the last year of his life, and was published soon after his death. The title-page is as follows :—

> Giotto | and his Works in Padua | being | an Explanatory Notice of the | Frescoes in the Arena Chapel | by | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford | *With Illustrations* | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1900 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. xvii. + 213. Imprint on reverse of title-page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. At the Ballantyne Press." "Editorial Note, 1899," pp. v.–ix.; "Author's Note" (here p. 11), pp. xi., xii. Contents, p. xiii. List of Illustrations, pp. xv.–xvii. Text of "Giotto and his Works in Padua," pp. 1–163; Appendix (here pp. 113–123), pp. 167–194; Index, pp. 197–213. Imprint at the foot of the last page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. Edinburgh & London."

Issued in February 1900, in green cloth boards, lettered on the back "Ruskin | Giotto | and | His Works | in | Padua." 2000 copies. Price 7s. 6d. (reduced in January 1904 to 5s.). The edition is still current.

There was no alteration of the author's text, except that in § 6, line 6, a misprint, "Boniface IX.," was corrected to "Benedict IX." Additional matter was introduced, as explained below. The large Arundel Society's woodcuts were replaced by reproductions (in half-tone process) of photographs from the frescoes, and additional illustrations were introduced.

The Editorial Note, after giving some of the bibliographical particulars detailed above, and explaining the substitution of the process blocks for the woodcuts, continues:—

"For another reason the present edition is more complete than the old one. The publications of the Arundel Society contain no woodcuts of—and only a bare reference to—the frescoes of 'Christ in Glory,' 'The Last Judgment,' and the fourteen Virtues and Vices. These are all now reproduced, the 'Christ in Glory' as a frontispiece [see now p. 113] and the rest in an Appendix, together with a brief explanatory notice of each fresco, as given by Lord Lindsay in his *Christian Art*, and by Mr. Ruskin himself either in the *Stones of Venice*, or, later, in *Fors Clavigera* and *Val d'Arno*. It is, therefore, hoped that this volume is a complete and worthy record of the chapel which has been described as 'not only the most perfect expressional work, but the prettiest piece of wall decoration and fair colour in North Italy.'"*

A full index was also added.

Pocket Edition (1905).—This was printed from electrotype plates of the edition last described, with the following new title-page:—

Giotto and his Works | in Padua | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

Issued in March 1905, uniform with other volumes in the Pocket Edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6). 4000 copies. Price 3s. 6d. The edition is still current.

There have been *unauthorised American* editions, generally in volumes of "Miscellanea" made up of Ruskin's shorter works.

Reviews of the first part of the original issue of the work appeared in (among other places) the *Athenæum*, December 2, 1854, and the *Illustrated London News*, December 9, 1854.

Variæ Lectiones.—There are few variations to record, other than those already indicated. In § 1, line 4, "Delesmanini" is corrected to "Dalesmanini." In Subject XIX., line 48, "rendered" was misprinted "rendering" in the small editions. In XXX., in line 4 of the note of 1899, "profile" was misprinted "people." In XXXIV., "Cassano" is corrected to "Cassiano."]

* *Stones of Venice*, vol. i., App. 15 [Vol. IX. p. 449].

ADVERTISEMENT

[TO THE FIRST EDITION (1854)]

The following notice of Giotto has not been drawn up with any idea of attempting a history of his life. That history could only be written after a careful search through the libraries of Italy for all documents relating to the years during which he worked. I have no time for such search, or even for the examination of well-known and published materials; and have therefore merely collected, from the sources nearest at hand, such information as appeared absolutely necessary to render the series of Plates now published by the Arundel Society intelligible and interesting to those among its Members who have not devoted much time to the examination of mediæval works. I have prefixed a few remarks on the relation of the art of Giotto to former and subsequent efforts; which I hope may be useful in preventing the general reader from either looking for what the painter never intended to give, or missing the points to which his endeavours were really directed.

J. R.

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

1. Towards the close of the thirteenth century,[1] Enrico Scrovegno, a noble Paduan, purchased, in his native city, the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre or Arena from the family of the Dalesmanini, to whom those remains had been granted by the Emperor Henry III. of Germany in 1090. For the power of making this purchase, Scrovegno was in all probability indebted to his father, Reginald, who, for his avarice, is placed by Dante in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, and regarded apparently as the chief of the usurers there, since he is the only one who addresses Dante.* The son, having possessed himself of the Roman ruin, or of the site which it had occupied, built himself a

* "Noting the visages of some who lay
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not; but perceived
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch,
With colours and with emblems various marked,
On which it seemed as if their eye did feed.
And when amongst them looking round I came,
A yellow purse I saw, with azure wrought,
That wore a lion's countenance and port.
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
Another I beheld, than blood more red,
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.
And one who bore a fat and azure swine
Pictured on his white scrip, addressed me thus:
What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here,

[1] [The exact date is A.D. 1300.]

fortified palace upon the ground, and a chapel dedicated to the Annunciate Virgin.

2. This chapel, built in or about the year 1303,* appears

> Vitaliano, on my left shall sit.
> A Paduan with these Florentines am I.
> Ofttimes they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,
> Oh! haste that noble knight, he who the pouch
> With the three goats will bring. This said, he writhed
> The mouth, and lolled the tongue out, like an ox
> That licks his nostrils."
>
> —Canto xvii.

This passage of Cary's Dante is not quite so clear as that translator's work usually is. "One of them all I knew not" is an awkward periphrasis for "I knew none of them." Dante's indignant expression of the effect of avarice in withering away distinctions of character, and the prophecy of Scrovegno, that his neighbour Vitaliano, then living, should soon be with him, to sit on his left hand, is rendered a little obscure by the transposition of the word "here." Cary has also been afraid of the excessive homeliness of Dante's imagery; "whiter wing than curd" being in the original "whiter than butter." The attachment of the purse to the neck,[1] as a badge of shame, in the *Inferno*, is found before Dante's time; as, for instance, in the windows of Bourges cathedral (see Plate iii. of MM. Martin and Cahier's beautiful work[2]). And the building of the Arena Chapel by the son, as a kind of atonement for the avarice of the father,[3] is very characteristic of the period, in which the use of money for the building of churches was considered just as meritorious as its unjust accumulation was criminal. I have seen, in a MS. Church-service of the thirteenth century, an illumination representing Church-Consecration, illustrating the words, "Fundata est domus Domini supra verticem montium,"[4] surrounded, for the purpose of contrast, by a grotesque, consisting of a picture of a miser's death-bed, a demon drawing his soul out of his mouth, while his attendants are searching in his chests for his treasures.

* For these historical details I am chiefly indebted to the very careful treatise of Selvatico, *Sulla Cappellina degli Scrovegni nell' Arena di Padova*. Padua, 1836.[5]

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[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 17.]

[2] [*Monographie de la cathédrale de Bourges*, par les PP. Arthur Martin et Charles Cahier, de la Compagnie de Jésus, 1841–1844.]

[3] [Enrico built the chapel, says an old chronicler, "pro eripienda patris anima a pœnis purgationis et ad illius expianda peccata" (Scardeone: *De antiquitate urbis Patavii*, Basilea, 1560, p. 322).]

[4] [See Isaiah ii. 2: "in vertice montium."]

[5] [In a subsequent edition of his book Selvatico gave a later date. It appears now to be established that the building and decoration of the chapel were completed between the Festival of the Annunciation in 1303 and that in 1305. See Moschetti: *La Capella degli Scrovegni e gli affreschi di Giotto in essa dipinti*, Firenze, 1904, pp. 15–19.]

to have been intended to replace one which had long existed on the spot; and in which, from the year 1278, an annual festival had been held on Lady-day, in which the Annunciation was represented in the manner of our English mysteries (and under the same title: "una sacra rappresentazione di quel *mistero*"), with dialogue, and music both vocal and instrumental. Scrovegno's purchase of the ground could not be allowed to interfere with the national custom; but he is reported by some writers to have rebuilt the chapel with greater costliness, in order, as far as possible, to efface the memory of his father's unhappy life. But Federici, in his history of the Cavalieri Godenti,[1] supposes that Scrovegno was a member of that body, and was assisted by them in decorating the new edifice. The order of Cavalieri Godenti was instituted in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to defend the "existence," as Selvatico states it, but more accurately the dignity, of the Virgin, against the various heretics by whom it was beginning to be assailed. Her knights were first called Cavaliers of St. Mary; but soon increased in power and riches to such a degree, that, from their general habits of life, they received the nickname of the "Merry Brothers." Federici gives forcible reasons for his opinion that the Arena Chapel was employed in the ceremonies of their order; and Lord Lindsay observes,[2] that the fulness with which the history of the Virgin is recounted on its walls, adds to the plausibility of his supposition.

3. Enrico Scrovegno was, however, towards the close of his life, driven into exile, and died at Venice in 1320. But he was buried in the chapel he had built; and has one small monument in the sacristy, as the founder of the building, in which he is represented under a Gothic niche, standing, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised; while behind the altar is his tomb, on which, as usual at the period, is a recumbent statue of him. The chapel itself

[1] [*Istoria dei Cavalieri Gaudenti*, Venezia, 1787. For another reference to the "Merry Brothers," see *Val d'Arno*, § 259 (Vol. XXIII. p. 152).]

[2] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, 1847, vol. ii. p. 184.]

may not unwarrantably be considered as one of the first efforts of Popery in resistance of the Reformation: for the Reformation, though not victorious till the sixteenth, began in reality in the thirteenth century; and the remonstrances of such bishops as our own Grosseteste, the martyrdoms of the Albigenses in the Dominican crusades,[1] and the murmurs of those "heretics" against whose aspersions of the majesty of the Virgin this chivalrous order of the Cavalieri Godenti was instituted, were as truly the signs of the approach of a new era in religion, as the opponent work of Giotto on the walls of the Arena was a sign of the approach of a new era in art.

4. The chapel having been founded, as stated above, in 1303, Giotto appears to have been summoned to decorate its interior walls about the year 1306,—summoned, as being at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy. By what steps he had risen to this unquestioned eminence it is difficult to trace; for the records of his life, strictly examined, and freed from the verbiage and conjecture of artistical history, nearly reduce themselves to a list of the cities of Italy where he painted, and to a few anecdotes, of little meaning in themselves, and doubly pointless in the fact of most of them being inheritances of the whole race of painters, and related successively of all in whose biographies the public have deigned to take an interest. There is even question as to the date of his birth;[2] Vasari stating

[1] [Robert Grosseteste (died 1253), Bishop of Lincoln; preached against Papal abuses; suspended by the Pope, 1251. For the martyrdoms of the Albigenses, see Vol. XXIII. p. 142 *n.*]

[2] [The date of Giotto's birth is still one of the unsettled questions of art-history. The date of his work at the Arena Chapel (1305–1306) is fixed by early evidence, and bears upon the other question. Benvenuto Rambaldi da Imola (1331–1380) in his commentary upon Dante appends this note to the passage in which the poet refers to the eclipse of Cimabue's fame by Giotto: ". . . Now it once happened that while Giotto, still fairly young, was painting at Padua a chapel in the place where was once the theatre or arena, Dante came to the place And Giotto received him with honour and took him to his house. . . . This Giotto lived afterwards for a long time, for he died in 1336." A Paduan record states that Dante was at Padua in 1306 (see *Novelle Litterarie*, Florence, 1748, col. 361). A contemporary Florentine writer states that Giotto was seventy when he died: Antonio Pucci (died 1398) in his *Centiloquio*. If Giotto was born in 1276, he would have died at sixty; but if in 1266, he would have been forty when Benvenuto describes him as "adhuc satis juvenis."]

him to have been born in 1276, while Baldinucci,[1] on the internal evidence derived from Vasari's own narrative, throws the date back ten years.* I believe, however, that Vasari is most probably accurate in his first main statement; and that his errors, always numerous, are in the subsequent and minor particulars. It is at least undoubted truth that Giotto was born, and passed the years of childhood, at Vespignano, about fourteen miles north of Florence, on the road to Bologna. Few travellers can forget the peculiar landscape of that district of the Apennine. As they ascend the hill which rises from Florence to the lowest break in the ridge at Fiesole, they pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress-hedges, enclosing fair terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-colour, and deep green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their framework of rich leaf and rubied flower, the far-away bends of the Arno beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless clouds burn above the Pisan sea. The traveller passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden lonely. Here and there indeed are seen the scattered houses of a farm grouped gracefully upon the hillsides,—here and there a fragment of tower upon a distant rock; but neither gardens, nor flowers, nor glittering palace walls, only a grey extent of mountain ground, tufted irregularly with ilex and olive: a scene not sublime, for its forms are subdued and low; not desolate, for its valleys are full of sown fields and tended pastures; not rich nor lovely, but sunburnt and sorrowful; becoming wilder every instant as

* Lord Lindsay, *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 166.

[1] [*Notizie de Professori del Disegno*, vol. i. pp. 103 *seq.* (ed. 1845).]

the road winds into its recesses, ascending still, until the higher woods, now partly oak and partly pine, drooping back from the central crest of the Apennine, leave a pastoral wilderness of scathed rock and arid grass, withered away here by frost, and there by strange lambent tongues of earth-fed fire.* Giotto passed the first ten years of his life, a shepherd boy, among these hills; was found by Cimabue, near his native village, drawing one of his sheep upon a smooth stone;[1] was yielded up by his father, "a simple person, a labourer of the earth,"[2] to the guardianship of the painter, who, by his own work, had already made the streets of Florence ring with joy;[3] attended him to Florence, and became his disciple.

We may fancy the glance of the boy, when he and Cimabue stood side by side on the ridge of Fiesole, and for the first time he saw the flowering thickets of the Val d'Arno; and deep beneath, the innumerable towers of the City of the Lily,[4] the depths of his own heart yet hiding the fairest of them all. Another ten years passed over him, and he was chosen from among the painters of Italy to decorate the Vatican.[5]

5. The account given us by Vasari of the mode of his competition on this occasion, is one of the few anecdotes of him which seem to be authentic (especially as having

* At Pietra Mala. The flames rise two or three feet above the stony ground out of which they spring, white and fierce enough to be visible in the intense rays even of the morning sun.

[1] [Or scratching it, as Ruskin elsewhere suggests: see Vol. XXIII. p. 267.]
[2] [Vasari: "lavoratore di terra e naturale persona."]
[3] [See Vol. XXIII. p. 202.]
[4] [For the many towns of Florence (the City of the Lily, Vol. XXIII. p. 68), see *ibid.*, p. 65.]
[5] [The date of Giotto's summons to Rome is fixed by good evidence. Baldinucci, quoting from documents recorded in the Vatican archives, shows that in 1298 Cardinal Giacomo Gaetani de' Stefaneschi ordered the Navicella of S. Peter (now in the vestibule of St. Peter's, over the main door) to be made in mosaic "by the hand of Giotto," "a very celebrated painter," and also an altar-piece for the high altar (now in the Sagrestia dei Canonici), "which cost 800 florins of gold." The fact that Giotto was in 1298 so celebrated is held by many to support 1266 as the year of his birth.]

given rise to an Italian proverb), and it has also great point and value. I translate Vasari's words literally:—

"This work (his paintings in the Campo Santo of Pisa) acquired for him, both in the city and externally, so much fame, that the Pope Benedict IX. sent a certain one of his courtiers into Tuscany, to see what sort of a man Giotto was, and what was the quality of his works, he (the pope) intending to have some paintings executed in St. Peter's; which courtier, coming to see Giotto, and hearing that there were other masters in Florence who excelled in painting and in mosaic, spoke, in Siena, to many masters; then, having received drawings from them, he came to Florence; and having gone one morning into Giotto's shop as he was at work, explained the pope's mind to him, and in what way he wished to avail himself of his powers, and finally requested from him a little piece of drawing to send to his Holiness. Giotto, who was most courteous, took a leaf (of vellum?), and upon this, with a brush dipped in red, fixing his arm to his side, to make it as the limb of a pair of compasses, and turning his hand, made a circle so perfect in measure and outline, that it was a wonder to see: which having done, he said to the courtier, with a smile, 'There is the drawing.' He, thinking himself mocked, said, 'Shall I have no other drawing than this?' 'This is enough, and too much,' answered Giotto; 'send it with the others: you will see if it will be understood.' The ambassador, seeing that he could not get anything else, took his leave with small satisfaction, doubting whether he had not been made a jest of. However, when he sent to the pope the other drawings, and the names of those who had made them, he sent also that of Giotto, relating the way in which he had held himself in drawing his circle, without moving his arm, and without compasses. Whence the pope, and many intelligent courtiers, knew how much Giotto overpassed in excellence all the other painters of his time. Afterwards, the thing becoming known, the proverb arose from it: 'Thou art rounder than the O of Giotto;' which it is still in custom to say to men of the grosser clay; for the proverb is pretty, not only on account of the accident of its origin, but because it has a double meaning, 'round' being taken in Tuscany to express not only circular form, but slowness and grossness of wit."

6. Such is the account of Vasari, which, at the first reading, might be gravely called into question, seeing that the paintings at Pisa, to which he ascribes the sudden extent of Giotto's reputation, have been proved to be the work of Francesco da Volterra;* and since, moreover, Vasari has even mistaken the name of the pope, and written Benedict IX.

* At least Lord Lindsay seems to consider the evidence collected by Förster on this subject conclusive. *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 168.[1]

[1] [Compare the "Review of Lord Lindsay," § 45 (Vol. XII. p. 213).]

for Boniface VIII. But the story itself must, I think, be true; and, rightly understood, it is singularly interesting. I say, rightly understood; for Lord Lindsay supposes the circle to have been mechanically drawn by turning the sheet of vellum under the hand, as now constantly done for the sake of speed at schools. But neither do Vasari's words bear this construction, nor would the drawing so made have borne the slightest testimony to Giotto's power. Vasari says distinctly, "and turning his hand" (or, as I should rather read it, "with a sweep of his hand"[1]), not "turning the vellum"; neither would a circle produced in so mechanical a manner have borne distinct witness to anything except the draughtsman's mechanical ingenuity; and Giotto had too much common-sense, and too much courtesy, to send the pope a drawing which did not really contain the evidence he required. Lord Lindsay has been misled also by his own careless translation of "pennello tinto di roffo" ("a *brush* dipped in red") by the word "crayon." It is easy to draw the mechanical circle with a crayon, but by no means easy with a brush. I have not the slightest doubt that Giotto drew the circle as a painter naturally would draw it; that is to say, that he set the vellum upright on the wall or panel before him, and then steadying his arm firmly against his side, drew the circular line with one sweeping but firm revolution of his hand, holding the brush long. Such a feat as this is completely possible to a well-disciplined painter's hand, but utterly impossible to any other; and the circle so drawn was the most convincing proof Giotto could give of his decision of eye and perfectness of practice.[2]

7. Still, even when thus understood, there is much in the anecdote very curious. Here is a painter requested by the head of the Church to execute certain religious paintings, and the only qualification for the task of which he

[1] [The Italian is "e girato la mano."]

[2] [For other references by Ruskin to the O of Giotto, see Vol. XV. p. 39; Vol. XIX. pp. 63, 120; Vol. XXIII. p. 433.]

deigns to demonstrate his possession is executive skill. Nothing is said, and nothing appears to be thought, of expression, or invention, or devotional sentiment. Nothing is required but firmness of hand. And here arises the important question: Did Giotto know that this was all that was looked for by his religious patrons? and is there occult satire in the example of his art which he sends them?—or does the founder of sacred painting mean to tell us that he holds his own power to consist merely in firmness of hand, secured by long practice? I cannot satisfy myself on this point: but yet it seems to me that we may safely gather two conclusions from the words of the master, "It is enough, and more than enough." The first, that Giotto had indeed a profound feeling of the value of *precision* in all art; and that we may use the full force of his authority to press the truth, of which it is so difficult to persuade the hasty workmen of modern times, that the difference between right and wrong lies within the breadth of a line; and that the most perfect power and genius are shown by the accuracy which disdains error, and the faithfulness which fears it.

8. And the second conclusion is, that whatever Giotto's imaginative powers might be, he was proud to be a good *workman*, and willing to be considered by others only as such. There might lurk, as has been suggested, some satire in the message to the pope, and some consciousness in his own mind of faculties higher than those of draughtsmanship. I cannot tell how far these hidden feelings existed; but the more I see of living artists, and learn of departed ones, the more I am convinced that the highest strength of genius is generally marked by strange unconsciousness of its own modes of operation, and often by no small scorn of the best results of its exertion.[1] The inferior mind intently watches its own processes, and dearly values its own produce; the master-mind is intent on other things

[1] [Compare, for the unconsciousness of genius, below, p. 160, and Vol. V. p. 122; and, for the "scorn," Vol. VII. p. 299, and Vol. XXIII. p. 341.]

than itself, and cares little for the fruits of a toil which it is apt to undertake rather as a law of life than a means of immortality. It will sing at a feast, or retouch an old play, or paint a dark wall, for its daily bread, anxious only to be honest in its fulfilment of its pledges or its duty, and careless that future ages will rank it among the gods.

9. I think it unnecessary to repeat here any other of the anecdotes commonly related of Giotto, as, separately taken, they are quite valueless. Yet much may be gathered from their general *tone*. It is remarkable that they are, almost without exception, records of good-humoured jests, involving or illustrating some point of practical good sense:[1] and by comparing this general colour of the reputation of Giotto with the actual character of his designs, there cannot remain the smallest doubt that his mind was one of the most healthy, kind, and active, that ever informed a human frame. His love of beauty was entirely free from weakness; his love of truth untinged by severity; his industry constant, without impatience; his workmanship accurate, without formalism; his temper serene, and yet playful; his imagination exhaustless, without extravagance; and his faith firm, without superstition. I do not know, in the annals of art, such another example of happy, practical, unerring, and benevolent power.

I am certain that this is the estimate of his character which must be arrived at by an attentive study of his works, and of the few data which remain respecting his life; but I shall not here endeavour to give proof of its truth, because I believe the subject has been exhaustively treated by Rumohr and Förster,[2] whose essays on the works

[1] ["Giotto had always a jest ready, and was never at a loss for a witty reply, so that he amused the king (of Naples) with his hand while he painted, and also by the acuteness of his pleasant conversation," etc. (see Vasari, vol. i. pp. 108, 119-121, Bohn's edition).]

[2] [Rumohr's *Italienische Forschungen* (1827) contains notices of Giotto. Neither his essays nor those of Ernest Förster (author of *Geschichte der Italienischen Kunst* and many kindred works) have been translated into English. For reference to another book by Förster, see Vol. XII. p. 213.]

and character of Giotto will doubtless be translated into English, as the interest of the English public in mediæval art increases. I shall therefore here only endeavour briefly to sketch the relation which Giotto held to the artists who preceded and followed him, a relation still imperfectly understood; and then, as briefly, to indicate the general course of his labours in Italy, as far as may be necessary for understanding the value of the series in the Arena Chapel.

10. The art of Europe, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, divides itself essentially into two great branches, one springing from, the other grafted on, the old Roman stock. The first is the Roman art itself, prolonged in a languid and degraded condition, and becoming at last a mere formal system, centered at the seat of Eastern empire, and thence generally called Byzantine.[1] The other is the barbarous and incipient art of the Gothic nations, more or less coloured by Roman or Byzantine influence, and gradually increasing in life and power.

Generally speaking, the Byzantine art, although manifesting itself only in perpetual repetitions, becoming every day more cold and formal, yet preserved reminiscences of design originally noble, and traditions of execution originally perfect.

Generally speaking, the Gothic art, although becoming every day more powerful, presented the most ludicrous experiments of infantile imagination, and the most rude efforts of untaught manipulation.

Hence, if any superior mind arose in Byzantine art, it had before it models which suggested or recorded a perfection they did not themselves possess; and the superiority of the individual mind would probably be shown in a more sincere and living treatment of the subjects ordained for repetition by the canons of the schools.

[1] [This essay was written, it will be remembered, in 1854. Ruskin afterwards revised and expanded these generalisations: see Vol. IX. p. 36 *n.*]

In the art of the Goth, the choice of subject was unlimited, and the style of design so remote from all perfection, as not always even to point out clearly the direction in which advance could be made. The strongest minds which appear in that art are therefore generally manifested by redundance of imagination, and sudden refinement of touch, whether of pencil or chisel, together with unexpected starts of effort or flashes of knowledge in accidental directions, gradually forming various national styles.

11. Of these comparatively independent branches of art, the greatest is, as far as I know, the French sculpture of the thirteenth century. No words can give any idea of the magnificent redundance of its imaginative power, or of the perpetual beauty of even its smallest incidental designs. But this very richness of sculptural invention prevented the French from cultivating their powers of painting, except in illumination (of which art they were the acknowledged masters), and in glass-painting. Their exquisite gift of fretting their stone-work with inexhaustible wealth of sculpture, prevented their feeling the need of figure-design on coloured surfaces.

The style of architecture prevalent in Italy at the same period, presented, on the contrary, large blank surfaces, which could only be rendered interesting by covering them with mosaic or painting.

The Italians were not at the time capable of doing this for themselves, and mosaicists were brought from Constantinople, who covered the churches of Italy with a sublime monotony of Byzantine traditions. But the Gothic blood was burning in the Italian veins; and the Florentines and Pisans could not rest content in the formalism of the Eastern splendour. The first innovator was, I believe, Giunta of Pisa, the second Cimabue, the third Giotto;[1] the last only being a man of power enough to effect a complete revolution in the artistic principles of his time.

[1] [For Giunta of Pisa (about 1202–1258), see Vol. XVI. p. 275, and Vol. XXIII. p. xliii. For the relations of Cimabue and Giotto, Vol. XXIII. pp. xlv., xlvi.]

12. He, however, began, like his master Cimabue, with a perfect respect for his Byzantine models; and his paintings for a long time consisted only of repetitions of the Byzantine subjects, softened in treatment, enriched in number of figures, and enlivened in gesture. Afterwards he invented subjects of his own. The manner and degree of the changes which he at first effected could only be properly understood by actual comparison of his designs with the Byzantine originals;* but in default of the means of such a comparison, it may be generally stated that the innovations of Giotto consisted in the introduction, A, of gayer or lighter colours; B, of broader masses; and, C, of more careful imitation of nature than existed in the works of his predecessors.

(A.) *Greater lightness of colour.* This was partly in compliance with a tendency which was beginning to manifest itself even before Giotto's time. Over the whole of northern Europe, the colouring of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries had been pale: in manuscripts, principally composed of pale red, green, and yellow, blue being sparingly introduced (earlier still, in the eighth and ninth centuries, the letters had often been coloured with black and yellow only). Then, in the close of the twelfth and throughout the thirteenth century, the great system of perfect colour was in use; solemn and deep; composed strictly, in all its leading masses, of the colours revealed by God from Sinai as the noblest;[1]—blue, purple, and scarlet, with gold (other hues, chiefly green, with white and black, being used in points of small masses, to relieve the main

* It might not, I think, be a work unworthy of the Arundel Society, to collect and engrave in outline the complete series of these Byzantine originals of the subjects of the Arena Chapel, in order to facilitate this comparison. The Greek MSS. in the British Museum would, I think, be amply sufficient; the Harleian MS. numbered 1810 alone furnishing a considerable number of subjects, and especially a Death of the Virgin, with the St. John thrown into the peculiar and violent gesture of grief afterwards adopted by Giotto in the Entombment of the Arena Chapel.

[1] [Exodus xxv. 4: compare Vol. VII. p. 197, and *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 32.]

colours). In the early part of the fourteenth century the colours begin to grow paler; about 1330 the style is already completely modified; and at the close of the fourteenth century the colour is quite pale and delicate.

I have not carefully examined the colouring of early Byzantine work; but it seems always to have been comparatively dark, and in manuscripts is remarkably so; Giotto's paler colouring, therefore, though only part of the great European system, was rendered notable by its stronger contrast with the Byzantine examples.

(B.) *Greater breadth of mass.* It had been the habit of the Byzantines to break up their draperies by a large number of minute folds. Norman and Romanesque sculpture showed much of the same character. Giotto melted all these folds into broad masses of colour; so that his compositions have sometimes almost a Titianesque look in this particular. This innovation was a healthy one, and led to very noble results when followed up by succeeding artists: but in many of Giotto's compositions the figures become ludicrously cumbrous, from the exceeding simplicity of the terminal lines, and massiveness of unbroken form. The manner was copied in illuminated manuscripts with great disadvantage, as it was unfavourable to minute ornamentation. The French never adopted it in either branch of art, nor did any other Northern school; minute and sharp folds of the robes remaining characteristic of Northern (more especially of Flemish and German) design down to the latest times, giving a great superiority to the French and Flemish illuminated work, and causing a proportionate inferiority in their large pictorial efforts. Even Rubens and Vandyck cannot free themselves from a certain meanness and minuteness in disposition of drapery.

(C.) *Close imitation of nature.* In this one principle lay Giotto's great strength, and the entire secret of the revolution he effected. It was not by greater learning, nor by the discovery of new theories of art, not by greater taste, nor by "ideal" principles of selection, that he became the

head of the progressive schools of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great, and the master of the great. Giotto was to his contemporaries precisely what Millais is to *his* contemporaries,—a daring naturalist, in defiance of tradition, idealism, and formalism.[1] The Giottesque movement in the fourteenth, and Pre-Raphaelite movement in the nineteenth centuries, are precisely similar in bearing and meaning: both being the protests of vitality against mortality, of spirit against letter, and of truth against tradition: and both, which is the more singular, literally links in one unbroken chain of feeling; for exactly as Niccola Pisano and Giotto were helped by the classical sculptures discovered in their time,[2] the Pre-Raphaelites have been helped by the works of Niccola and Giotto at Pisa and Florence:[3] and thus the fiery cross of truth has been delivered from spirit to spirit, over the dust of intervening generations.

13. But what, it may be said by the reader, is the use of the works of Giotto to *us?* They may indeed have been wonderful for their time, and of infinite use in that time; but since, after Giotto, came Leonardo and Correggio, what is the use of going back to the ruder art, and republishing it in the year 1854? Why should we fret ourselves to dig down to the root of the tree, when we may at once enjoy its fruit and foliage? I answer, first, that in all matters relating to human intellect, it is a great thing to have hold of the root: that at least we ought to see it, and taste it, and handle it; for it often happens that the root is wholesome when the leaves, however fair, are useless or poisonous.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin was writing elsewhere at this period (1854) of Millais and the Pre-Raphaelite movement: Vol. XII. pp. 157, 360.]

[2] [See the reference to Niccola's study of a Greek sarcophagus, in *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. pp. 17, 20).]

[3] [See, again, Vol. XII. p. xliv.]

In nine cases out of ten, the first expression of an idea is the most valuable: the idea may afterwards be polished and softened, and made more attractive to the general eye; but the first expression of it has a freshness and brightness, like the flash of a native crystal compared to the lustre of glass that has been melted and cut. And in the second place, we ought to measure the value of art less by its executive than by its moral power. Giotto was not indeed one of the most accomplished painters,[1] but he was one of the greatest men who ever lived. He was the first master of his time, in architecture as well as in painting; he was the friend of Dante, and the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting, over the whole of Italy. The works of such a man may not be the best to set before children in order to teach them drawing; but they assuredly should be studied with the greatest care by all who are interested in the history of the human mind.

14. One point more remains to be noticed respecting him. As far as I am aware, he never painted profane subjects. All his important existing works are exclusively devoted to the illustration of Christianity. This was not a result of his own peculiar feeling or determination; it was a necessity of the period. Giotto appears to have considered himself simply as a workman, at the command of any employer, for any kind of work, however humble. "In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield, and departed, saying, 'Paint me my arms on that shield.' Giotto looking after him, exclaimed, 'Who is he? what is he? He says, 'Paint me my arms,' as if he was one of the BARDI. What arms does he bear?'"* But at the time of Giotto's eminence, art was never employed on a great scale except in the service of religion; nor has it ever been otherwise

* Notes to Rogers's *Italy*.[2]

[1] [For some modification of this view at a later time, see Vol. XXIII. p. xlv.]
[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 209 (Vol. XXII. p. 267).]

employed, except in declining periods. I do not mean to draw any severe conclusion from this fact; but it is a fact nevertheless, which ought to be very distinctly stated, and very carefully considered. All *progressive* art hitherto has been religious art; and commencements of the periods of decline are accurately marked, in illumination, by its employment on romances instead of psalters; and in painting, by its employment on mythology or profane history instead of sacred history.[1] Yet perhaps I should rather have said, on *heathen mythology* instead of *Christian mythology;* for this latter term—first used, I believe, by Lord Lindsay[2]—is more applicable to the subjects of the early painters than that of "sacred *history.*" Of all the virtues commonly found in the higher orders of human mind, that of a stern and just respect for truth seems to be the rarest; so that while self-denial, and courage, and charity, and religious zeal, are displayed in their utmost degrees by myriads of saints and heroes, it is only once in a century that a man appears whose word may be implicitly trusted, and who, in the relation of a plain fact, will not allow his prejudices or his pleasure to tempt him to some colouring or distortion of it. Hence the portions of sacred history which have been the constant subjects of fond popular contemplation have, in the lapse of ages, been encumbered with fictitious detail; and their various historians seem to have considered the exercise of their imagination innocent, and even meritorious, if they could increase either the vividness of conception or the sincerity of belief in their readers. A due consideration of that well-known weakness of the popular mind, which renders a statement credible in proportion to the multitude of local and circumstantial details which accompany it, may lead us to look with some indulgence on the errors, however fatal in their issue to the cause they were intended to

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican (Vol. XII. pp. 148, 149).]

[2] [See the first volume of his *Sketches of the History of Christian Art,* 1847 (pp. xxix. *seq.,* being on "The Mythology of Christianity").]

advance, of those weak teachers, who thought the acceptance of their general statements of Christian doctrine cheaply won by the help of some simple (and generally absurd) inventions of detail respecting the life of the Virgin or the Apostles.

15. Indeed, I can hardly imagine the Bible to be ever read with true interest, unless, in our reading, we feel some longing for further knowledge of the minute incidents of the life of Christ,—for some records of those things, which "if they had been written every one,"[1] the world could not have contained the books that should be written: and they who have once felt this thirst for further truth, may surely both conceive and pardon the earnest questioning of simple disciples (who knew not, as we do, how much had been indeed revealed), and measure with some justice the strength of the temptation which betrayed these teachers into adding to the word of Revelation. Together with this specious and subtle influence, we must allow for the instinct of imagination exerting itself in the acknowledged embellishment of beloved truths. If we reflect how much, even in this age of accurate knowledge, the visions of Milton have become confused in the minds of many persons with scriptural facts, we shall rather be surprised, that in an age of legends so little should be added to the Bible, than that occasionally we should be informed of important circumstances in sacred history with the collateral warning, "This Moses spake not of."*

More especially in the domain of painting, it is surprising to see how strictly the early workmen confined themselves to representations of the same series of scenes; how little of pictorial embellishment they usually added; and how, even in the positions and gestures of figures, they strove to give the idea rather of their having seen the *fact*, than imagined

* These words are gravely added to some singular particulars respecting the life of Adam, related in a MS. of the sixteenth century preserved in the Heralds' College.

[1] [See John xxi. 25: compare *Val d'Arno*, § 207 (Vol. XXIII. p. 122).]

a picturesque treatment of it. Often, in examining early art, we mistake conscientiousness for servility, and attribute to the absence of invention what was indeed the result of the earnestness of faith.

Nor, in a merely artificial point of view, is it less important to note, that the greatest advance in power was made when painters had few subjects to treat. The day has perhaps come when genius should be shown in the discovery of perpetually various interest amidst the incidents of actual life; and the absence of inventive capacity is very assuredly proved by the narrow selection of subjects which commonly appear on the walls of our exhibitions. But yet it is to be always remembered, that more originality may be shown in giving interest to a well-known subject than in discovering a new one; that the greatest poets whom the world has seen have been contented to retouch and exalt the creations of their predecessors; and that the painters of the Middle Ages reached their utmost power by unweariedly treading a narrow circle of sacred subjects.

16. Nothing is indeed more notable in the history of art than the exact balance of its point of excellence, in all things, midway between servitude and license. Thus, in choice and treatment of subject, it became paralysed among the Byzantines, by being mercilessly confined to a given series of scenes, and to a given mode of representing them. Giotto gave it partial liberty and incipient life; by the artists who succeeded him the range of its scenery was continually extended, and the severity of its style slowly softened to perfection. But the range was still, in some degree, limited by the necessity of its continual subordination to religious purposes; and the style, though softened, was still chaste, and though tender, self-restrained. At last came the period of license: the artist chose his subjects from the lowest scenes of human life, and let loose his passions in their portraiture. And the kingdom of art passed away.

As if to direct us to the observation of this great law, there is a curious visible type of it in the progress of

ornamentation in manuscripts, corresponding with the various changes in the higher branch of art. In the course of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries, the ornamentation, though often full of high feeling and fantasy, is sternly enclosed within limiting border-lines;—at first, severe squares, oblongs, or triangles. As the grace of the ornamentation advances, these border-lines are softened and broken into various curves, and the inner design begins here and there to overpass them. Gradually this emergence becomes more constant, and the lines which thus escape throw themselves into curvatures expressive of the most exquisite concurrence of freedom with self-restraint. At length the restraint vanishes, the freedom changes consequently into license, and the page is covered with exuberant, irregular, and foolish extravagances of leafage and line.[1]

17. It only remains to be noticed, that the circumstances of the time at which Giotto appeared were peculiarly favourable to the development of genius; owing partly to the simplicity of the methods of practice, and partly to the naïveté with which art was commonly regarded. Giotto, like all the great painters of the period, was merely a travelling decorator of walls, at so much a day; having at Florence a *bottega*, or workshop,[2] for the production and sale of small tempera pictures. There were no such things as "studios," in those days. An artist's "studies" were over by the time he was eighteen; after that he was a *lavoratore*, "labourer," a man who knew his business, and produced certain works of known value for a known price; being troubled with no philosophical abstractions, shutting himself up in no wise for the reception of inspirations; receiving, indeed, a good many, as a matter of course,—just as he received the sunbeams which came in at his window, the light which he worked by;—in either case, without mouthing about it, or much concerning himself as to the nature of it. Not troubled by critics either; satisfied that his work

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 8–9).]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. lvii.]

was well done, and that people would find it out to be well done; but not vain of it, nor more profoundly vexed at its being found fault with, than a good saddler would be by some one's saying his last saddle was uneasy in the seat. Not, on the whole, much molested by critics, but generally understood by the men of sense, his neighbours and friends, and permitted to have his own way with the walls he had to paint, as being, on the whole, an authority about walls; receiving at the same time a good deal of daily encouragement and comfort in the simple admiration of the populace, and in the general sense of having done good, and painted what no man could look upon without being the better for it.

18. Thus he went, a serene labourer, throughout the length and breadth of Italy. For the first ten years of his life, a shepherd; then a student, perhaps for five or six; then already in Florence, setting himself to his life's task; and called as a master to Rome when he was only twenty.[1] There he painted the principal chapel of St. Peter's, and worked in mosaic also; no handicrafts, that had colour or form for their objects, seeming unknown to him. Then returning to Florence, he painted Dante, about the year 1300,* the 35th year of Dante's life, the 24th of his own;

* Lord Lindsay's evidence on this point (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 174) seems quite conclusive.[2] It is impossible to overrate the value of the work of Giotto in the Bargello, both for its own intrinsic beauty, and as being executed in this year, which is not only that in which the *Divina Commedia* opens, but, as I think, the culminating period in the history of the art of the Middle Ages.[3]

[1] [On this point, see above, p. 18 *n.*]

[2] [The reference is to the frescoes in the Chapel of the Podestà in the Bargello. The whitewash, which had concealed them, was only removed in 1841, owing to the initiative of Barone Kirkup, an English artist settled in Florence (see W. M. Rossetti's *Memoir of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1895, vol. i. pp. 64–65). Ruskin had seen the work in 1845 (see his note of that year cited in Vol. IV. p. 188 *n.*), and his opinion expressed there and here is entitled to the more weight because the frescoes were subsequently "restored" and repainted. The Arundel Society published a plate of the portrait of Dante from a copy made at the time by Kirkup. The case against the attribution of the work to Giotto is stated by Signor Gaetano Milanesi in his edition of Vasari (see vol. i. pp. 413 *seq.*, 1878 edition).]

[3] [Compare Vol. V. p. 37.]

and designed the façade of the Duomo, on the death of its former architect, Arnolfo.[1] Some six years afterwards he went to Padua, there painting the chapel which is the subject of our present study, and many other churches. Thence south again, to Assisi,[2] where he painted half the walls and vaults of the great convent that stretches itself along the slopes of the Perugian hills, and various other minor works on his way there and back to Florence. Staying in his native city but a little while, he engaged himself in other tasks at Ferrara, Verona, and Ravenna, and at last at Avignon, where be became acquainted with Petrarch—working there for some three years, from 1324 to 1327;* and then passed rapidly through Florence and Orvieto on his way to Naples, where "he received the kindest welcome from the good king Robert. . . . The king, ever partial to men of mind and genius, took especial delight in Giotto's society, and used frequently to visit him while working in the Castello dell' Uovo, taking pleasure in watching his pencil and listening to his discourse; 'and Giotto,' says Vasari, 'who had ever his repartee and bon-mot ready, held him there, fascinated at once with the magic of his pencil and pleasantry of his tongue.' We are not told the length of his sojourn at Naples, but it must have been for a considerable period, judging from the quantity of works he executed there. He had certainly returned to Florence in 1332."[3] There he was immediately appointed "chief master" of the works of the Duomo, then in progress, "with a yearly salary of one hundred gold

* *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 242.

[1] [Here Ruskin follows Lord Lindsay (vol. ii. pp. 124–125) into error. Arnolfo did not die till 1310, and the work upon the cathedral stopped till 1334, when (as a document of April 12 in that year attests) Giotto (as Ruskin says lower down) was appointed by public decree Capo-Maestro of the cathedral and architect of the Commune. Tradition records that he then commenced the decoration of the old façade, which, however, was never completed; and then, too, he designed, and executed some part of, the Campanile (Vol. XXIII. pp. lxiii.–lxiv.). The account in the text of Giotto's other movements must also be taken with some reserve: see the Introduction, above, p. xlvi.]

[2] [For Giotto and his works at Assisi, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xlii. *seq.*; and on the date of Giotto's work there, the Introduction, above, p. xlvi.]

[3] [Lord Lindsay (vol. ii. pp. 244, 246).]

florins, and the privilege of citizenship." He designed the Campanile, in a more perfect form than that which now exists; for his intended spire, 150 feet in height, never was erected. He, however, modelled the bas-reliefs for the base of the building, and sculptured two of them with his own hand.[1] It was afterwards completed, with the exception of the spire, according to his design; but he only saw its foundations laid, and its first marble story rise. He died at Florence, on the 8th of January, 1337,[2] full of honour; happy, perhaps, in departing at the zenith of his strength, when his eye had not become dim, nor his natural force abated.[3] He was buried in the cathedral, at the angle nearest his campanile; and thus the tower, which is the chief grace of his native city, may be regarded as his own sepulchral monument.

19. I may refer the reader to the close of Lord Lindsay's letter on Giotto,* from which I have drawn most of the particulars above stated, for a very beautiful sketch of his character and his art. Of the real rank of that art, in the abstract, I do not feel myself capable of judging accurately, not having seen his finest works (at Assisi and Naples),[4] nor carefully studied even those at Florence. But I may be permitted to point out one or two peculiar characteristics in it which have always struck me forcibly.

In the first place, Giotto never finished highly. He was not, indeed, a loose or sketchy painter, but he was by no means a delicate one. His lines, as the story of the circle would lead us to expect, are always firm, but they are never fine. Even in his smallest tempera pictures the touch is bold and somewhat heavy: in his fresco work

* *Christian Art,* [vol. ii.] p. 260.

[1] [Or more, as Ruskin afterwards held: see Vol. XXIII. p. lxiv.]
[2] [*i.e.*, in the old style; 1336 in our method of reckoning.]
[3] [Deuteronomy xxxiv. 7.]
[4] [Here, again, Ruskin follows Lord Lindsay (vol. ii. pp. 244, 245) into error. There are no works by Giotto remaining at Naples. The frescoes in the Church of L'Incoronata, once extolled as his, cannot be so, for it has been ascertained that the first stone of the building was not laid till some years after Giotto's death.]

the handling is much broader than that of contemporary painters, corresponding somewhat to the character of many of the figures, representing plain, masculine kind of people, and never reaching anything like the ideal refinement of the conceptions even of Benozzo Gozzoli, far less of Angelico or Francia. For this reason, the character of his painting is better expressed by bold wood-engravings than in general it is likely to be by any other means.

Again, he was a very noble colourist;[1] and in his peculiar feeling for breadth of hue resembled Titian more than any other of the Florentine school. That is to say, had he been born two centuries later, when the art of painting was fully known, I believe he would have treated his subjects much more like Titian than like Raphael; in fact, the frescoes of Titian in the chapel beside the church of St. Antonio at Padua,[2] are, in all technical qualities, and in many of their conceptions, almost exactly what I believe Giotto would have done, had he lived in Titian's time. As it was, he of course never attained either richness or truth of colour; but in serene brilliancy he is not easily rivalled; invariably massing his hues in large fields, limiting them firmly, and then filling them with subtle gradation. He had the Venetian fondness for bars and stripes, not unfrequently casting barred colours obliquely across the draperies of an upright figure, from side to side (as very notably in the dress of one of the musicians who are playing to the dancing of Herodias' daughter, in one of his frescoes at Santa Croce);[3] and this predilection was mingled with the truly mediæval love of *quartering.** The figure of

* I use this heraldic word in an inaccurate sense, knowing no other that will express what I mean,—the division of the picture into quaint segments of alternating colour, more marked than any of the figure outlines.[4]

[1] [On this point compare Vol. XXIII. pp. 350, 475.]

[2] [The Scuola del Santo; for other references to Titian's frescoes there, see Vol. XII. p. 301, and Vol. V. p. 398.]

[3] [For a further description of this fresco, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 60 *n.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 355).]

[4] [Compare on this point Vol. XI. p. 25.]

the Madonna in the small tempera pictures in the Academy at Florence is always completely divided into two narrow segments by her dark-blue robe.[1]

20. And this is always to be remembered in looking at any engravings from the works of Giotto; for the injury they sustain in being deprived of their colour is far greater than in the case of later designers. All works produced in the fourteenth century agree in being more or less decorative; they were intended in most instances to be subservient to architectural effect, and were executed in the manner best calculated to produce a striking impression when they were seen in a mass.[2] The painted wall and the painted window were part and parcel of one magnificent whole; and it is as unjust to the work of Giotto, or of any contemporary artist, to take out a single feature from the series, and represent it in black and white on a separate page, as it would be to take out a compartment of a noble coloured window, and engrave it in the same manner. What is at once refined and effective, if seen at the intended distance in unison with the rest of the work, becomes coarse and insipid when seen isolated and near; and the more skilfully the design is arranged, so as to give full value to the colours which are introduced in it, the more blank and cold will it become when it is deprived of them.

In our modern art we have indeed lost sight of one great principle which regulated that of the Middle Ages, namely, that chiaroscuro and colour are incompatible in their highest degrees. Wherever chiaroscuro enters, colour must lose some of its brilliancy. There is no *shade* in a rainbow, nor in an opal, nor in a piece of mother-of-pearl, nor in a well-designed painted window; only various hues of perfect colour. The best pictures, by subduing their colour and conventionalizing their chiaroscuro, reconcile both in their diminished degrees; but a perfect light and shade

[1] [See the note of 1845 on this series of scenes from the life of Christ, in Vol. XII. p. 214 *n.*]

[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence,* § 46 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 341–342).]

cannot be given without considerable loss of liveliness in colour.[1] Hence the supposed inferiority of Tintoret to Titian. Tintoret is, in reality, the greater colourist of the two;[2] but he could not bear to falsify his light and shadow enough to set off his colour. Titian nearly strikes the exact mean between the painted glass of the thirteenth century and Rembrandt; while Giotto closely approaches the system of painted glass, and hence his compositions lose grievously by being translated into black and white.

21. But even his chiaroscuro, however subdued, is not without a peculiar charm; and the accompanying engravings possess a marked superiority over all that have hitherto been made from the works of this painter, in rendering this chiaroscuro, as far as possible, together with the effect of the local colours. The true appreciation of art has been retarded for many years by the habit of trusting to outlines as a sufficient expression of the sentiment of compositions; whereas in all truly great designs, of whatever age, it is never the outline, but the disposition of the masses, whether of shade or colour, on which the real power of the work depends. For instance, in Plate III. (The Angel appears to Anna), the interest of the composition depends entirely upon the broad shadows which fill the spaces of the chamber, and of the external passage in which the attendant is sitting. This shade explains the whole scene in a moment; gives prominence to the curtain and coverlid of the homely bed, and the rude chest and trestles which form the poor furniture of the house; and conducts the eye easily and instantly to the three figures, which, had the scene been expressed in outline only, we should have had to trace out with some care and difficulty among the pillars of the loggia and folds of the curtains. So also the relief of the faces in light against the dark sky is of peculiar value in the compositions No. X. and No. XII.

22. The *drawing* of Giotto is, of course, exceedingly

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. pp. 56, 60, 63–65).]
[2] [See *ibid.*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 181), and compare Vol. XII. pp. 463–464.]

faulty.[1] His knowledge of the human figure is deficient; and this, the necessary drawback in all works of the period, occasions an extreme difficulty in rendering them faithfully in an engraving. For wherever there is good and legitimate drawing, the ordinary education of a modern draughtsman enables him to copy it with tolerable accuracy; but when once the true forms of nature are departed from, it is by no means easy to express *exactly* the error, and *no more than* the error, of his original. In most cases modern copyists try to modify or hide the weaknesses of the old art,—by which procedure they very often wholly lose its spirit, and only half redeem its defects; the results being, of course, at once false as representations, and intrinsically valueless. And just as it requires great courage and skill in an interpreter to speak out honestly all the rough and rude words of the first speaker, and to translate deliberately and resolutely, in the face of attentive men, the expressions of his weakness or impatience; so it requires at once the utmost courage and skill in a copyist to trace faithfully the failures of an imperfect master, in the front of modern criticism, and against the inborn instincts of his own hand and eye. And let him do the best he can, he will still find that the grace and life of his original are continually flying off like a vapour, while all the faults he has so diligently copied sit rigidly staring him in the face,—a terrible *caput mortuum*. It is very necessary that this should be well understood by the members of the Arundel Society, when they hear their engravings severely criticised. It is easy to produce an agreeable engraving by graceful infidelities; but the entire endeavour of the draughtsmen employed by this society has been to obtain accurately the character of the original: and he who never proposes to himself to rise *above* the work he is copying, must most assuredly often fall beneath it. Such fall is the inherent and inevitable penalty on all absolute copyism; and wherever the copy is made with sincerity, the fall must be endured

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 25, 57 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 320, 351).]

with patience. It will never be an utter or a degrading fall; that is reserved for those who, like vulgar translators, wilfully quit the hand of their master, and have no strength of their own.

23. Lastly. It is especially to be noticed that these works of Giotto, in common with all others of the period, are independent of all the inferior sources of pictorial interest. They never show the slightest attempt at imitative realization: they are simple suggestions of ideas, claiming no regard except for the inherent value of the thoughts. There is no filling of the landscape with variety of scenery, architecture, or incident, as in the works of Benozzo Gozzoli or Perugino; no wealth of jewellery and gold spent on the dresses of the figures, as in the delicate labours of Angelico or Gentile da Fabriano. The background is never more than a few gloomy masses of rock, with a tree or two, and perhaps a fountain; the architecture is merely what is necessary to explain the scene; the dresses are painted sternly on the "heroic" principle of Sir Joshua Reynolds—that drapery is to be "drapery, and nothing more,"[1]—there is no silk, nor velvet, nor distinguishable material of any kind: the whole power of the picture is rested on the three simple essentials of painting—pure Colour, noble Form, noble Thought.

We moderns, educated in reality far more under the influence of the Dutch masters than the Italian, and taught to look for realization in all things, have been in the habit of casting scorn on these early Italian works, as if their simplicity were the result of ignorance merely. When we know a little more of art in general, we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem: we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which

[1] [For this quotation from the *Discourses*, see Vol. XI. p. 417 *n.*; compare Vol. XXII. p. 402, and below, p. 249.]

addresses the imagination, as well as a realist art which supersedes it; and that the powers of contemplation and conception, which could be satisfied or excited by these simple types of natural things, were infinitely more majestic than those which are so dependent on the completeness of what is presented to them as to be paralysed by an error in perspective, or stifled by the absence of atmosphere.

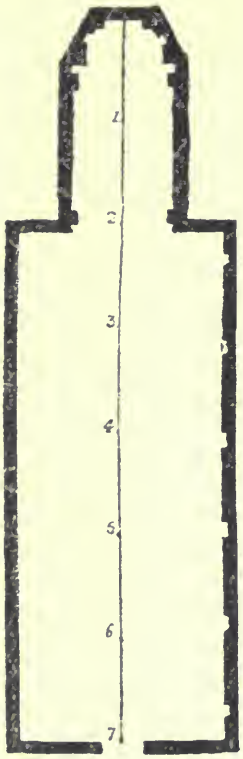
24. Nor is the healthy simplicity of the period less marked in the selection than in the treatment of subjects. It has in these days become necessary for the painter who desires popularity to accumulate on his canvas whatever is startling in aspect or emotion, and to drain, even to exhaustion, the vulgar sources of the pathetic. Modern sentiment, at once feverish and feeble, remains unawakened except by the violences of gaiety or gloom; and the eye refuses to pause, except when it is tempted by the luxury of beauty, or fascinated by the excitement of terror. It ought not, therefore, to be without a respectful admiration that we find the masters of the fourteenth century dwelling on moments of the most subdued and tender feeling, and leaving the spectator to trace the undercurrents of thought which link them with future events of mightier interest, and fill with a prophetic power and mystery scenes in themselves so simple as the meeting of a master with his herdsmen among the hills, or the return of a betrothed virgin to her house.

It is, however, to be remembered that this quietness in character of subject was much more possible to an early painter, owing to the connection in which his works were to be seen. A modern picture, isolated and portable,[1] must rest all its claims to attention on its own actual subject: but the pictures of the early masters were nearly always parts of a consecutive and stable series, in which many were subdued, like the connecting passages of a prolonged poem, in order to enhance the value or meaning of others. The arrangement of the subjects in the Arena Chapel is in this

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 74 (Vol. XVI. p. 320).]

respect peculiarly skilful; and to that arrangement we must now direct our attention.

25. It was before noticed that the chapel was built between 1300 and 1306. The architecture of Italy in the beginning of the fourteenth century is always pure, and often severe; but this chapel is remarkable, even among the severest forms, for the absence of decoration. Its plan, seen in the marginal figure, is a pure oblong, with a narrow advanced tribune, terminating in a tri-lateral apse. Selvatico quotes from the German writer Stieglitz[1] some curious observations on the apparent derivation of its proportions, in common with those of other buildings of the time, from the number of sides of its apse. Without entering into these particulars, it may be noted that the apse is just one-half the width of the body of the chapel, and that the length from the extremity of the tribune to the west end is just seven times the width of the apse. The whole of the body of the chapel was painted by Giotto; the walls and roof being entirely covered either with his figure-designs, or with various subordinate decorations connecting and enclosing them.



The woodcut opposite[2] represents the arrangement of the frescoes on the sides, extremities, and roof of the chapel. The spectator is supposed to be looking from the western entrance towards the tribune, having on his right the south side, which is pierced by six tall windows, and on which the frescoes are therefore reduced in number. The north side is pierced by no

[1] [*Sulla Cappellèna degli Scrovegni*, 1836, p. 16, quoting Stieglitz, *Geschichte der Baukunst*, 1827.]

[2] [Redrawn and made clearer in this edition; Plate E.]

Plan of the Arena Chapel

Showing the position of the Frescoes

windows, and on it therefore the frescoes are continuous, lighted from the south windows. The several spaces numbered 1 to 38 are occupied by a continuous series of subjects, representing the life of the Virgin and of Christ; the narrow panels below, marked *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., are filled by figures of the cardinal virtues and their opponent vices: on the lunette above the tribune is painted a Christ in glory [*o* on the plan], and at the western extremity, the Last Judgment.[1] Thus the walls of the chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and their final judgment.

The first twelve pictures of the series are exclusively devoted to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin. This the Protestant spectator will observe, perhaps, with little favour, more especially as only two compartments are given to the ministry of Christ, between his Baptism and Entry into Jerusalem. Due weight is, however, to be allowed to Lord Lindsay's remark,[2] that the legendary history of the Virgin was of peculiar importance in this chapel, as especially dedicated to her service; and I think also that Giotto desired to unite the series of compositions in one continuous action, feeling that to have enlarged on the separate miracles of Christ's ministry would have interrupted the onward course of thought. As it is, the mind is led from the first humiliation of Joachim to the Ascension of Christ in one unbroken and progressive chain of scenes; the ministry of Christ being completely typified by his first and last conspicuous miracle: while the very unimportance of some of the subjects, as for instance that of the Watching the Rods, is useful in directing the spectator rather to pursue the course of the narrative, than

[1] [Beyond a small vignette of a portion of the Last Judgment on the title-page of the volume of engravings, the set of woodcuts published by the Arundel Society in 1854–1860 contained no reproduction of the Christ in Glory, the Last Judgment and the fourteen Virtues and Vices. See now below, pp. 113 *seq.*]

[2] [*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 184.]

to pause in satisfied meditation upon any single incident. And it can hardly be doubted that Giotto had also a peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the circumstances of the shepherd life of the father of the Virgin, owing to its resemblance to that of his own early years.

26. The incidents represented in these first twelve paintings are recorded in the two apocryphal gospels known as the "Protevangelion" and "Gospel of St. Mary."* But on comparing the statements in these writings (which, by-the-bye, are in nowise consistent with each other) with the paintings in the Arena Chapel, it appeared to me that Giotto must occasionally have followed some more detailed traditions than are furnished by either of them; seeing that of one or two subjects the apocryphal gospels gave no distinct or sufficient explanation. Fortunately, however, in the course of some other researches,[1] I met with a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 3571),[2] containing a

* It has always appeared strange to me, that ecclesiastical history should possess no more authentic records of the life of the Virgin, before the period at which the narrative of St. Luke commences, than these apocryphal gospels,[3] which are as wretched in style as untrustworthy in matter; and are evidently nothing more than a collection, in rude imitation of the style of the Evangelists, of such floating traditions as became current among the weak Christians of the earlier ages, when their inquiries respecting the history of Mary were met by the obscurity under which the Divine will had veiled her humble person and character. There must always be something painful, to those who are familiar with the Scriptures, in reading these feeble and foolish mockeries of the manner of the inspired writers; but it will be proper, nevertheless, to give the exact words in which the scenes represented by Giotto were recorded to *him*.

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[1] [Ruskin was at this time making a close study of illuminated MSS. in the Museum: see Vol. XII. p. lxviii.]

[2] [Thus described in the Catalogue of MSS.: "*La vita de Joachy, e Anna, e Maria, e Yesu Christo.* An Italian Legendary History of the Holy Family, illuminated throughout, but in a very coarse style. On vellum."]

[3] [The "Protevangel of James" was a narrative extending from the Conception of the Virgin to the Death of Zacharias; it is supposed to belong to the first decade of the second century. The critics distinguish between (*a*) an original Jewish Christian writing, and (*b*) a Gnostic recast of it. From (*a*) arose the *Protevangel* in its present form (Greek); from (*b*), a Latin pseudo-Matthæus, of which the *Evangelium de Nativitate Mariæ* (referred to by Ruskin as "The Gospel of St. Mary") is a redaction. The references in notes on following pages are to the second edition (1876) of Tischendorf's collection of *Evangelia Apocrypha*.]

complete "History of the most Holy Family," written in Northern Italian of about the middle of the fourteenth century; and appearing to be one of the forms of the legend which Giotto has occasionally followed in preference to the statements of the Protevangelion. I have therefore, in illustration of the paintings, given, when it seemed useful, some portions of this manuscript; and these, with one or two verses of the commonly received accounts, will be found generally enough to interpret sufficiently the meaning of the painter.

The following complete list of the subjects will at once enable the reader to refer any of them to its place in the series, and on the walls of the building; and I have only now to remind him in conclusion, that within those walls the greatest painter and greatest poet of mediæval Italy held happy companionship during the time when the frescoes were executed. "It is not difficult," says the writer already so often quoted, Lord Lindsay,[1] "gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to repeople them with the group once, as we know, five hundred years ago, assembled within them: Giotto intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress; and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door."

[1] [*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 199.]

SERIES OF SUBJECTS[1]

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[1] [It may be noticed that in the following pages the titles of a few of the subjects are slightly varied from this list (which is here printed from the original edition, with 22A added, and also with references to pages supplied). Thus No. 5 is headed, "The Angel (Raphael) appears to Joachim"; Nos. 13 and 14 (which are in reality one picture) are given as "The Annunciation (*a*) The Angel Gabriel, (*b*) The Virgin Mary"; and No. 16 is called "The Nativity." See also Nos. 10 and 12. So again in the lettering under the Arundel Society's illustration, No. 11 was entitled "The Espousal of the Virgin."—ED. 1899.]

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[To these may now be added:—

Christ in Glory (p. 113).
The Last Judgment (p. 114).
The Virtues and Vices (pp. 114 *seq.*).

a Prudence	*facing*	*n* Folly.
b Fortitude	„	*m* Inconstancy.
c Temperance	„	*l* Anger.
d Justice	„	*k* Injustice.
e Faith	„	*j* Infidelity.
f Charity	„	*i* Envy.
g Hope	„	*h* Despair.]

I

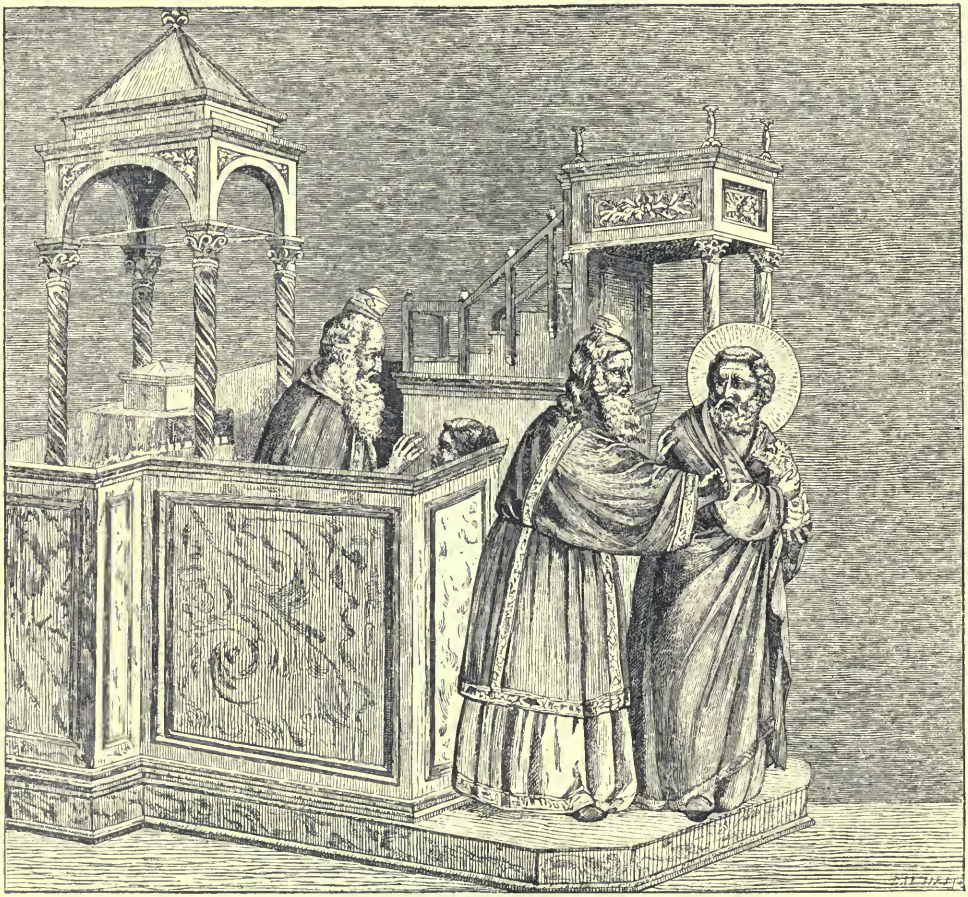
THE REJECTION OF JOACHIM'S OFFERING[1]

"At that time, there was a man of perfect holiness, named Joachim, of the tribe of Juda, and of the city of Jerusalem. And this Joachim had in contempt the riches and honours of the world; and for greater despite to them, he kept his flocks, with his shepherds.

". . . And he, being so holy and just, divided the fruits which he received from his flocks into three parts: a third part—wool, and lambs, and such like—he gave to God, that is to say, to those who served God, and who ministered in the temple of God; another third part he gave to widows, orphans, and pilgrims; the remaining third he kept for himself and his family. And he persevering in this, God so multiplied and increased his goods that there was no man like him in the land of Israel. . . . And having come to the age of twenty years, he took to wife Anna, the daughter of Ysaya, of his own tribe, and of the lineage of David.

"This precious St. Anna had always persevered in the service of God with great wisdom and sincerity; . . . and having received Joachim for her husband, was subject to him, and gave him honour and reverence, living in the fear of God. And Joachim having lived with his wife Anna for twenty years, yet having no child, and there being a great solemnity in Jerusalem, all the men of the city went to offer in the temple of God, which Solomon had built; and Joachim entering the temple with (incense?) and other gifts to offer on the altar, and Joachim having

[1] [No. 2 in the plan exhibited in the chapel itself, No. 1 being the fresco at the top of the screen, "Christ in Glory": see below, p. 113.]



The Rejection of Joachim's Offering

made his offering, the minister of the temple, whose name was Issachar, threw Joachim's offering from off the altar, and drove Joachim out of the temple, saying, 'Thou, Joachim, art not worthy to enter into the temple, seeing that God has not added His blessing to you, as in your life you have had no seed.' Thus Joachim received a great insult in the sight of all the people; and he being all ashamed, returned to his house, weeping and lamenting most bitterly." (MS. Harl.)

The Gospel of St. Mary differs from this MS. in its statement of the respective cities of Joachim and Anna, saying that the family of the Virgin's father "was of Galilee and of the city of Nazareth, the family of her mother was of Bethlehem." It is less interesting in details; but gives a better, or at least more graceful, account of Joachim's repulse, saying that Issachar "despised Joachim and his offerings, and asked him why he, who had no children, would presume to appear among those who had: adding, that his offerings could never be acceptable to God, since he had been judged by Him unworthy to have children; the Scripture having said, Cursed is every one who shall not beget a male in Israel."[1]

Giotto seems to have followed this latter account, as the figure of the high priest is far from being either ignoble or ungentle.

The temple is represented by the two most important portions of a Byzantine church; namely, the ciborium which covered the altar, and the pulpit or reading-desk; with the low screen in front of the altar enclosing the part of the church called the "cancellum." Lord Lindsay speaks of the priest within this enclosure as "confessing a young man who kneels at his feet."[2] It seems to me, rather, that he is meant to be accepting the offering of another worshipper, so as to mark the rejection of Joachim more distinctly.

[1] [See Tischendorf, pp. 113, 114.]
[2] [*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 186.]

II

JOACHIM RETIRES TO THE SHEEPFOLD

"THEN Joachim, in the following night, resolved to separate himself from companionship; to go to the desert places among the mountains, with his flocks; and to inhabit those mountains, in order not to hear such insults. And immediately Joachim rose from his bed, and called about him all his servants and shepherds, and caused to be gathered together all his flocks, and goats, and horses, and oxen, and what other beasts he had, and went with them and with the shepherds into the hills; and Anna his wife remained at home disconsolate, and mourning for her husband, who had departed from her in such sorrow." (MS. Harl.)

"But upon inquiry, he found that all the righteous had raised up seed in Israel. Then he called to mind the patriarch Abraham,—how that God in the end of his life had given him his son Isaac: upon which he was exceedingly distressed, and would not be seen by his wife; but retired into the wilderness and fixed his tent there, and fasted forty days and forty nights, saying to himself, 'I will not go down to eat or drink till the Lord my God shall look down upon me; but prayer shall be my meat and drink.'" (Protevangelion, chap. i.[1])

Giotto seems here also to have followed the ordinary tradition, as he has represented Joachim retiring unattended, —but met by two of his shepherds, who are speaking to each other, uncertain what to do or how to receive their master.[2] The dog hastens to meet him with joy. The figure of Joachim is singularly beautiful in its pensiveness and slow motion; and the ignobleness of the herdsmen's figures is curiously marked in opposition to the dignity of their master.

[1] [Tischendorf, p. 4.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of another fresco by Giotto of this subject: *Mornings in Florence*, § 21 (Vol. XXIII. p. 317).]

Joachim retires to the Sheepfold

III

THE ANGEL APPEARS TO ANNA

"AFTERWARDS the angel appeared to Anna his wife, saying, 'Fear not, neither think that which you see is a spirit. For I am that angel who hath offered up your prayers and alms before God, and am now sent to tell you that a daughter will be born unto you. . . . Arise, therefore, and go up to Jerusalem; and when you shall come to that which is called the Golden Gate (because it is gilt with gold), as a sign of what I have told you, you shall meet your husband, for whose safety you have been so much concerned.'" (Gospel of St. Mary, chap. iii. 1–7.[1])

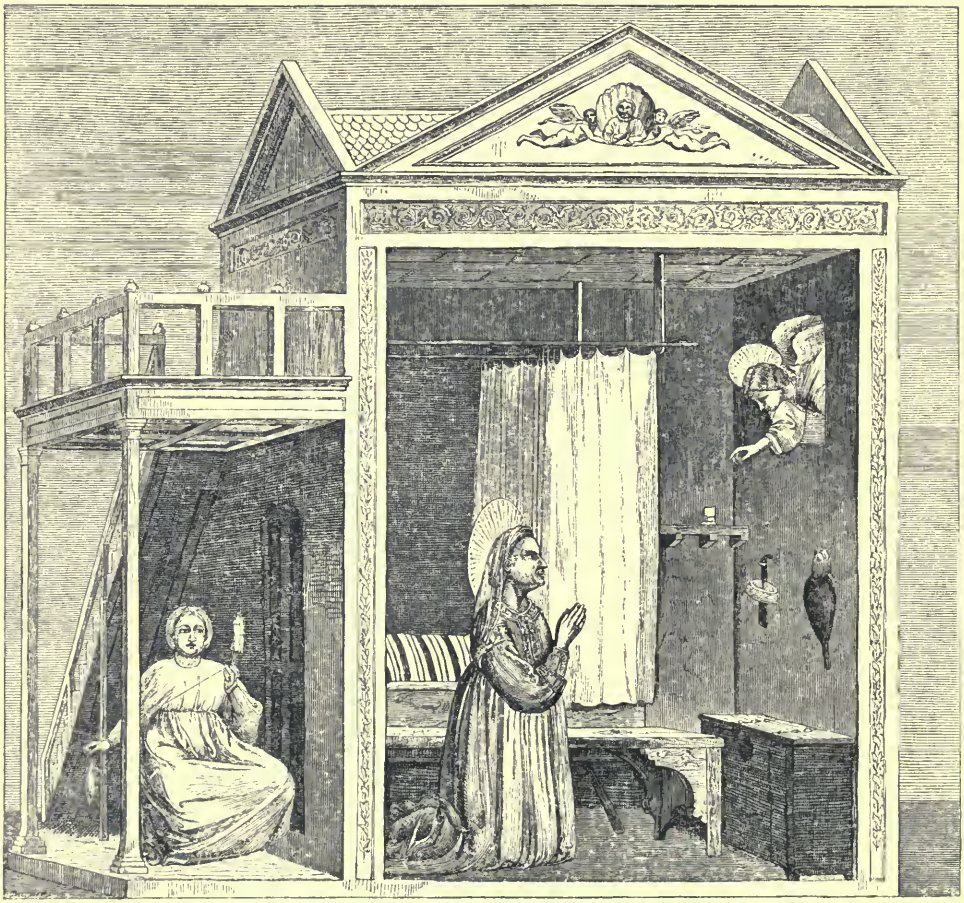
The accounts in the Protevangelion and in the Harleian MS. are much expanded: relating how Anna feared her husband was dead, he having been absent from her five months; and how Judith, her maid, taunted her with her childlessness; and how, going then into her garden, she saw a sparrow's nest, full of young, upon a laurel-tree, and mourning within herself said, "'I am not comparable to the very beasts of the earth, for even they are fruitful before Thee, O Lord. . . . I am not comparable to the very earth, for the earth produces its fruits to praise Thee.' Then the angel of the Lord stood by her," etc.

Both the Protevangelion and Harleian MS. agree in placing the vision in the garden; the latter adding, that she fled "into her chamber in great fear, and fell upon her bed, and lay as in a trance all that day and all that night, but did not tell the vision to her maid, because of her bitter answering." Giotto has deviated from both accounts in making the vision appear to Anna in her chamber, while

[1] [Chapter iv. in Tischendorf, pp. 115, 116.]

the maid, evidently being considered an important personage, is at work in the passage. Apart from all reference to the legends, there is something peculiarly beautiful in the simplicity of Giotto's conception, and in the way in which he has shown the angel entering at the window, without the least endeavour to impress our imagination by darkness, or light, or clouds, or any other accessory; as though believing that angels might appear anywhere, and any day, and to all men, as a matter of course, if we would ask them, or were fit company for them.[1]

[1] [See for further mention of this fresco, above, p. 38.]



The Angel appears to Anna

IV

THE SACRIFICE OF JOACHIM

The account of this sacrifice is only given clearly in the Harleian MS.; but even this differs from Giotto's series in the order of the visions, as the subject of the *next* plate is recorded first in this MS., under the curious heading, "*Disse Sancto Theofilo* como l'angelo de Dio aperse a Joachim lo qual li anuntia la nativita della vergene Maria"; while the record of this vision and sacrifice is headed, "Como l'angelo de Dio aparse *anchora* a Joachim." It then proceeds thus: "At this very moment of the day" (when the angel appeared to Anna), "there appeared a most beautiful youth (*unno belitissimo zovene*) among the mountains there, where Joachim was, and said to Joachim, 'Wherefore dost thou not return to thy wife?' And Joachim answered, 'These twenty years God has given me no fruit of her, wherefore I was chased from the temple with infinite shame. . . . And, as long as I live, I will give alms of my flocks to widows and pilgrims.' . . . And these words being finished, the youth answered, 'I am the angel of God who appeared to thee the other time for a sign; and appeared to thy wife Anna, who always abides in prayer, weeping day and night; and I have consoled her; wherefore I command thee to observe the commandments of God, and His will, which I tell you truly, that of thee shall be born a daughter, and that thou shalt offer her to the temple of God, and the Holy Spirit shall rest upon her, and her blessedness shall be above the blessedness of all virgins,

and her holiness so great that human nature will not be able to comprehend it.'* . . .

"Then Joachim fell upon the earth, saying, 'My lord, I pray thee to pray God for me, and to enter into this my tabernacle, and bless me, thy servant.' The angel answered, 'We are all the servants of God: and know that my eating would be invisible, and my drinking could not be seen by all the men in the world; but of all that thou wouldest give to me, do thou make sacrifice to God.' Then Joachim took a lamb without spot or blemish . . .; and when he had made sacrifice of it, the angel of the Lord disappeared and ascended into heaven; and Joachim fell upon the earth in great fear, and lay from the sixth hour until the evening."

This is evidently nothing more than a very vapid imitation of the scriptural narrative of the appearances of angels to Abraham and Manoah. But Giotto has put life into it; and I am aware of no other composition in which so much interest and awe has been given to the literal "burnt sacrifice." In all other representations of such offerings which I remember, the interest is concentrated in the *slaying* of the victim. But Giotto has fastened on the *burning* of it; showing the white skeleton left on the altar, and the fire still hurtling up round it, typical of the Divine wrath, which is "as a consuming fire";[1] and thus rendering the sacrifice a more clear and fearful type not merely of the outward wounds and death of Christ, but

* This passage in the old Italian of the MS. may interest some readers: "E complice queste parole lo zovene respoxe, dignando, Io son l'angelo de Dio, lo quale si te aparse l'altra fiada, in segno, e aparse a toa mulier Anna che sempre sta in oration plauzando di e note, e si lo consolada; unde io te comando che tu debie observare li comandimenti de Dio, ela soua volunta che io te dico veramente, che de la toa somenza insera una fioils, e questa offrila al templo de Dio, e lo Spirito santo reposera in ley, ela soa beatitudine sera sovera tute le altre verzene, ela soua santita sera si grande che natura humana non la pora comprendere."

[1] [Deuteronomy iv. 24.]

IV

The Sacrifice of Joachim

of His soul-suffering. "All my bones are out of joint:[1] my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." *

The hand of the Deity is seen in the heavens—the sign of the Divine Presence.[2]

* (Note by a friend.) "To me the most striking part of it is, that the skeleton is *entire* ('a bone of him shall not be broken'), and that the head stands up still looking to the skies: is it too fanciful to see a meaning in this?"

---

[1] [Psalms xxii. 14.]

[2] [Lord Lindsay (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 186) says: "The hand of God issues from heaven, as in Byzantine art, in token of acceptance," and adds that the sceptre in the hand of the angel Gabriel is that usually represented in the mosaics. Attention may also be called to the figure of which the head and wings only are visible, rising out of the smoke of the altar.—(Ed. 1899.) This figure was for the most part omitted in the original woodcut; it has here been emphasised with the aid of a photograph of the fresco.]

V

THE ANGEL (RAPHAEL) APPEARS TO JOACHIM

"Now Joachim being in this pain, the Lord God, Father of mercy, who abandons not His servants, nor ever fails to console them in their distresses, if they pray for His grace and pity, had compassion on Joachim, and heard his prayer, and sent the angel Raphael from heaven to earth to console him, and announce to him the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Therefore the angel Raphael appeared to Joachim, and comforted him with much peace, and foretold to him the birth of the Virgin in that glory and gladness, saying, 'God save you, O friend of God, O Joachim! the Lord has sent me to declare to you an everlasting joy, and a hope that shall have no end.' . . . And having finished these words, the angel of the Lord disappeared from him, and ascended into the heaven." (MS. Harl.)

The passage which I have omitted is merely one of the ordinary Romanist accounts of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, put into the form of prophecy. There are no sufficient details of this part of the legend either in the Protevangelion or Gospel of St. Mary; but it is quite clear that Giotto followed it, and that he has endeavoured to mark a distinction in character between the angels Gabriel and Raphael* in the two subjects,—the form of Raphael melting back into the heaven, and being distinctly recognized as angelic, while Gabriel appears invested with perfect humanity. It is interesting to observe that the

* The MS. makes the angel Raphael the only messenger. Giotto clearly adopts the figure of Gabriel from the Protevangelion.

V

The Angel (Raphael) appears to Joachim

shepherds, who of course are not supposed to see the form of the Angel (his manifestation being only granted to Joachim during his sleep), are yet evidently under the influence of a certain degree of awe and expectation, as being conscious of some presence other than they can perceive, while the animals are unconscious altogether.

VI

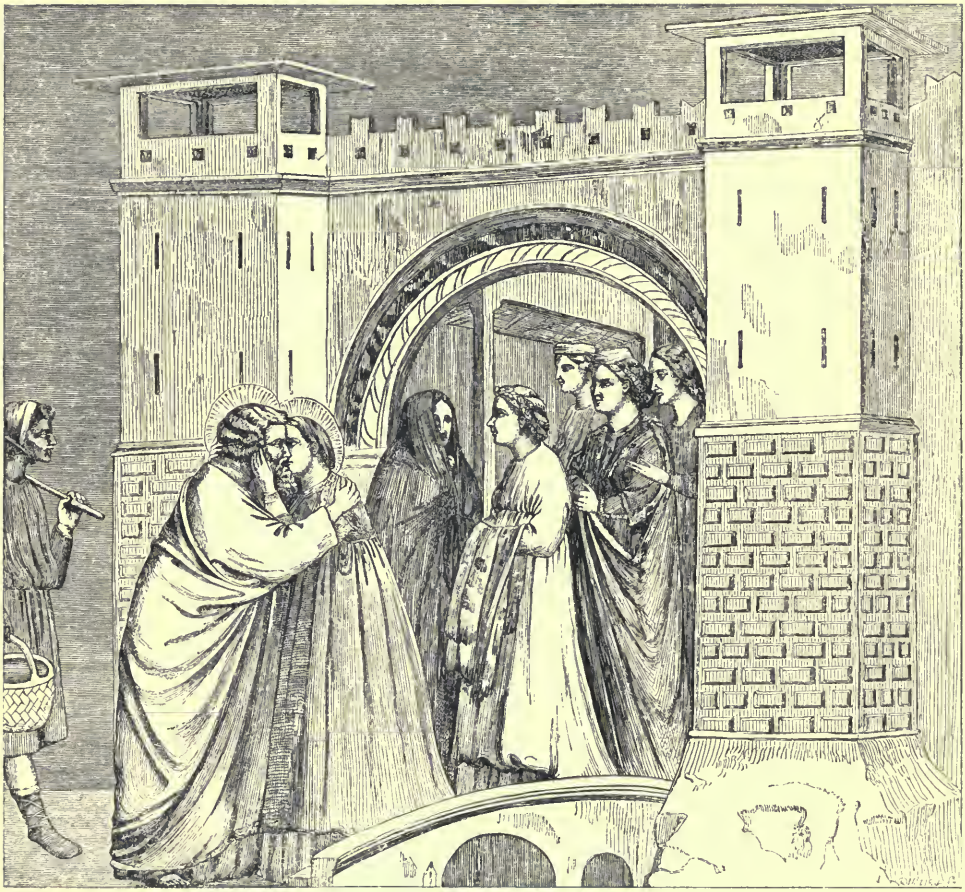
THE MEETING AT THE GOLDEN GATE

"And Joachim went down with the shepherds, and Anna stood by the gate, and saw Joachim coming with the shepherds. And she ran, and hanging about his neck, said, 'Now I know that the Lord hath greatly blessed me.'" (Protevangelion, iv. 8, 9.[1])

This is one of the most celebrated of Giotto's compositions, and deservedly so, being full of the most solemn grace and tenderness.[2] The face of St. Anna, half seen, is most touching in its depth of expression; and it is very interesting to observe how Giotto has enhanced its sweetness, by giving a harder and grosser character than is usual with him to the heads of the other two principal female figures (not but that this cast of feature is found frequently in the figures of somewhat earlier art), and by the rough and weather-beaten countenance of the entering shepherd. In like manner, the falling lines of the draperies owe a great part of their value to the abrupt and ugly oblongs of the horizontal masonry which adjoins them.

[1] [Tischendorf, p. 10.]

[2] [Compare the fresco of "The Golden Gate" in S. Maria Novella: *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 19 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 314, and Plate XXIX.).]



The Meeting at the Golden Gate

The Birth of the Virgin

VII

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN

"And Joachim said, 'Now I know that the Lord is propitious to me, and hath taken away all my sins.' And he went down from the temple of the Lord justified, and went to his own house.

"And when nine months were fulfilled to Anna, she brought forth, and said to the midwife, 'What have I brought forth?' And she told her, a girl.

"Then Anna said, 'The Lord hath this day magnified my soul.' And she laid her in the bed." (Protevangelion, v. 4–8.[1])

The composition is very characteristic of Giotto in two respects: first, in its natural homeliness and simplicity[2] (in older designs of the same subject the little Madonna is represented as born with a golden crown on her head); and secondly, in the smallness of the breast and head of the sitting figure on the right,—a fault of proportion often observable in Giotto's figures of children or young girls.

For the first time, also, in this series, we have here two successive periods of the scene represented simultaneously, the babe being painted twice. This practice was frequent among the early painters, and must necessarily become so wherever painting undertakes the task of lengthened narrative. Much absurd discussion has taken place respecting its propriety; the whole question being simply whether the human mind can or cannot pass from the contemplation of one event to that of another, without reposing itself on an intermediate gilt frame.

[1] [Tischendorf, p. 11.]

[2] [Compare, again, *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 19 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 314, and Plate XXVIII.).]

VIII

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

"And when three years were expired, and the time of her weaning complete, they brought the Virgin to the temple of the Lord with offerings.

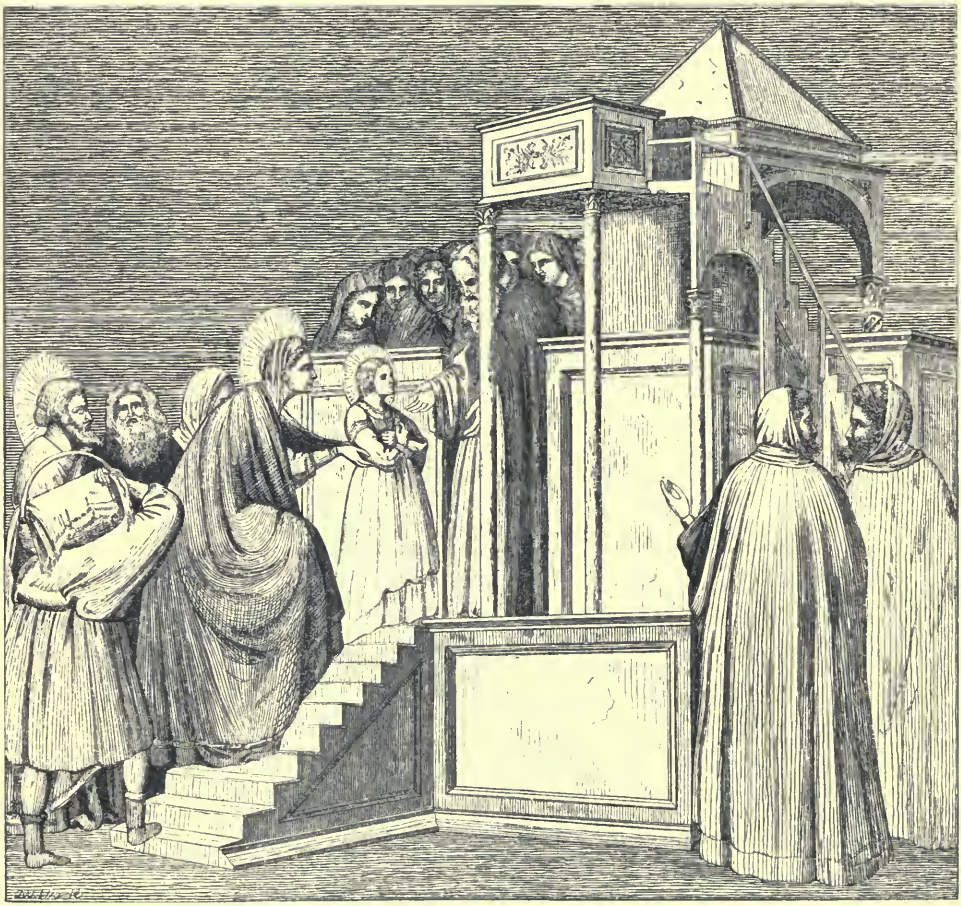
"And there were about the temple, according to the fifteen Psalms of Degrees, fifteen stairs to ascend.

"The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs; but while they were putting off their clothes in which they had travelled, in the meantime, the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs, one after another, without the help of any one to lead her or lift her, that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age." (Gospel of St. Mary, iv. 1–6.[1])

There seems nothing very miraculous in a child's walking up stairs at three years old; but this incident is a favourite one among the Roman Catholic painters of every period: generally, however, representing the child as older than in the legend, and dwelling rather on the solemn feeling with which she presents herself to the high priest, than on the mere fact of her being able to walk alone. Giotto has clearly regarded the incident entirely in this light; for St. Anna touches the child's arm as if to support her; so that the so-called miraculous walking is not even hinted at.

Lord Lindsay particularly notices that the Virgin is "a dwarf woman instead of a child;—the delineation of childhood was one of the latest triumphs of art."[2] Even in the

[1] [Chapter vi. in Tischendorf, pp. 116–117.]
[2] [*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 187.]



The Presentation of the Virgin

time of those latest triumphs, however, the same fault was committed in another way; and a boy of eight or ten was commonly represented—even by Raffaelle himself—as a dwarf Hercules, with all the gladiatorial muscles already visible in stunted rotundity.[1] Giotto probably felt he had not power enough to give dignity to a child of three years old, and intended the womanly form to be rather typical of the Virgin's advanced mind, than an actual representation of her person.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of the boy in the cartoon of "The Beautiful Gate" (Vol. XXII. p. 97).]

IX

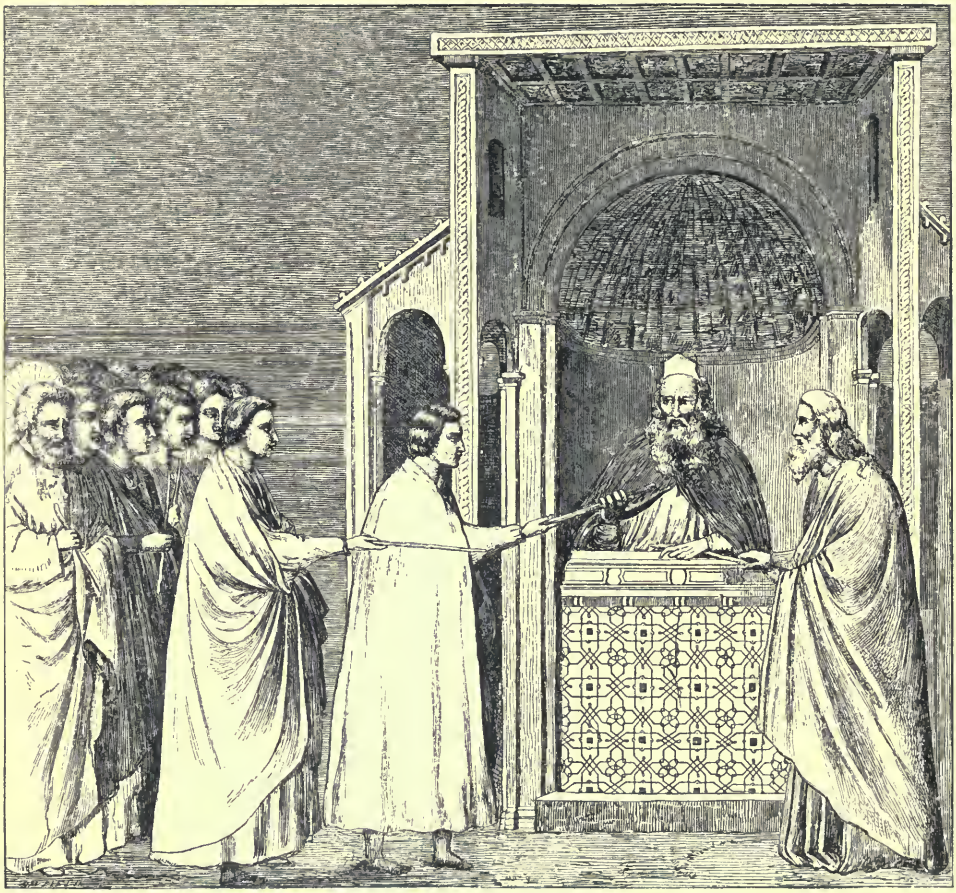
THE RODS ARE BROUGHT TO THE HIGH PRIEST

"THEN he (the high priest) appointed that all the men of the house and family of David who were marriageable, and not married, should bring their several rods to the altar. And out of whatsoever person's rod, after it was brought, a flower should bud forth, and on the top of it the Spirit of the Lord should sit in the appearance of a dove, he should be the man to whom the Virgin should be given, and be betrothed to her." (Gospel of St. Mary, v. 16, 17.[1])

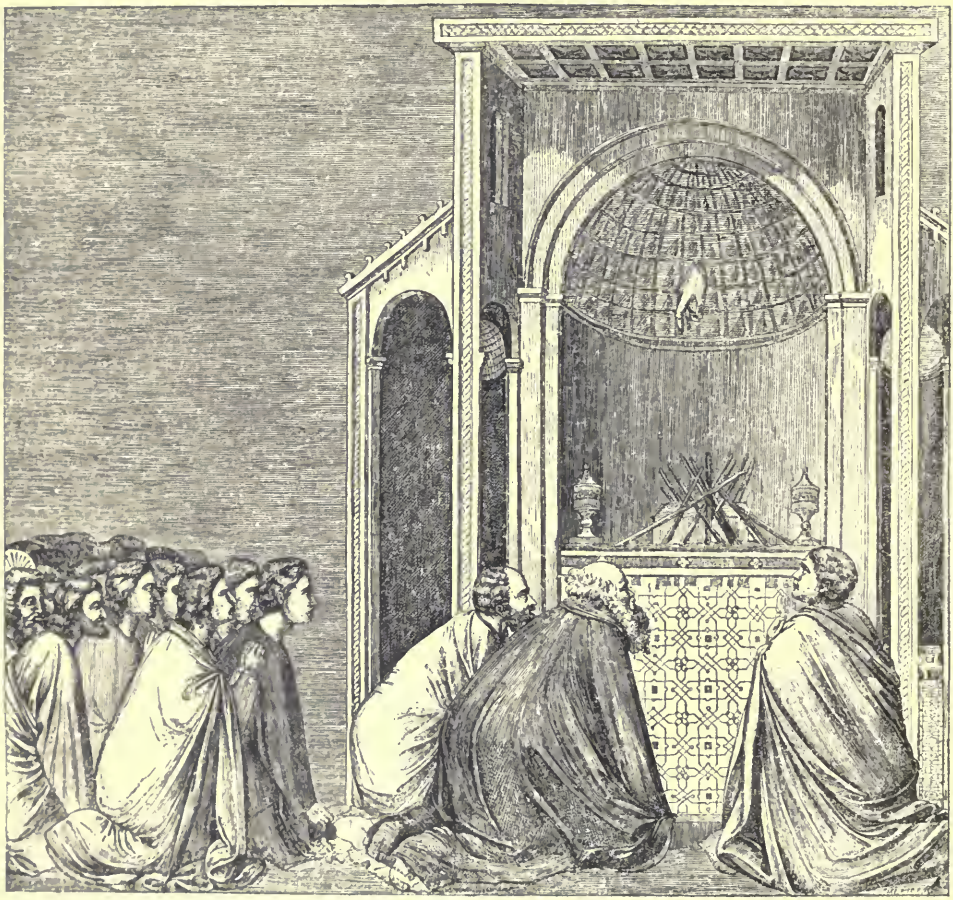
There has originally been very little interest in this composition; and the injuries which it has suffered have rendered it impossible for the draftsman to distinguish the true folds of the draperies amidst the defaced and worn colours of the fresco, so that the character of the central figure is lost. The only points requiring notice are, first, the manner in which St. Joseph holds his rod, depressing and half-concealing it,* while the other suitors present theirs boldly; and secondly, the graceful though monotonous grouping of the heads of the crowd behind him. This mode of rendering the presence of a large multitude, showing only the crowns of the heads in complicated perspective, was long practised in mosaics and illuminations before the time of Giotto, and always possesses a certain degree of sublimity in its power of suggesting perfect unity of feeling and movement among the crowd.

* In the next chapter, it is said that "Joseph drew back his rod when every one else presented his."

[1] [Chapter vii. in Tischendorf, p. 118.]



The Rods are brought to the High Priest



The Watching of the Rods at the Altar

X

THE WATCHING OF THE RODS AT THE ALTAR

"After the high priest had received their rods, he went into the temple to pray.

"And when he had finished his prayer, he took the rods and went forth and distributed them; and there was no miracle attended them.

"The last rod was taken by Joseph; and behold, a dove proceeded out of the rod, and flew upon the head of Joseph." (Protevangelion, viii. 9–11.[1])

This is among the least graceful designs of the series; though the clumsiness in the contours of the leading figures is indeed a fault which often occurs in the painter's best works, but it is here unredeemed by the rest of the composition. The group of the suitors, however, represented as waiting at the outside of the temple, is very beautiful in its earnestness, more especially in the passionate expression of the figure in front. It is difficult to look long at the picture without feeling a degree of anxiety, and strong sympathy with the silent watching of the suitors; and this is a sign of no small power in the work. The head of Joseph is seen far back on the extreme left; thus indicating by its position his humility, and desire to withdraw from the trial.[2]

[1] [Chapter ix. in Tischendorf, p. 18.]

[2] [See *ante*, p. 38 (§ 21 of the Introduction), where "the relief of the faces in light against the dark sky" is mentioned. This fresco must have faded very much since the drawing for the Arundel Society was made; what appears in the woodcut as a hand is no longer discernible, except as a stain.]

XI

THE BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN

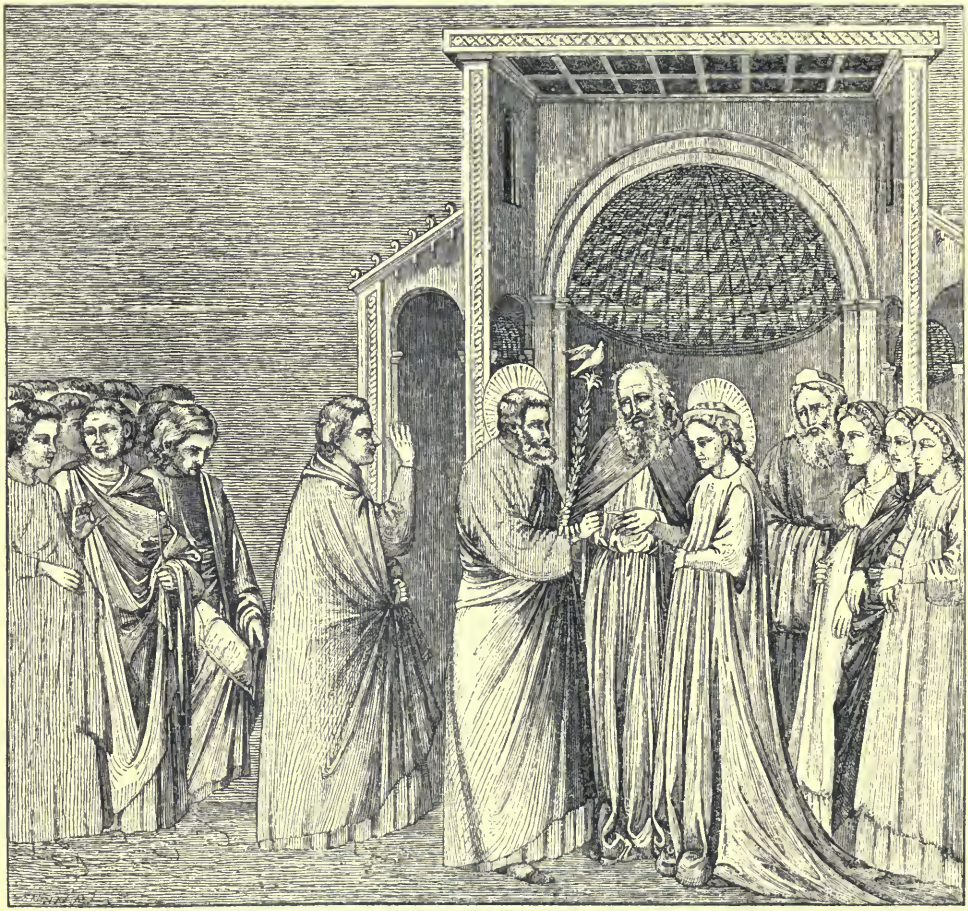
THERE is no distinct notice of this event in the apocryphal Gospel: the traditional representation of it is nearly always more or less similar. Lord Lindsay's account of the composition before us is as follows:—

"The high priest, standing in front of the altar, joins their hands; behind the Virgin stand her bridesmaids; behind St. Joseph the unsuccessful suitors, one of whom steps forward to strike him, and another breaks his rod on his knee. Joseph bears his own rod, on the flower of which the Holy Spirit rests in the semblance of a dove."[1]

The development of this subject by Perugino (for Raffaelle's picture in the Brera is little more than a modified copy of Perugino's, now at Caen[2]) is well known; but notwithstanding all its beauty, there is not, I think, anything in the action of the disappointed suitors so perfectly true or touching as that of the youth breaking his rod in this composition of Giotto's; nor is there among any of the figures the expression of solemn earnestness and intentness on the event which is marked among the attendants here, and in the countenances of the officiating priests.

[1] [*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 187.]

[2] [For another reference to Raphael's "Sposalizio" and Perugino's at Caen, see Vol. VIII. p. 196; and for Raphael's, see also Vol. XIV. p. 74, and Vol. XXIII. p. 343.]



The Betrothal of the Virgin

The Virgin Mary returns to her House

XII

THE VIRGIN MARY RETURNS TO HER HOUSE

"ACCORDINGLY, the usual ceremonies of betrothing being over, he (Joseph) returned to his own city of Bethlehem to set his house in order, and to make the needful provisions for the marriage. But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been weaned at the same time, and who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee." (Gospel of St. Mary, vi. 6, 7.[1])

Of all the compositions in the Arena Chapel I think this the most characteristic of the noble time in which it was done. It is not so notable as exhibiting the mind of Giotto, which is perhaps more fully seen in subjects representing varied emotion, as in the simplicity and repose which were peculiar to the compositions of the early fourteenth century. In order to judge of it fairly, it ought first to be compared with any classical composition—with a portion, for instance, of the Elgin frieze—which would instantly make manifest in it a strange seriousness and dignity and slowness of motion, resulting chiefly from the excessive simplicity of all its terminal lines. Observe, for instance, the pure wave from the back of the Virgin's head to the ground; and again, the delicate swelling line along her shoulder and left arm, opposed to the nearly unbroken fall of the drapery of the figure in front. It should then be compared with an Egyptian or Ninevite series of figures, which, by contrast, would bring out its perfect sweetness and grace, as well as its variety of expression: finally, it

[1] [Chapter viii. in Tischendorf, p. 119.]

should be compared with any composition subsequent to the time of Raffaelle, in order to feel its noble freedom from pictorial artifice and attitude. These three comparisons cannot be made carefully without a sense of profound reverence for the national spirit * which could produce a design so majestic, and yet remain content with one so simple.

The small *loggia* of the Virgin's house is noticeable, as being different from the architecture introduced in the other pictures, and more accurately representing the Italian Gothic of the dwelling-house of the period. The arches of the windows have no capitals; but this omission is either to save time, or to prevent the background from becoming too conspicuous. All the real buildings designed by Giotto have the capital completely developed.[1]

* *National*, because Giotto's works are properly to be looked on as the *fruit* of their own age, and the *food* of that which followed.

[1] [Here, again, as in No. X., the relief of the faces against the dark sky is noticed in the Introduction (§ 21), above, p. 38.]

The Annunciation—The Angel Gabriel

XIII

THE ANNUNCIATION—THE ANGEL GABRIEL[1]

This figure is placed on one side of the arch at the east end of the body of the chapel; the corresponding figure of the Virgin being set on the other side. It was a constant practice of the mediæval artists thus to divide this subject;[2] which, indeed, was so often painted, that the meaning of the separated figures of the Angel and Mary was as well understood as when they were seen in juxtaposition. Indeed, on the two sides of this arch they would hardly be considered as separated, since very frequently they were set to answer to each other from the opposite extremities of a large space of architecture.*

The figure of the Angel is notable chiefly for its serenity, as opposed to the later conceptions of the scene, in which he falls into the chamber upon the wing, like a stooping falcon.

The building above is more developed than in any other of the Arena paintings; but it must always remain a matter of question, why so exquisite a designer of architecture as Giotto should introduce forms so harsh and meagre into his backgrounds. Possibly he felt that the very faults of the architecture enhanced the grace and increased the importance of the figures; at least, the proceeding seems to me inexplicable on any other theory.†

* As, for instance, on the two opposite angles of the façade of the Cathedral of Rheims.

† (Note by a friend.) "I suppose you will not admit as an explanation, that he had not yet turned his mind to architectural composition, the Campanile being some thirty years later?"

[1] [This and the next subject, which are indeed one composition, are No. 14 in the plan exhibited in the chapel, so that all the later numbers agree.]

[2] [As on the Rialto bridge at Venice: see Vol. XI. p. 400, and Vol. XX. p. 256.]

XIV

THE ANNUNCIATION—THE VIRGIN MARY

VASARI, in his notice of one of Giotto's Annunciations, praises him for having justly rendered the *fear* of the Virgin at the address of the Angel.[1] If he ever treated the subject in such a manner, he departed from all the traditions of his time; for I am aware of no painting of this scene, during the course of the thirteenth and following centuries, which does not represent the Virgin as perfectly tranquil, receiving the message of the Angel in solemn thought and gentle humility, but without a shadow of fear. It was reserved for the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to change angelic majesty into reckless impetuosity, and maiden meditation[2] into panic dread.

The face of the Virgin is slightly disappointing. Giotto never reached a very high standard of beauty in feature; depending much on distant effect in all his works, and therefore more on general arrangement of colour and sincerity of gesture, than on refinement of drawing in the countenance.

[1] ["The first pictures of Giotto were painted for the chapel of the High Altar, in the Abbey of Florence, where he executed many works considered extremely fine. Among these, an Annunciation is particularly admired; the expression of fear and astonishment in the countenance of the Virgin, when receiving the salutation of Gabriel, is vividly depicted; she appears to suffer the extremity of terror, and seems almost ready to take flight" (vol. i. p. 95, Bohn). The pictures here described by Vasari are lost.]

[2] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2. For "the wild thought of Tintoret" in treating the Annunciation, see Vol. IV. p. 264.]

The Annunciation—The Virgin Mary

XV

THE SALUTATION

This picture, placed beneath the figure of the Virgin Annunciate at the east end of the chapel, and necessarily small (as will be seen by the plan) in consequence of the space occupied by the arch which it flanks, begins the second or lower series of frescoes; being, at the same time, the first of the great chain of more familiar subjects, in which we have the power of comparing the conceptions of Giotto not only with the designs of earlier ages, but with the efforts which subsequent masters have made to exalt or vary the ideas of the principal scenes in the life of the Virgin and of Christ. The two paintings of the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Annunciate hardly provoke such a comparison, being almost statue-like in the calm subjection of all dramatic interest to the symmetrical dignity and beauty of the two figures, leading, as they do, the whole system of the decoration of the chapel; but this of the Salutation is treated with no such reference to the architecture, and at once challenges comparison with the works of later masters.

Nor is the challenge feebly maintained. I have no hesitation in saying, that, among all the renderings of this scene which now exist, I remember none which gives the pure depth and plain facts of it so perfectly as this of Giotto's. Of majestic women bowing themselves to beautiful and meek girls, both wearing gorgeous robes, in the midst of lovely scenery, or at the doors of Palladian palaces, we have enough;[1] but I do not know any picture which

[1] [Compare the contrast which Ruskin draws between Ghirlandajo's "Salutation" and Giotto's in S. Maria Novella: *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 18 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 313, and Plate XXVII.).]

seems to me to give so truthful an idea of the action with which Elizabeth and Mary must actually have met,—which gives so exactly the way in which Elizabeth would stretch her arms, and stoop and gaze into Mary's face, and the way in which Mary's hand would slip beneath Elizabeth's arms, and raise her up to kiss her. I know not any Elizabeth so full of intense love, and joy, and humbleness; hardly any Madonna in which tenderness and dignity are so quietly blended. She not less humble, and yet accepting the reverence of Elizabeth as her appointed portion, saying, in her simplicity and truth, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name." The longer that this group is looked upon, the more it will be felt that Giotto has done well to withdraw from it nearly all accessories of landscape and adornment, and to trust it to the power of its own deep expression. We may gaze upon the two silent figures until their silence seems to be broken, and the words of the question and reply sound in our ears, low, as if from far away:

"Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."[1]

[1] [Luke i. 49, 43, 46, 47.]

The Salutation

XVI

THE NATIVITY

I AM not sure whether I shall do well or kindly in telling the reader anything about this beautiful design. Perhaps the less he knows about early art or early traditions, the more deeply he will feel its purity and truth; for there is scarcely an incident here, or anything in the manner of representing the incidents, which is not mentioned or justified in Scripture. The bold hilly background reminds us that Bethlehem was in the hill-country of Judah. But it may seem to have two purposes besides this literal one: the first, that it increases the idea of *exposure* and loneliness in the birth of Christ; the second, that the masses of the great hills, with the angels floating round them in the horizontal clouds, may in some sort represent to our thoughts the power and space of that heaven and earth whose Lord is being laid in the manger-cradle.

There is an exquisite truth and sweetness in the way the Virgin turns upon the couch, in order herself to assist in laying the Child down. Giotto is in this exactly faithful to the scriptural words: "*She* wrapped the Child in swaddling-clothes, and *laid* Him in a manger."[1] Joseph sits beneath in meditation; above, the angels, all exulting, and, as it were, confused with joy, flutter and circle in the air like birds,—three looking up to the Father's throne with praise and thankfulness, one stooping to adore the Prince of Peace, one flying to tell the shepherds. There is something to me peculiarly affecting in this disorder of theirs; even angels, as it were, breaking their ranks with wonder, and

[1] [Luke ii. 7.]

not knowing how to utter their gladness and passion of praise. There is noticeable here, as in all works of this early time, a certain confidence in the way in which the angels trust to their wings, very characteristic of a period of bold and simple conception. Modern science has taught us that a wing cannot be anatomically joined to a shoulder;[1] and in proportion as painters approach more and more to the scientific, as distinguished from the contemplative state of mind, they put the wings of their angels on more timidly, and dwell with greater emphasis upon the human form, and with less upon the wings, until these last become a species of decorative appendage,—a mere *sign* of an angel. But in Giotto's time an angel was a complete creature, as much believed in as a bird; and the way in which it would or might cast itself into the air, and lean hither and thither upon its plumes, was as naturally apprehended as the manner of flight of a chough or a starling. Hence Dante's simple and most exquisite synonym for angel, "Bird of God";[2] and hence also a variety and picturesqueness in the expression of the movements of the heavenly hierarchies by the earlier painters, ill replaced by the powers of foreshortening, and throwing naked limbs into fantastic positions, which appear in the cherubic groups of later times.

It is needless to point out the frank association of the two events,—the Nativity, and appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds. They are constantly thus joined; but I do not remember any other example in which they are joined so boldly. Usually the shepherds are seen in the distance, or are introduced in some ornamental border, or other inferior place. The view of painting as a mode of suggesting relative or consecutive thoughts, rather than a realization of any one scene, is seldom so fearlessly asserted, even by Giotto, as here, in placing the flocks of the shepherds at the foot of the Virgin's bed.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of Michael Angelo in this connexion: Vol. XXIII. p. 213.]

[2] [*Purgatorio*, ii. 38: "L'uccel divino."]

The Nativity

This bed, it will be noticed, is on a shelf of rock. This is in compliance with the idea founded on the Protevangelion and the apocryphal book known as the Gospel of Infancy,[1] that our Saviour was born in a cave, associated with the scriptural statement that He was laid in a manger, of which the apocryphal gospels do not speak.

The vain endeavour to exalt the awe of the moment of the Saviour's birth has turned, in these gospels, the outhouse of the inn into a species of subterranean chapel, full of incense and candles. "It was after sunset, when the old woman (the midwife), and Joseph with her, reached the cave; and they both went into it. And behold, it was all filled with light, greater than the light of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the sun itself." (Infancy, i. 9.[2]) "Then a bright cloud overshadowed the cave, and the midwife said: This day my soul is magnified." (Protevangelion, xiv. 10.[3]) The thirteenth chapter of the Protevangelion is, however, a little more skilful in this attempt at exaltation. "And leaving her and his sons in the cave, Joseph went forth to seek a Hebrew midwife in the village of Bethlehem. But as I was going, said Joseph, I looked up into the air, and I saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight. And I looked down towards the earth and saw a table spread, and working-people sitting around it; but their hands were on the table, and they did not move to eat. But all their faces were fixed upwards." (Protevangelion, xiii. 1–7.[4])

It would, of course, be absurd to endeavour to institute any comparison between the various pictures of this subject, innumerable as they are; but I must at least deprecate Lord Lindsay's characterising this design of Giotto's

[1] ["The Arabic Gospel of the Childhood (*Evangelium Infantiæ*) is a Catholic recension of all the stories of the childhood from the birth of Jesus till His twelfth year. It is a special favourite with the Nestorians of Syria" (Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, vol. ii. p. 705). The Latin version of it is included in Tischendorf's *Evangelia Apocrypha*.]

[2] [Chapter iii. in Tischendorf, p. 182.]

[3] [Chapter xix. in Tischendorf, p. 36.]

[4] [Chapter xviii. in Tischendorf, pp. 33–34.]

merely as the "Byzantine composition."[1] It contains, indeed, nothing more than the materials of the Byzantine composition; but I know no Byzantine Nativity which at all resembles it in the grace and life of its action. And, for full a century after Giotto's time, in Northern Europe, the Nativity was represented in a far more conventional manner than this;—usually only the heads of the ox and ass are seen, and they are arranging, or holding with their mouths, the drapery of the couch of the Child, who is not being laid in it by the Virgin, but raised upon a kind of tablet high above her in the centre of the group. All these early designs, without exception, however, agree in expressing a certain degree of languor in the figure of the Virgin, and in making her recumbent on the bed. It is not till the fifteenth century that she is represented as exempt from suffering, and immediately kneeling in adoration before the Child.

[1] [Vol. ii. p. 138.]

The Wise Men's Offering

XVII

THE WISE MEN'S OFFERING

THIS is a subject which has been so great a favourite with the painters of later periods, and on which so much rich incidental invention has been lavished, that Giotto's rendering of it cannot but be felt to be barren.[1] It is, in fact, perhaps the least powerful of all the series; and its effect is further marred by what Lord Lindsay has partly noted,[2] the appearance—perhaps accidental, but if so, exceedingly unskilful—of matronly corpulence in the figure of the Madonna. The unfortunate failure in the representation of the legs and chests of the camels, and the awkwardness of the attempt to render the action of kneeling in the foremost king, put the whole composition into the class—not in itself an uninteresting one—of the slips or shortcomings of great masters. One incident in it only is worth observing. In other compositions of this time, and in many later ones, the kings are generally presenting their offerings themselves, and the Child takes them in His hand, or smiles at them. The painters who thought this an undignified conception left the presents in the hands of the attendants of the Magi. But Giotto considers how presents would be received by an actual king; and as what has been offered to a monarch is delivered to the care of his attendants, Giotto puts a waiting angel to receive the gifts, as not worthy to be placed in the hands of the Infant.[3]

[1] [The evolution of this subject has been treated by Grant Allen in an article with numerous illustrations in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, 1895, vol. vii. pp. 203 *seq.* ("Evolution in Early Italian Art. VI. The Adoration of the Magi").]

[2] ["Her face sweet, though she is too matronly in form" (vol. ii. p. 138).]

[3] [The angel holds an incense-box in his hand, while at his feet lies the crown of the kneeling king.]

XVIII

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

This design is one of those which are peculiarly characteristic of Giotto as the head of the Naturalisti.* No painter before his time would have dared to represent the Child Jesus as desiring to quit the arms of Simeon, or the Virgin as in some sort interfering with the prophet's earnest contemplation of the Child by stretching her arms to receive Him. The idea is evidently a false one, quite unworthy of the higher painters of the religious school;[1] and it is a matter of peculiar interest to see what must have been the strength of Giotto's love of plain facts, which could force him to stoop so low in the conception of this most touching scene. The child does not, it will be observed, merely stretch its arm to the Madonna, but is even struggling to escape, violently raising the left foot. But there is another incident in the composition, witnessing as notably to Giotto's powerful grasp of all the facts of his subject as this does to his somewhat hard and plain manner of grasping them; —I mean the angel approaching Simeon, as if with a message. The peculiar interest of the Presentation is for the most part inadequately represented in painting, because it is impossible to imply the fact of Simeon's having waited so long in the hope of beholding his Lord, or to inform the spectator of the feeling in which he utters the song of hope fulfilled. Giotto has, it seems to me, done all that he could to make us remember this peculiar meaning of the

* See account of his principles above, p. 26, § 12 (C.).

[1] [Ruskin came, however, to think somewhat differently of such homely touches: see *Mornings in Florence*, § 78 (Vol. XXIII. p. 371).]

The Presentation in the Temple

scene; for I think I cannot be deceived in interpreting the flying angel, with its branch of palm or lily, to be the Angel of Death, sent in visible fulfilment of the thankful words of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."[1] The figure of Anna is poor and uninteresting;[2] that of the attendant, on the extreme left, very beautiful, both in its drapery and in the severe and elevated character of the features and head-dress.

[1] [Luke ii. 29.]

[2] [She looks at the Child, and bears a scroll with the words, "Quoniam in isto erit redemptio seculi" ("Since in Him shall be the redemption of the race").—Ed. 1899.]

XIX

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

GIOTTO again shows, in his treatment of this subject, a juster understanding of the probable facts than most other painters. It becomes the almost universal habit of later artists to regard the flight as both sudden and secret, undertaken by Joseph and Mary, unattended, in the dawn of the morning, or "by night," so soon as Joseph had awaked from sleep. (Matt. ii. 14.) Without a continuous miracle, which it is unnecessary in this case to suppose, such a lonely journey would have been nearly impracticable. Nor was instant flight necessary; for Herod's order for the massacre could not be issued until he had been convinced, by the protracted absence of the Wise Men, that he was "mocked of them."[1] In all probability the exact nature and extent of the danger was revealed to Joseph; and he would make the necessary preparations for his journey with such speed as he could, and depart "by night" indeed, but not in the instant of awakening from his dream. The ordinary impression seems to have been received from the words of the Gospel of Infancy: "Go into Egypt *as soon as the cock crows.*"[2] And the interest of the flight is rendered more thrilling, in late compositions, by the introduction of armed pursuers. Giotto has given a far more quiet, deliberate, and probable character to the whole scene, while he has fully marked the fact of divine protection and command in the figure of the guiding angel. Nor is the picture less interesting in its marked expression of the night. The figures are all distinctly seen, and there is no

[1] [Matthew ii. 16.]
[2] [See chapter ix., p. 184 in Tischendorf.]

The Flight into Egypt

broad distribution of the gloom; but the vigorous blackness of the dress of the attendant who holds the bridle, and the scattered glitter of the lights on the Madonna's robe, are enough to produce the required effect on the mind.

The figure of the Virgin is singularly dignified: the broad and severe curves traced by the hem and deepest folds of her dress materially conducing to the nobleness of the group. The Child is partly sustained by a band fastened round the Madonna's neck. The quaint and delicate pattern on this band, together with that of the embroidered edges of the dress, is of great value in opposing and making more manifest the severe and grave outlines of the whole figure, whose impressiveness is also partly increased by the rise of the mountain just above it, like a tent. A vulgar composer would have moved this peak to the right or left, and lost its power.

This mountain background is also of great use in deepening the sense of gloom and danger on the desert road. The trees represented as growing on the heights have probably been rendered indistinct by time. In early manuscripts such portions are invariably those which suffer most; the green (on which the leaves were once drawn with dark colours) mouldering away, and the lines of drawing with it. But even in what is here left there is noticeable more careful study of the distinction between the trees with thick spreading foliage, the group of two with light branches and few leaves, and the tree stripped and dead at the bottom of the ravine, than an historical painter would now think it consistent with his dignity to bestow.

XX

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

Of all the series, this composition is the one which exhibits most of Giotto's weaknesses. All early work is apt to fail in the rendering of violent action: but Giotto is, in this instance, inferior not only to his successors, but to the feeblest of the miniature-painters of the thirteenth century; while his imperfect drawing is seen at its worst in the nude figures of the children. It is, in fact, almost impossible to understand how any Italian, familiar with the eager gesticulations of the lower orders of his countrywomen on the smallest points of dispute with each other, should have been incapable of giving more adequate expression of true action and passion to the group of mothers; and, if I were not afraid of being accused of special pleading, I might insist at some length on a dim faith of my own, that Giotto thought the actual agony and strivings of the probable scene unfit for pictorial treatment, or for common contemplation; and that he chose rather to give motionless types and personifications of the soldiers and women, than to use his strength and realistic faculty in bringing before the vulgar eye the unseemly struggle or unspeakable pain. The formal arrangement of the heap of corpses in the centre of the group; the crowded standing of the mothers, as in a choir of sorrow; the actual presence of Herod, to whom some of them appear to be appealing,—all seem to me to mark this intention; and to make the composition only a symbol or shadow of the great deed of massacre, not a realization of its visible continuance at any moment. I will not press this conjecture; but will only add, that if it be so, I think Giotto was

Massacre of the Innocents

perfectly right;[1] and that a picture thus conceived might have been deeply impressive, had it been more successfully executed; and a calmer, more continuous, comfortless grief expressed in the countenances of the women. Far better thus, than with the horrible analysis of agony, and detail of despair, with which this same scene, one which ought never to have been made the subject of painting at all, has been gloated over by artists of more degraded times.

[1] [Compare Ruskin's discussion of the treatment of this subject by Raphael and Tintoret: Vol. IV. pp. 204, 272.]

XXI

THE YOUNG CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

THIS composition has suffered so grievously by time, that even the portions of it which remain are seen to the greatest disadvantage. Little more than various conditions of scar and stain can be now traced, where were once the draperies of the figures in the shade, and the suspended garland and arches on the right hand of the spectator; and in endeavouring not to represent more than there is authority for, the draughtsman and engraver have necessarily produced a less satisfactory plate than most others of the series. But Giotto has also himself fallen considerably below his usual standard. The faces appear to be cold and hard; and the attitudes are as little graceful as expressive either of attention or surprise. The Madonna's action, stretching her arms to embrace her Son, is pretty; but, on the whole, the picture has no value; and this is the more remarkable, as there were fewer precedents of treatment in this case than in any of the others; and it might have been anticipated that Giotto would have put himself to some pains when the field of thought was comparatively new. The subject of Christ teaching in the Temple rarely occurs in manuscripts; but all the others were perpetually repeated in the service-books of the period.

The Young Christ in the Temple

The Baptism of Christ

From an Illuminated Manuscript

XXII

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

THIS is a more interesting work than the last; but it is also gravely and strangely deficient in power of entering into the subject; and this, I think, is common with nearly all efforts that have hitherto been made at its representation. I have never seen a picture of the Baptism, by any painter whatever, which was not below the average power of the painter;[1] and in this conception of Giotto's, the humility of St. John is entirely unexpressed, and the gesture of Christ has hardly any meaning: it neither is in harmony with the words, "Suffer it to be so now,"[2] which must have been uttered before the moment of actual baptism, nor does it in the slightest degree indicate the sense in the Redeemer of now entering upon the great work of His ministry. In the earlier representations of the subject, the humility of St. John is never lost sight of; there will be seen, for instance, an effort at expressing it by the slightly stooping attitude and bent knee, even in the very rude design given in outline on the opposite page. I have thought it worth while to set before the reader in this outline one example of the sort of traditional representations which were current throughout Christendom before Giotto arose. This instance is taken from a large choir-book, probably of French, certainly of Northern execution, towards the close of the thirteenth century;* and it

* The exact date, 1290, is given in the title-page of the volume.[3]

[1] [Compare the discussion, in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, of the treatment of this subject by various painters: Vol. IV. pp. 265 *seq.*]

[2] [Matthew iii. 15.]

[3] [The illustration is from folio 29*b* of vol. iii. of the Antiphonary of the Cistercian Nunnery of Beaupré, near Grammont, formerly in Ruskin's collection, now

is a very fair average example of the manner of design in the illuminated work of the period. The introduction of the scroll, with the legend, "This is My beloved Son," is both more true to the scriptural words, "Lo, a voice from heaven," and more reverent, than Giotto's introduction of the visible figure, as a type of the First Person of the Trinity.[1] The boldness with which this type is introduced increases precisely as the religious sentiment of art decreases; in the fifteenth century it becomes utterly revolting.

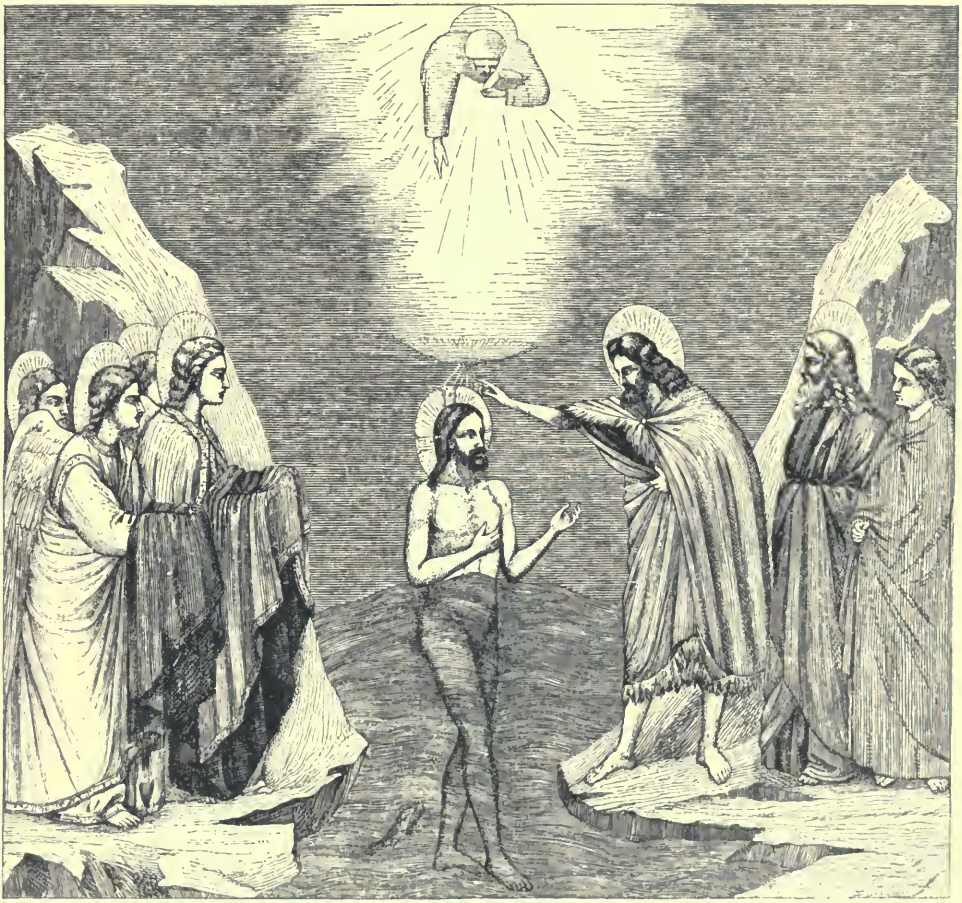
I have given this woodcut for another reason also: to explain more clearly the mode in which Giotto deduced the strange form which he has given to the stream of the Jordan. In the earlier Northern works it is merely a green wave, rising to the Saviour's waist, as seen in the woodcut. Giotto, for the sake of getting standing-ground for his figures, gives *shores* to this wave, retaining its swelling form in the centre,—a very painful and unsuccessful attempt at reconciling typical drawing with laws of perspective. Or perhaps it is less to be regarded as an effort at progress, than as an awkward combination of the Eastern and Western types of the Jordan. In the difference between these types there is matter of some interest. Lord Lindsay, who merely characterises this work of Giotto's as "the Byzantine composition,"[2] thus describes the usual Byzantine manner of representing the Baptism:

"The Saviour stands immersed to the middle in Jordan, *flowing between two deep and rocky banks*, on one of which stands St. John, pouring the water on His head, and on the other two angels hold His robes. The Holy Spirit descends

in that of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson. The size is slightly reduced, the initial H being five inches high. Christ stands in a mound of green water. The same green is used for the angel's wings. John has a mantle of camel's hair over a blue tunic. The angel wears a chocolate robe, and holds a grey garment lined with red. Gold background. Details from two borders and a miniature (vol. iii. folio 175*b*, vol. i. folio 220, and vol. iii. folio 28) are engraved in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., Figs. 98, 99, 116 (Vol. VI. pp. 334, 335, 408). For other references to this book, see Vol. XII. p. 494, Vol. XX. p. 138 *n.*, Vol. XXI. p. 16, and *Pleasures of England*, § 99.]

[1] [Matthew iii. 17.]

[2] [Vol. ii. p. 189.]



The Baptism of Christ

upon Him as a dove, in a stream of light, from God the Father, usually represented by a hand from Heaven. Two of John's disciples stand behind him as spectators. Frequently *the river-god of Jordan* reclines with his oars in the corner. . . . In the Baptistery at Ravenna, the robe is supported, not by an angel, but by the river-deity *Jordann* (Iordanes?), who holds in his left hand a reed as his sceptre."[1]

Now in this mode of representing rivers there is something more than the mere Pagan tradition lingering through the wrecks of the Eastern Empire. A river, in the East and South, is necessarily recognized more distinctly as a beneficent power than in the West and North. The narrowest and feeblest stream is felt to have an influence on the life of mankind; and is counted among the possessions, or honoured among the deities, of the people who dwell beside it. Hence the importance given, in the Byzantine compositions, to the name and speciality of the Jordan stream. In the North such peculiar definiteness and importance can never be attached to the name of any single fountain. Water, in its various forms of streamlet, rain, or river, is felt as an universal gift of Heaven, not as an inheritance of a particular spot of earth. Hence, with the Gothic artists generally, the personality of the Jordan is lost in the green and nameless wave; and the simple rite of the Baptism is dwelt upon, without endeavouring, as Giotto has done, to draw the attention to the rocky shores of Bethabara and Ænon, or to the fact that "there was much water there."[2]

[1] [Vol. i. pp. 88, 89. The italics and the insertion "(Iordanes?)" are Ruskin's.]

[2] ["These things were done in Bethabara beyond Jordan" (John i. 28). "And John was also baptizing in Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there" (John iii. 23).]

XXIII

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA

It is strange that the sweet significance of this first of the miracles should have been lost sight of by nearly all artists after Giotto; and that no effort was made by them to conceive the circumstances of it in simplicity. The poverty of the family in which the marriage took place,—proved sufficiently by the fact that a carpenter's wife not only was asked as a chief guest, but even had authority over the servants,—is shown further to have been distressful, or at least embarrassed, poverty by their want of wine on such an occasion. It was not certainly to remedy an accident of careless provision, but to supply a need sorrowfully betraying the narrow circumstances of His hosts, that our Lord wrought the beginning of miracles.[1] Many mystic meanings have been sought in the act, which, though there is no need to deny, there is little evidence to certify: but we may joyfully accept, as its first indisputable meaning, that of simple kindness; the wine being provided here, when needed, as the bread and fish were afterwards for the hungry multitudes. The whole value of the miracle, in its serviceable tenderness, is at once effaced when the marriage is supposed, as by Veronese and other artists of later times, to have taken place at the house of a rich man. For the rest, Giotto sufficiently implies, by the lifted hand of the Madonna, and the action of the fingers of the bridegroom, as if they held sacramental bread, that there lay a deeper meaning under the miracle for those who could accept it. How all miracle *is* accepted by common humanity, he has also shown in the figure of the ruler of the feast, drinking.

[1] [John ii. 11.]

The Marriage in Cana

This unregarding forgetfulness of present spiritual power is similarly marked by Veronese, by placing the figure of a fool with his bauble immediately underneath that of Christ, and by making a cat play with her shadow in one of the wine-vases.[1]

It is to be remembered, however, in examining all pictures of this subject, that the miracle was not made manifest to all the guests;—to none indeed, seemingly, except Christ's own disciples: the ruler of the feast, and probably most of those present (except the servants who drew the water), knew or observed nothing of what was passing, and merely thought the good wine had been "kept until now."[2]

[1] [See Ruskin's "Notes on the Louvre": Vol. XII. p. 473 (No. 1192).]
[2] [John ii. 9, 10.]

XXIV

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

In consequence of the intermediate position which Giotto occupies between the Byzantine and Naturalist schools,[1] two relations of treatment are to be generally noted in his work. As compared with the Byzantines, he is a realist, whose power consists in the introduction of living character and various incidents, modifying the formerly received Byzantine symbols. So far as he has to do this, he is a realist of the purest kind, endeavouring always to conceive events precisely as they were likely to have happened; not to idealize them into forms artfully impressive to the spectator. But in so far as he was compelled to retain, or did not wish to reject, the figurative character of the Byzantine symbols, he stands opposed to succeeding realists, in the quantity of meaning which probably lies hidden in any composition, as well as in the simplicity with which he will probably treat it, in order to enforce or guide to this meaning: the figures being often letters of a hieroglyphic, which he will not multiply, lest he should lose in force of suggestion what he gained in dramatic interest.

None of the compositions display more clearly this typical and reflective character than that of the Raising of Lazarus. Later designers dwell on vulgar conditions of wonder or horror, such as they could conceive likely to attend the resuscitation of a corpse; but with Giotto the physical reanimation is the type of a spiritual one, and, though shown to be miraculous, is yet in all its deeper aspects unperturbed, and calm in awfulness. It is also

[1] [See above, §§ 10–12, pp. 22–25.]

The Raising of Lazarus

visibly gradual. "His face was bound about with a napkin."[1] The nearest Apostle has withdrawn the covering from the face, and looks for the command which shall restore it from wasted corruption, and sealed blindness, to living power and light.

Nor is it, I believe, without meaning, that the two Apostles, if indeed they are intended for Apostles, who stand at Lazarus' side, wear a different dress from those who follow Christ. I suppose them to be intended for images of the Christian and Jewish Churches in their ministration to the dead soul: the one removing its bonds, but looking to Christ for the word and power of life; the other inactive and helpless—the veil upon its face—in dread; while the principal figure fulfils the order it receives in fearless simplicity.

[1] [John xi. 44.]

XXV

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

This design suffers much from loss of colour in translation. Its decorative effect depends on the deep blue ground, relieving the delicate foliage and the local colours of dresses and architecture. It is also one of those which are most directly opposed to modern feeling: the sympathy of the spectator with the passion of the crowd being somewhat rudely checked by the grotesque action of two of the foremost figures. We ought, however, rather to envy the deep seriousness which could not be moved from dwelling on the real power of the scene by any ungracefulness or familiarity of circumstance. Among men whose minds are rightly toned, nothing is ludicrous: it must, if an act, be either right or wrong, noble or base; if a thing seen, it must either be ugly or beautiful: and what is either wrong or deformed is not, among noble persons, in anywise subject for laughter; but, in the precise degree of its wrongness or deformity, a subject of horror. All perception of what, in the modern European mind, falls under the general head of the ludicrous, is either childish or profane; often healthy, as indicative of vigorous animal life, but always degraded in its relation to manly conditions of thought. It has a secondary use in its power of detecting vulgar imposture; but it only obtains this power by denying the highest truths.[1]

[1] [The MS. facsimile, here inserted, contains, it will be seen, a different discussion of this subject.]

The Entry into Jerusalem

The Expulsion from the Temple

XXVI

THE EXPULSION FROM THE TEMPLE

More properly, the Expulsion from the outer Court of the Temple (Court of Gentiles), as Giotto has indicated by placing the porch of the Temple itself in the background.

The design shows, as clearly as that of the Massacre of the Innocents, Giotto's want of power, and partly of desire, to represent rapid or forceful action.[1] The raising of the right hand, not holding any scourge,[2] resembles the action afterwards adopted by Orcagna, and finally by Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment:[3] and my belief is, that Giotto considered this act of Christ's as partly typical of the final judgment, the Pharisees being placed on the left hand, and the disciples on the right. From the faded remains of the fresco, the draughtsman could not determine what animals are intended by those on the left hand. But the most curious incident (so far as I know, found only in this design of the Expulsion, no subsequent painter repeating it) is the sheltering of the two children, one of them carrying a dove, under the arm and cloak of two disciples. Many meanings might easily be suggested in this; but I see no evidence for the adoption of any distinct one.

[1] [See above, p. 80.]

[2] [In the Arundel Society's woodcut there was no scourge, and Ruskin wrote evidently with the woodcut and not the original before him. The scourge is, however, plainly visible in the original, and its omission was the draughtsman's error. (It has, therefore, been added to the present reproduction of the woodcut.) The animals to the left appear to be a cow and a sheep; one of those to the right, a ram. The figure to the Saviour's left carries a birdcage (not very clearly seen in the reproduction) while a larger cage is seen at his feet, and there are other cages or coops in the background. In the foreground is an overturned table. The child with the dove is clearly seen; the second child less evidently, clinging to the knees of one of the apostles who bends over it.—Ed. 1899.]

[3] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 256 (Vol. XXIII. p. 150), where outlines of the two figures are now given.]

XXVII

THE HIRING OF JUDAS

THE only point of material interest presented by this design is the decrepit and distorted shadow of the demon, respecting which it may be well to remind the reader that all the great Italian thinkers concurred in assuming decrepitude or disease, as well as ugliness, to be a characteristic of all natures of evil. Whatever the extent of the power granted to evil spirits, it was always abominable and contemptible; no element of beauty or heroism was ever allowed to remain, however obscured, in the aspect of a fallen angel. Also, the demoniacal nature was shown in acts of betrayal, torture, or wanton hostility; never in valiancy or perseverance of contest. I recollect no mediæval demon who shows as much insulting, resisting, or contending power as Bunyan's Apollyon.[1] They can only cheat, undermine, and mock; never overthrow. Judas, as we should naturally anticipate, has not in this scene the nimbus of an Apostle;[2] yet we shall find it restored to him in the next design. We shall discover the reason of this only by a careful consideration of the meaning of that fresco.[3]

[1] [Compare Vol. XII. p. 575.]

[2] [The photographic reproduction given in the 1899 edition shows a dark circular mass above the head of Judas; but the fresco is damaged at this place, and the appearance of a damaged halo is probably not true to the original work.]

[3] [Lord Lindsay (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 191) observes that "Judas is drest in yellow or saffron, the colour of treachery, constantly appropriated to him in ancient art."—ED. 1899.]

The Hiring of Judas

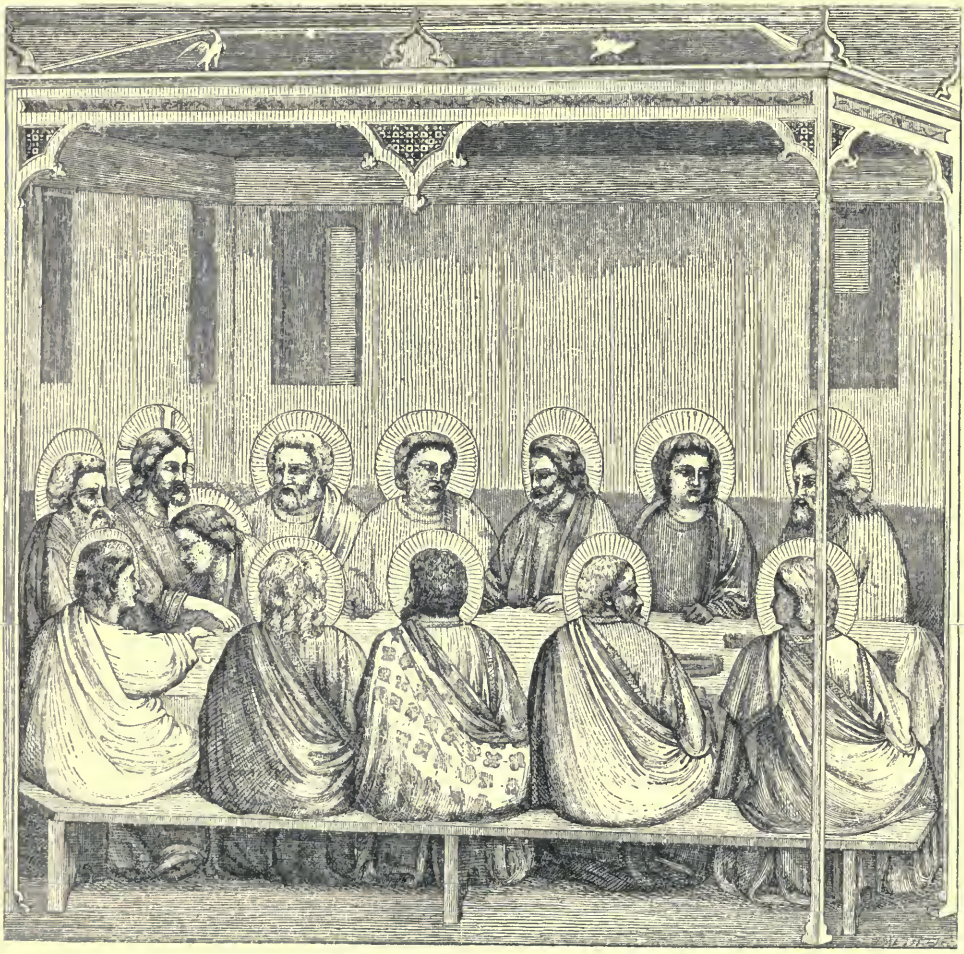
XXVIII

THE LAST SUPPER

I HAVE not examined the original fresco with care enough to be able to say whether the uninteresting quietness of its design is redeemed by more than ordinary attention to expression; it is one of the least attractive subjects in the Arena Chapel, and always sure to be passed over in any general observation of the series: nevertheless, however unfavourably it may at first contrast with the designs of later masters, and especially with Leonardo's, the reader should not fail to observe that Giotto's aim, had it been successful, was the higher of the two, as giving truer rendering of the probable fact. There is no distinct evidence, in the sacred text, of the annunciation of coming treachery having produced among the disciples the violent surprise and agitation represented by Leonardo. Naturally, they would not at first understand what was meant. They knew nothing distinctly of the machinations of the priests; and so little of the character or purposes of Judas, that even after he had received the sop which was to point him out to the others as false;—and after they had heard the injunction, "That thou doest, do quickly,"—the other disciples had still no conception of the significance, either of the saying, or the act: they thought that Christ meant he was to buy something for the feast. Nay, Judas himself, so far from starting, as a convicted traitor, and thereby betraying himself, as in Leonardo's picture, had not, when Christ's first words were uttered, any immediately active intention formed. The devil had not entered into him until he received the sop.

The passage in St. John's account[1] is a curious one, and little noticed; but it marks very distinctly the paralysed state of the man's mind. He had talked with the priests, covenanted with them, and even sought opportunity[2] to bring Jesus into their hands; but while such opportunity was wanting, the act had never presented itself fully to him for adoption or rejection. He had toyed with it, dreamed over it, hesitated, and procrastinated over it, as a stupid and cowardly person would, such as traitors are apt to be.[3] But the way of retreat was yet open; the conquest of the tempter not complete. Only after receiving the sop the idea *finally* presented itself clearly, and was accepted, "To-night, while He is in the garden, I can do it; and I will." And Giotto has indicated this distinctly by giving Judas still the Apostle's nimbus, both in this subject and in that of the Washing of the Feet; while it is taken away in the previous subject of the Hiring, and the following one of the Seizure: thus it fluctuates, expires, and reillumines itself, until his fall is consummated. This being the general state of the Apostles' knowledge, the words, "One of you shall betray Me,"[4] would excite no feeling in their minds correspondent to that with which we now read the prophetic sentence. What this "giving up" of their Master meant became a question of bitter and self-searching thought with them,—gradually of intense sorrow and questioning. But had they understood it in the sense we now understand it, they would never have each asked, "Lord, is it I?" Peter believed himself incapable even of *denying* Christ:[5] and of giving Him up to death for money, every one of His true disciples *knew* themselves incapable; the thought never occurred to them. In slowly-increasing wonder and sorrow (ἤρξαντο λυπεῖσθαι, Mark xiv. 19), not knowing what was

[1] [John xiii. 26 *seq.*]
[2] [Matthew xxvi. 16.]
[3] [Compare, below, p. 97; and see the description of Judas in *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 33 (Vol. XVIII. p. 414).]
[4] [Matthew xxvi. 21, 22.]
[5] [Matthew xxvi. 35.]



The Last Supper

meant, they asked one by one, with pauses between, "Is it I?" and another, "Is it I?" and this so quietly and timidly that the one who was lying on Christ's breast never stirred from his place; and Peter, afraid to speak, signed to him to ask who it was. One further circumstance, showing that this was the real state of their minds, we shall find Giotto take cognizance of in the next fresco.

XXIX

THE WASHING OF THE FEET

In this design, it will be observed, there are still the twelve disciples, and the nimbus is yet given to Judas (though, as it were, setting, his face not being seen).[1]

Considering the deep interest and importance of every circumstance of the Last Supper, I cannot understand how preachers and commentators pass by the difficulty of clearly understanding the periods indicated in St. John's account of it. It seems that Christ must have risen while they were still eating, must have washed their feet as they sate or reclined at the table, just as the Magdalen had washed His own feet in the Pharisee's house; that, this done, He returned to the table, and the disciples continuing to eat, presently gave the sop to Judas.[2] For St. John says, that he having received the sop, went *immediately* out; yet that Christ had washed his feet is certain, from the words, "Ye are clean, but not all."[3] Whatever view the reader may, on deliberation, choose to accept, Giotto's is clear, namely, that though not cleansed by the baptism, Judas was yet capable of being cleansed. The devil had not entered into him at the time of the washing of the feet, and he retains the sign of an Apostle.

The composition is one of the most beautiful of the series, especially owing to the submissive grace of the two standing figures.

[1] [There is, I think, some error here, owing to the loss of likeness in the faces in the reproduction of the Arundel Society. Judas is not hidden behind the figure to the extreme right, but is the centre of the three figures to the extreme left. This is clear from the face, the likeness of which is carefully preserved in this and the two preceding designs.—Ed. 1899.]

[2] [It may be worth noting that Giotto gives the same scene to both this and the previous design. The two canopies are identical in the smallest details.—Ed. 1899.]

[3] [John xiii. 30, 10.]

The Washing of the Feet

The Kiss of Judas

XXX

THE KISS OF JUDAS

For the first time we have Giotto's idea of the face of the traitor clearly shown. It is not, I think, traceable through any of the previous series;[1] and it has often surprised me to observe how impossible it was in the works of almost any of the sacred painters to determine by the mere cast of feature which was meant for the false Apostle. Here, however, Giotto's theory of physiognomy, and together with it his idea of the character of Judas, are perceivable enough. It is evident that he looks upon Judas mainly as a sensual dullard, and foul-brained fool;[2] a man in no respect exalted in bad eminence of treachery above the mass of common traitors, but merely a distinct type of the eternal treachery to good, in vulgar men, which stoops beneath, and opposes in its appointed measure, the life and efforts of all noble persons, their natural enemies in this world; as the slime lies under a clear stream running through an earthy meadow. Our careless and thoughtless English use of the word into which the Greek "Diabolos" has been shortened, blinds us in general to the meaning of "Devilry," which, in its essence, is nothing else than slander, or traitorhood;—the accusing and giving up of good. In particular it has blinded us to the meaning of Christ's words, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you

[1] [I do not understand this view, as the face is clearly seen in the design of the Hiring, and, as identified above, in that of the Washing of the Feet, although not quite so clear in the Last Supper. What is remarkable is the complete change of feature in this design of the Kiss. Instead of the thin, hatchet-like profile, we have a much coarser type. Perhaps the difference is due to restoration. Lord Lindsay notices the singular placidity of Malchus as St. Peter cuts off his ear.—Ed. 1899.]

[2] [See above, p. 94.]

is a traitor and accuser?" and led us to think that the "one of you is a devil"[1] indicated some greater than human wickedness in Judas; whereas the practical meaning of the entire fact of Judas' ministry and fall is, that out of any twelve men chosen for the forwarding of any purpose, —or, much more, out of any twelve men we meet,—one, probably, is or will be a Judas.

The modern German renderings of all the scenes of Christ's life in which the traitor is conspicuous are very curious in their vulgar misunderstanding of the history, and their consequent endeavours to represent Judas as more diabolic than selfish, treacherous, and stupid men are in all their generations. They paint him usually projected against strong effects of light, in lurid chiaroscuro;—enlarging the whites of his eyes, and making him frown, grin, and gnash his teeth on all occasions, so as to appear among the other Apostles invariably in the aspect of a Gorgon.

How much more deeply Giotto has fathomed the fact, I believe all men will admit who have sufficient purity and abhorrence of falsehood to recognize it in its daily presence, and who know how the devil's strongest work is done for him by men who are too bestial to understand what they betray.

[1] [John vi. 70.]

Christ before Caiaphas

XXXI

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS

LITTLE is to be observed in this design of any distinctive merit; it is only a somewhat completer version of the ordinary representation given in illuminated missals and other conventual work, suggesting, as if they had happened at the same moment, the answer, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil,"[1] and the accusation of blasphemy which causes the high priest to rend his clothes.

Apparently distrustful of his power of obtaining interest of a higher kind, Giotto has treated the enrichments more carefully than usual, down even to the steps of the high priest's seat. The torch and barred shutters conspicuously indicate its being now dead of night. That the torch is darker than the chamber, if not an error in the drawing, is probably the consequence of a darkening alteration in the yellow colours used for the flame.

[1] [John xviii. 23.]

XXXII

THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST

It is characteristic of Giotto's rational and human view of all subjects admitting such aspect, that he has insisted here chiefly on the dejection and humiliation of Christ, making no attempt to suggest to the spectator any other divinity than that of patience made perfect through suffering.[1] Angelico's conception of the same subject is higher and more mystical.[2] He takes the moment when Christ is blindfolded, and exaggerates almost into monstrosity the vileness of feature and bitterness of sneer in the questioners, "Prophesy unto us, who is he that smote thee";[3] but the bearing of the person of Christ is entirely calm and unmoved; and His eyes, open, are seen through the blinding veil, indicating the ceaseless omniscience.

This mystical rendering is, again, rejected by the later realistic painters; but while the earlier designers, with Giotto at their head, dwelt chiefly on the humiliation and the mockery, later painters dwelt on the physical pain. In Titian's great picture of this subject in the Louvre,[4] one of the executioners is thrusting the thorn-crown down upon the brow with his rod, and the action of Christ is that of a person suffering extreme physical agony.

No representations of the scene exist, to my knowledge, in which the mockery is either sustained with indifference, or rebuked by any stern or appealing expression of feature; yet one of these two forms of endurance would appear, to a modern habit of thought, the most natural and probable.

[1] [Hebrews ii. 10.]
[2] [In one of the frescoes in the Convent of San Marco.]
[3] [Matthew xxvi. 68.]
[4] [No. 1583: see a note upon it in Vol. XII. p. 452.]

The Scourging of Christ

Christ bearing His Cross

XXXIII

CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS

This design is one of great nobleness and solemnity in the isolation of the principal figure, and removal of all motives of interest depending on accessories, or merely temporary incidents. Even the Virgin and her attendant women are kept in the background;[1] all appeal for sympathy through physical suffering is disdained. Christ is not represented as borne down by the weight of the Cross, nor as urged forward by the impatience of the executioners. The thing to be shown,—the unspeakable mystery,—is the simple fact, the Bearing of the Cross by the Redeemer. It would be vain to compare the respective merits or value of a design thus treated, and of one like Veronese's of this same subject,[2] in which every essential accessory and probable incident is completely conceived. The abstract and symbolical suggestion will always appeal to one order of minds, the dramatic completeness to another. Unquestionably, the last is the greater achievement of intellect, but the manner and habit of thought are perhaps loftier in Giotto. Veronese leads us to perceive the reality of the act, and Giotto to understand its intention.

[1] [The Virgin is kept back by a soldier who turns round upon her with clenched fist.]

[2] [No. 1194 in the Louvre.]

XXXIV

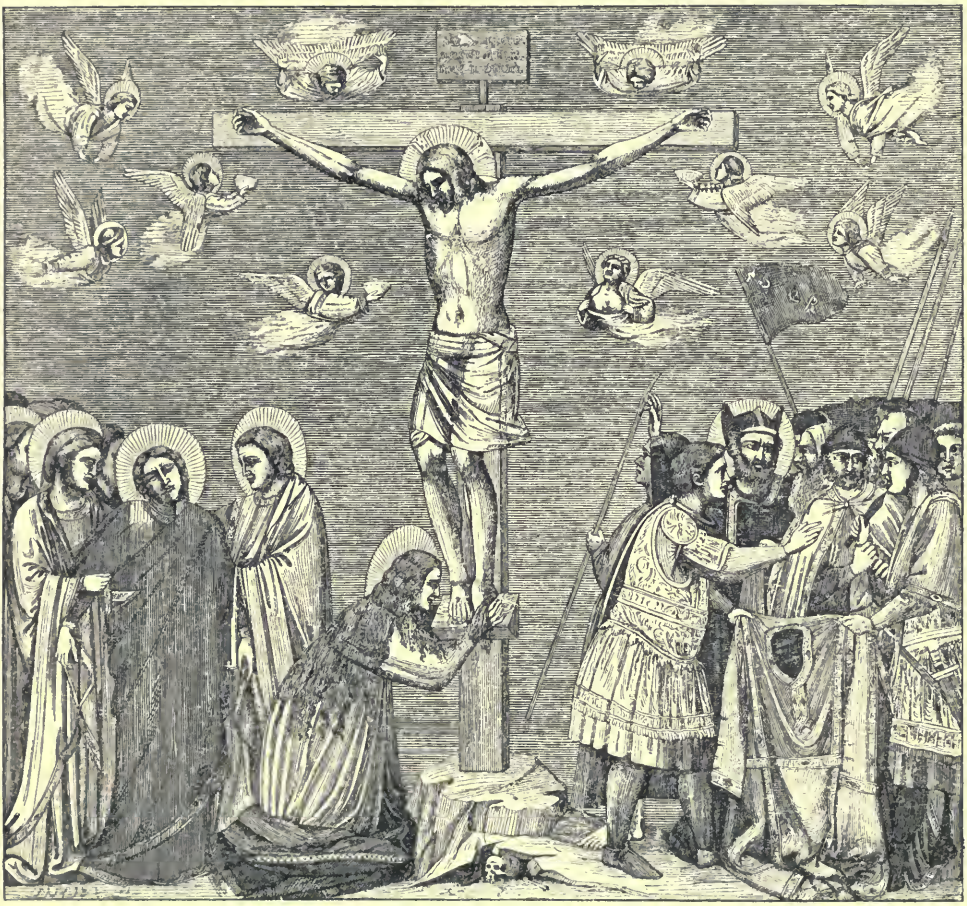
THE CRUCIFIXION

THE treatment of this subject was, in Giotto's time, so rigidly fixed by tradition that it was out of his power to display any of his own special modes of thought; and, as in the Bearing of the Cross, so here, but yet more distinctly, the temporary circumstances are little regarded, the significance of the event being alone cared for. But even long after this time, in all the pictures of the Crucifixion by the great masters, with the single exception perhaps of that by Tintoret in the Church of San Cassiano at Venice,[1] there is a tendency to treat the painting as a symmetrical image, or collective symbol of sacred mysteries, rather than as a dramatic representation. Even in Tintoret's great Crucifixion in the School of St. Roch,[2] the group of fainting women forms a kind of pedestal for the Cross. The flying angels in the composition before us are thus also treated with a restraint hardly passing the limits of decorative symbolism. The fading away of their figures into flame-like cloud may perhaps be founded on the verse, "He maketh His angels spirits; His ministers a flame of fire" (though erroneously, the right reading of that verse being, "He maketh the winds His messengers, and the flaming fire His servant");[3] but it seems to me to give a greater sense of

[1] [Described in Vol. XI. p. 366.]

[2] [See, again, Vol. XI. p. 428.]

[3] [Psalms civ. 4 (quoted in Hebrews i. 7). The meaning is probably as Ruskin says. The Revised Version translates the verse (in the Psalm), "Who maketh winds his messengers; his ministers a flaming fire"; and Cheyne, "He maketh his messengers of wind, his ministers of fire and flame." The writer of Hebrews follows the erroneous translation of the Septuagint, *ὁ ποιῶν τοὺς ἀγγέλους αὐτοῦ πνεύματα καὶ τοὺς λειτουργοὺς αὐτοῦ πῦρ φλέγον.*]



The Crucifixion

possible truth than the entire figures, treading the clouds with naked feet, of Perugino[1] and his successors.[2]

[1] [As in the "Crucifixion" in the Gallery of Perugia; or (in other subjects) in Nos. 288, 1075, and 1441 in the National Gallery.]

[2] [The Magdalen is seen at the foot of the cross, wiping the feet of Christ with her hair. Around the cross are angels, some of whom have bowls in which they are catching the blood that flows from the Saviour's hands and side, while another bares his breast in agony. In the group to the right is a soldier with the rod and sponge, his head somewhat hidden by the uplifted arm of the figure with a nimbus—who is, perhaps, the centurion—who points to the cross, above which is the usual tablet with the words, "Hic est Jesus Nazarenus rex Judæorum."—Ed. 1899. The words are discernible in the Arundel Society's woodcut.]

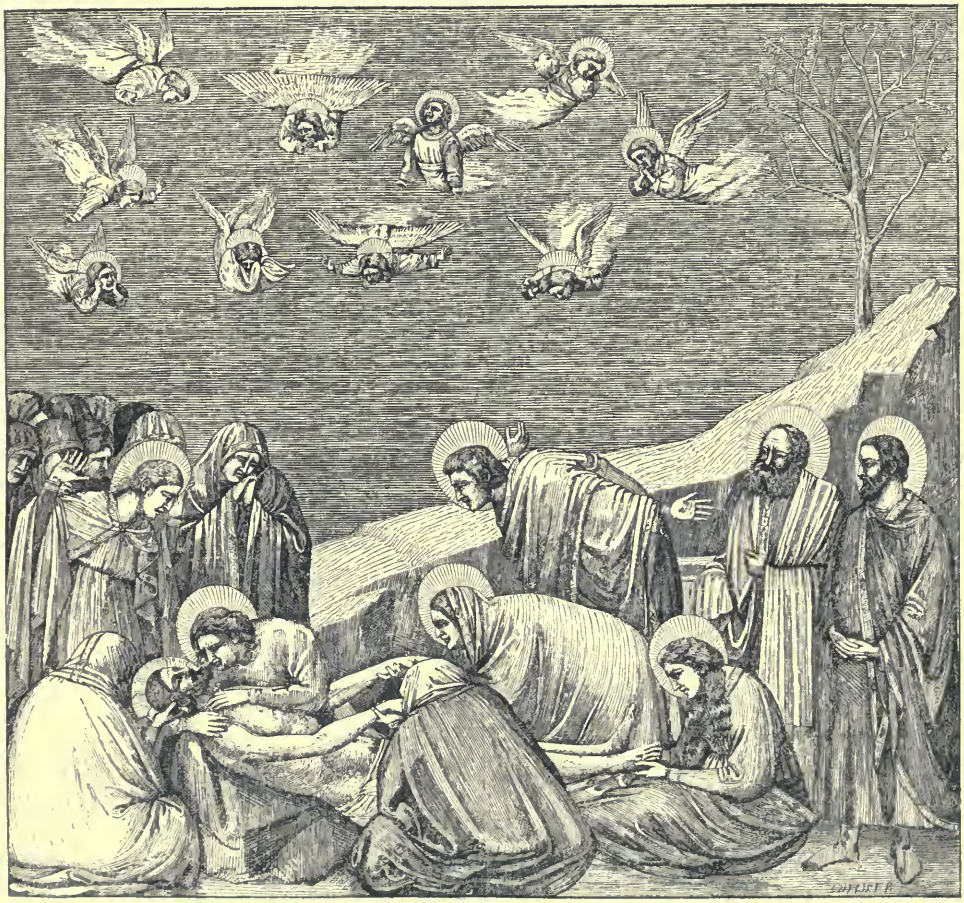
XXXV

THE ENTOMBMENT

I DO not consider that in fulfilling the task of interpreter entrusted to me, with respect to this series of engravings, I may in general permit myself to unite with it the duty of a critic. But in the execution of a laborious series of engravings, some must of course be better, some worse; and it would be unjust, no less to the reader than to Giotto, if I allowed this plate to pass without some admission of its inadequacy. It may possibly have been treated with a little less care than the rest, in the knowledge that the finished plate, already in the possession of the members of the Arundel Society,[1] superseded any effort with inferior means; be that as it may, the tenderness of Giotto's composition is, in the engraving before us, lost to an unusual degree.

It may be generally observed that the passionateness of the sorrow both of the Virgin and disciples, is represented by Giotto and all great following designers as reaching its crisis at the Entombment, not at the Crucifixion. The expectation that, after experiencing every form of human suffering, Christ would yet come down from the cross, or in some other visible and immediate manner achieve for Himself the victory, might be conceived to have supported in a measure the minds of those among His disciples who watched by His cross. But when the agony was closed by actual death, and the full strain was put upon their faith, by their laying in the sepulchre, wrapped in His grave-clothes, Him in whom they trusted "that it had been He which should

[1] [A copper-plate engraving by Herr Schäffer, from a drawing by Signor Belloli; issued as one of the Society's publications for the year 1851–1852.]



The Entombment

have redeemed Israel,"[1] their sorrow became suddenly hopeless; a gulf of horror opened, almost at unawares, under their feet; and in the poignancy of her astonied despair, it was no marvel that the agony of the Madonna in the "Pietà" became subordinately associated in the mind of the early Church with that of their Lord Himself;—a type of consummate human suffering.[2]

[1] [Luke xxiv. 21.]

[2] [Lord Lindsay's identification (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 192) of the different figures in this design is as follows: "The body rests on the knees of the Virgin, who clasps the neck with her arms and bends forward to give it the last caress, her face disfigured by intense sorrow; Mary Magdalen supports the feet, Mary, sister of Lazarus, on the further side, clasps the hands,—Martha and the women from Galilee stand in bitter grief to the left: two figures in green and yellow drapery, their faces muffled up and invisible, sit with their backs towards the spectators, most impressive in their silent immobility; while St. John, who seems to have just returned to the mourning group, leans forward as if addressing the Virgin, pointing upwards with his right hand, and with his left to Nicodemus and Nathaniel, standing at the right extremity of the compartment, as if saying, 'All is now ready'—for the interment."—Ed. 1899.]

XXXVI

THE RESURRECTION[1]

QUITE one of the loveliest designs of the series. It was a favourite subject with Giotto; meeting, in all its conditions, his love of what was most mysterious, yet most comforting and full of hope, in the doctrines of his religion. His joy in the fact of the Resurrection, his sense of its function, as the key and primal truth of Christianity, was far too deep to allow him to dwell on any of its minor circumstances, as later designers did, representing the moment of bursting the tomb, and the supposed terror of its guards. With Giotto the leading thought is not of physical reanimation, nor of the momentarily exerted power of breaking the bars of the grave; but the consummation of Christ's work in the first manifesting to human eyes, and the eyes of one who had loved Him and believed in Him, His power to take again the life He had laid down. This first appearance to her out of whom He had cast seven devils[2] is indeed the very central fact of the Resurrection. The keepers had not seen Christ; they had seen only the angel descending, whose countenance was like lightning: for fear of him they became as dead; yet this fear, though great enough to cause them to swoon, was so far conquered at the return of morning, that they were ready to take money payment for giving a false report of the circumstances.[3] The Magdalen, therefore, is the first witness of the Resurrection; to the love, for whose sake much had been forgiven,[4]

[1] [In the original woodcut the nimbus of our Lord was plain, like those of the other figures; it has here been crossleted in accordance with the photograph of the fresco.]

[2] [Mark xvi. 9.]

[3] [Matthew xxviii. 2–4, 12–15.]

[4] [Luke vii. 47.]

The Resurrection

this gift is also first given; and as the first witness of the truth, so she is the first messenger of the Gospel. To the Apostles it was granted to proclaim the Resurrection to all nations; but the Magdalen was bidden to proclaim it to the Apostles.[1]

In the chapel of the Bargello,[2] Giotto has rendered this scene with yet more passionate sympathy. Here, however, its significance is more thoughtfully indicated through all the accessories, down even to the withered trees above the sepulchre, while those of the garden burst into leaf. This could hardly escape notice, when the barren boughs were compared by the spectator with the rich foliage of the neighbouring designs, though, in the detached plate, it might easily be lost sight of.[3]

[1] [Matthew xxviii. 10, 19.]

[2] [See above, p. 33 *n.*]

[3] [A withered tree near the tomb is also seen in the preceding picture. The "neighbouring designs" refer to those in the chapel, just above this one of the Resurrection, viz., Nos. 24 and 25, the Raising of Lazarus and the Entry into Jerusalem, in both of which there is a good deal of foliage. (See the plan of the chapel at p. 42.) Lord Lindsay (vol. ii. p. 193) notices that Mary wears "her red robe of love," and that the Saviour is speaking the words, "Touch Me not." The banner in His hand is inscribed "Victor Mortis."—Ed. 1899.]

XXXVII

THE ASCENSION

GIOTTO continues to exert all his strength on these closing subjects. None of the Byzantine or earlier Italian painters ventured to introduce the entire figure of Christ in this scene: they showed the feet only, concealing the body; according to the text, "a cloud received Him out of their sight."[1] This composition, graceful as it is daring, conveys the idea of ascending motion more forcibly than any that I remember by other than Venetian painters.[2] Much of its power depends on the continuity of line obtained by the half-floating figures of the two warning angels.

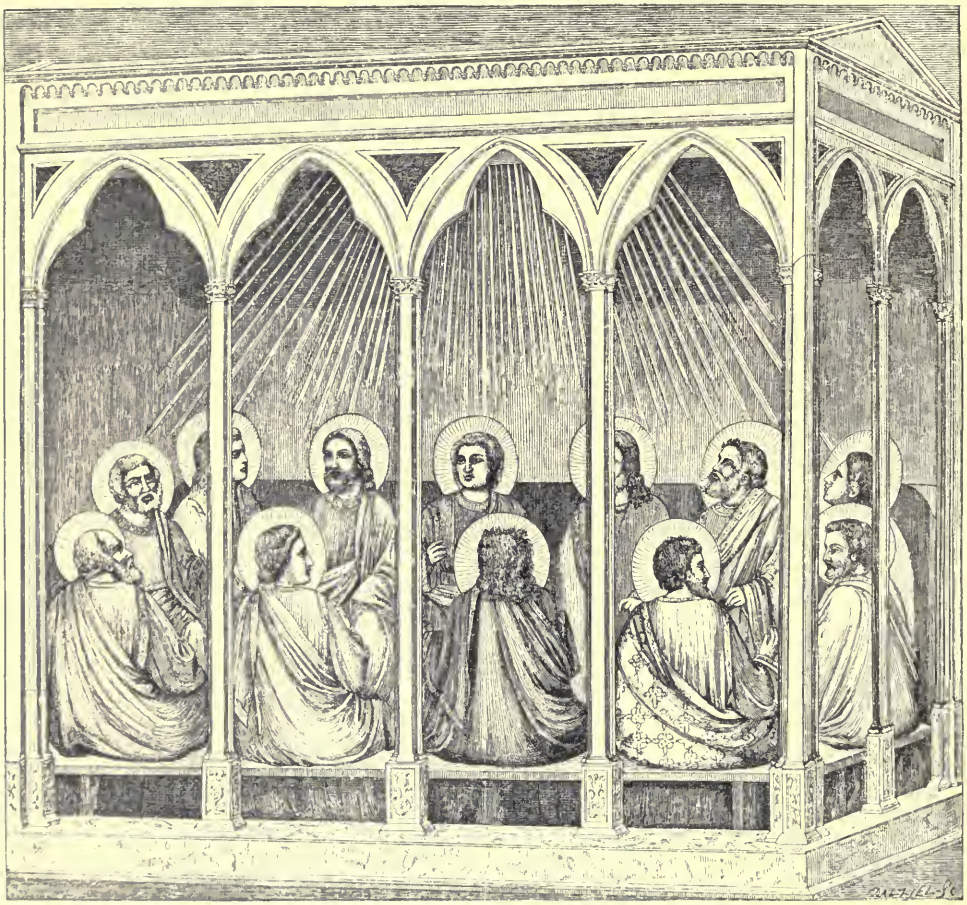
I cannot understand why this subject was so seldom treated by religious painters: for the harmony of Christian creed depends as much upon it as on the Resurrection itself; while the circumstances of the Ascension, in their brightness, promise, miraculousness, and direct appeal to all the assembled Apostles, seem more fitted to attract the joyful contemplation of all who received the faith. How morbid, and how deeply to be mourned, was the temper of the Church which could not be satisfied without perpetual representation of the tortures of Christ; but rarely dwelt on His triumph! How more than strange the concessions to this feebleness by its greatest teachers; such as that of Titian, who, though he paints the Assumption of the Madonna rather than a Pietà, paints the Scourging and the Entombment of Christ, with his best power,[3]—but never the Ascension!

[1] [Acts i. 9.]

[2] [Compare the notice of Tintoret's "Ascension" in Vol. XI. p. 417.]

[3] [For references to the "Assumption," see below, p. 152; to the "Scourging" (in the Louvre), above, p. 100; and to the "Entombment" (also in the Louvre), Vol. IV. p. 86.]

The Ascension



The Descent of the Holy Spirit

XXXVIII

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

This last subject of the series, the quietest and least interesting in treatment, yet illustrates sadly, and forcibly, the vital difference between ancient and modern art.

The worst characters of modern work result from its constant appeal to our desire of change, and pathetic excitement; while the best features of the elder art appealed to love of contemplation. It would appear to be the object of the truest artists to give permanence to images such as we should always desire to behold, and might behold without agitation; while the inferior branches of design are concerned with the acuter passions which depend on the turn of a narrative, or the course of an emotion. Where it is possible to unite these two sources of pleasure, and, as in the Assumption of Titian, an action of absorbing interest is united with perfect and perpetual elements of beauty, the highest point of conception would appear to have been touched: but in the degree in which the interest of action *supersedes* beauty of form and colour, the art is lowered; and where real deformity enters, in any other degree than as a momentary shadow or opposing force, the art is illegitimate. Such art can exist only by accident, when a nation has forgotten or betrayed the eternal purposes of its genius, and gives birth to painters whom it cannot teach, and to teachers whom it will not hear. The best talents of all our English painters have been spent either in endeavours to find room for the expression of feelings which no master guided to a worthy end, or to obtain the attention of a public whose mind was dead to natural beauty, by sharpness of satire, or variety of dramatic circumstance.

The work to which England is now devoting herself withdraws her eyes from beauty, as her heart from rest; nor do I conceive any revival of great art to be possible among us while the nation continues in its present temper. As long as it can bear to see misery and squalor in its streets, it can neither invent nor accept human beauty in its pictures;[1] and so long as in passion of rivalry, or thrift of gain, it crushes the roots of happiness, and forsakes the ways of peace, the great souls whom it may chance to produce will all pass away from it helpless, in error, in wrath, or in silence. Amiable visionaries may retire into the delight of devotional abstraction, strong men of the world may yet hope to do service by their rebuke or their satire; but for the clear sight of Love there will be no horizon, for its quiet words no answer; nor any place for the art which alone is faithfully Religious, because it is Lovely and True.

The series of engravings thus completed, while they present no characters on which the members of the Arundel Society can justifiably pride themselves, have, nevertheless, a real and effective value, if considered as a series of maps of the Arena frescoes. Few artists of eminence pass through Padua without making studies of detached portions of the decoration of this chapel, while no artist has time to complete drawings of the whole. Such fragmentary studies might now at any time be engraved with advantage, their place in the series being at once determinable by reference to the woodcuts; while qualities of expression could often be obtained in engravings of single figures, which are sure to be lost in an entire subject. The most refined character is occasionally dependent on a few happy and light touches,

[1] [The date of this writing (or, at any rate, of its publication) is 1860; the note struck in it was to become dominant in Ruskin's later essays upon art. See, for instance, *Lectures on Art*, § 116 (Vol. XX. p. 107).]

which, in a single head, are effective, but are too feeble to bear due part in an entire composition, while, in the endeavour to reinforce them, their vitality is lost. I believe the members of the Arundel Society will perceive, eventually, that no copies of works of great art are worthily representative of them but such as are made freely, and for their own purposes, by great painters: the best results obtainable by mechanical effort will only be charts or plans of pictures, not mirrors of them. Such charts it is well to command in as great number as possible, and with all attainable completeness; but the Society cannot be considered as having entered on its true functions until it has obtained the hearty co-operation of European artists, and by the increase of its members, the further power of representing the subtle studies of masterly painters by the aid of exquisite engraving.

Christ in Glory

APPENDIX

[*Added by the Editor in the Edition of* 1900]

THE following illustrations are those already referred to at p. 8. They consist of Christ in Glory, the Last Judgment, and the Virtues and Vices.

The notes are chiefly from the chapter on the Ducal Palace in the second volume of *The Stones of Venice,* where Ruskin, in dealing with the vices and virtues sculptured on some of the capitals of the palace, compared with them the conceptions of Giotto in the Arena Chapel, and of Spenser in the *Faerie Queene;* from *Fors Clavigera,* in the first volume of which Ruskin reproduced, with some verbal description, five of the virtues and vices (Hope, Envy, Charity, Injustice, and Justice[1]); and from Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art,* from which, for the sake of completeness, the brief description of the six frescoes in the choir is also given. These, which deal with the death and glorification of the Virgin, are not by Giotto, but of a later date. They are not, therefore, reproduced here.

Of the Christ in Glory (Plate XXXIX.) there is no other mention, and Lord Lindsay merely says of it, "Our Saviour in glory, seated on his throne, and attended by angels to the right and left." Crowe and Cavalcaselle (*New History of Painting in Italy,* vol. i. p. 275) give the same description of the fresco, which is very much faded. It is, however, pointed out by other critics that the central figure is quite unlike Giotto's representations of the Saviour. One of these occurs in the opposite fresco of the Last Judgment (see Moschetti's *La Cappella Scrovegni,* p. 59). The list of the frescoes supplied at the chapel itself describes it as "The Almighty adored by the Angels." The bar across the lower part of the illustration is not, of course, part of the design, but a support of part of the chapel, which could not be excluded from the photograph of the fresco.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Beyond a passing reference to the treatment of this subject (Plate XL.) by Giotto and others in the second volume of *Modern Painters,** this fresco

* "In the Judgment of Angelico the treatment is purely typical. . . . With Giotto and Orcagna the conception, though less rigid, is equally typical; no effort being made at the suggestion of space, and only so much ground represented as is absolutely necessary to support the near figures and allow space for a few graves." *Modern Painters,* vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iii. § 23 (Vol. IV. p. 275). See also *ibid.,* vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xiv. § 29 (Vol. IV. p. 201).

[1] [Reproductions of these are accordingly not inserted here, as they will be found in *Fors Clavigera,* Letters 5, 6, 7, 10, 11.]

is not mentioned in Ruskin's works. Lord Lindsay's description of it is as follows:—

"A very remarkable fresco. The general outline is that of the traditional Byzantine composition. Our Saviour, a majestic figure, seated within the *vesica piscis* (the sky above him filled with a countless host of angels, holding the banner of the cross, the column, etc., others at his feet blowing the trumpet, and the Apostles ranged by six and six to his right and left), extends his open palm towards the elect, the back of his hand towards the reprobate; the former are arranged in companies, each escorted by an angel, kings, queens, monks, seculars, etc.; some of their heads are beautiful. Lowest of all, to the left of the fresco, the graves discharge the 'dead in Christ,' the souls, as usual, represented as children, but (unintentionally of course) with full-grown heads. The Inferno occupies the whole right side of the composition. It is connected with the earth by a bridge or natural arch, out of which issue the spirits of the condemned. Satan sits in the midst munching sinners, and around him the retributive punishments of the condemned, and, in some instances, the offences which provoked them, are represented with the most daring freedom. Between the Inferno and the elect, directly beneath our Saviour, the cross is supported in the air by two angels, who hold up the transverse arm, while the lower end is sustained by a small figure, of the size of a child,[1] who walks with it downwards from the mountain which forms the boundary of hell. Lower down, and to the left, a kneeling figure, probably Enrico Scrovegno, accompanied by a monk, holds up the model of the chapel towards three saints, of whom the central one seems to be addressing him. This group is very beautiful." —*Christian Art*, vol. ii. pp. 195, 196.

The group mentioned by Lord Lindsay is shown in the woodcut by G. J. Sershall, on the title-page to the Arundel Society's set of woodcuts (above, p. 5).

THE VIRTUES AND VICES

These are ranged on either side of the chapel, each virtue facing its opponent vice. (See the plan of the chapel at p. 42.) Thus:—

a Prudence (115)	*faces*	*n* Folly (122).
b Fortitude (115)	,,	*m* Inconstancy (122).
c Temperance (115)	,,	*l* Wrath (122).
d Justice (116)	,,	*k* Injustice (121).
e Faith (117)	,,	*j* Infidelity (120).
f Charity (118)	,,	*i* Envy (120).
g Hope (118)	,,	*h* Despair (119).

The following pages deal first with all the virtues, and then with the vices. The bracketed numbers in the list above give, however, the pages at which each is described, so that the reader or visitor to the chapel can, if he choose, take each virtue and vice alternately.

[1] [Only part of its face and the lower part of its legs, appearing from behind and below the cross, are seen in the fresco, and these are scarcely visible in the reduced size of the reproduction.—Ed. 1899.]

The Last Judgment

Prudence

Fortitude

Temperance

PRUDENCE

"I do not find, in any of the representations of her, that her truly distinctive character, namely, forethought, is enough insisted upon: Giotto expresses her vigilance and just measurement or estimate of all things by painting her as Janus-headed,[1] and gazing into a convex mirror, with compasses in her right hand; the convex mirror showing her power of looking at many things in a small compass. But forethought or anticipation, by which, independently of greater or less natural capacities, one man becomes more *prudent* than another, is never enough considered or symbolized."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 84 (Vol. X. p. 398).

Lord Lindsay's description adds little to this, except the suggestion that the second face is that of Socrates. He merely says:—

"Double-visaged, the head which looks backward apparently that of Socrates; seated at a reading-desk, gazing into a mirror,—and holding in her right hand a pair of compasses."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 197).

FORTITUDE

"The idea of Fortitude, as given generally by Giotto and the Pisan sculptors . . . (shows her) . . . clothed with a lion's skin, knotted about her neck, and falling to her feet in deep folds; drawing back her right hand, with the sword pointed towards her enemy;[2] and slightly retired behind her immovable shield,[3] which, with Giotto, is square, and rested on the ground like a tower, covering her up to above the shoulders; bearing on it a lion, and with broken heads of javelins deeply infixed."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 79 (Vol. X. p. 394).

Lord Lindsay's account is:—

"Robed in a lion's skin, and half sheltered behind a shield bearing the device of a lion, and bristled with spear-heads and with a broken arrow,—but with sword in hand, watching her opportunity to strike."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 197).

TEMPERANCE

In the sculptures of the Ducal Palace at Venice this virtue appears as a figure "bearing a pitcher of water and a cup," in which "somewhat

[1] [The second face is somewhat indistinct in the small reproduction, but quite clear in a large photograph of the fresco. The long panel at the foot of each of these frescoes has an inscription of four Latin lines, almost entirely illegible in every case. I do not know if any other record exists of these inscriptions.—Ed. 1899. Such as are legible are now supplied in footnotes.—Eds. 1906.]

[2] [Both Ruskin and Lord Lindsay speak of this weapon as a sword, but this does not seem clear.—Ed. 1899.]

[3] [Compare *Eagle's Nest,* § 230 (Vol. XXII. p. 278).]

vulgar and most frequent conception (afterwards continually repeated, as by Sir Joshua in his window at New College), Temperance is confused with mere abstinence, the opposite of Gula or gluttony, whereas the Greek Temperance, a truly cardinal virtue, is the moderator of *all* the passions, and so represented by Giotto, who has placed a bridle upon her lips, and a sword in her hand, the hilt of which she is binding to the scabbard. In his system, she is opposed among the vices, not by Gula or gluttony, but by Ira, anger."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 80 (Vol. X. p. 395).

Lord Lindsay merely says:—

"Her mouth bridled, and holding a sword, which she has bound round with thongs so tightly that it cannot be unsheathed, at least till they are unwound" (vol. ii. p. 197).

JUSTICE

(Frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 11)

"Giotto has given his whole strength to the painting of this virtue, representing her as enthroned under a noble Gothic canopy, holding scales, not by the beam, but one in each hand; a beautiful idea, showing that the equality of the scales of Justice is not owing to natural laws, but to her own immediate weighing causes in her own hands. In one scale is an executioner beheading a criminal; in the other an angel crowning a man, who seems (in Selvatico's plate)[1] to have been working at a desk or table. Beneath her feet is a small predella, representing various persons riding securely in the woods, and others dancing to the sound of music."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 83 (Vol. X. p. 398).

"I have given you this month . . . Giotto's Image of Justice, which, you observe, differs somewhat from the Image of Justice we used to set up in England, above insurance offices, and the like. Bandaged close about the eyes, our English Justice was wont to be, with a pair of grocers' scales in her hand, wherewith, doubtless, she was accustomed to weigh out accurately their shares to the landlords, and portions to the labourers, and remunerations to the capitalists. But Giotto's Justice has no bandage about her eyes (Albert Dürer's has them *round* open, and flames flashing from them[2]), and weighs, not with scales, but with her own hands; and weighs, not merely the shares or remunerations of men, but the worth of them; and finding them worth this or that, gives them what they deserve —death or honour. Those are her forms of Remuneration."—*Fors Clavigera,* Letter 11.

[1] [One of several outlines (Tavola 7) cut on wood in the work of Selvatico referred to above, p. 14 *n.*]

[2] [For another reference to Dürer's plate, see Vol. XIX. p. 273 (No. 23).]

Lord Lindsay's account is somewhat different, as he speaks of the figure as "*adjusting* the scales."[1] He says:—

"Seated on a Gothic throne, and adjusting the scales of a balance before her—a little angel, bending from one scale, offers a crown to a just man; an executioner, in the opposite scale, armed with a sword, beheads an oppressor. Scenes of hunting, dancing, etc., are represented in a small composition below, indicating that the enjoyment of life is the fruit of the equal enforcement of law."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).[2]

FAITH

"The Faith of Giotto holds the cross in her right hand; in her left, a scroll with the Apostles' Creed.[3] She treads upon cabalistic books, and has a key suspended to her waist. Spenser's Fidelia is still more spiritual and noble:—

> 'She was araied all in lilly white,
> And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
> With wine and water fild up to the hight,
> In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
> That horrour made to all that did behold;
> But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
> And in her other hand she fast did hold
> A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood
> Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.'"
>
> —*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 78 (Vol. X. p. 394).]

Lord Lindsay says:—

"A matronly figure, crowned with a mitre, her robe tattered, in token of 'evangelical poverty,' the keys of heaven hanging from her girdle—holding the Creed in one hand, and trampling upon idols" (vol. ii. p. 196).

---

[1] [In the fresco, as it now appears, there is a cross-bar with strings or chains by which it is connected with the trays in the hands of Justice. It has, however, been suggested that these are the additions of a prosaic restorer. "Giotto clearly intended to represent Justice herself weighing the right and wrong, and assigning reward and punishment: the trays are poised in her hands, but she is herself the balance; her face has a distant look, because she is estimating the relation of the weights. The representation of the idea would be far less forcible if it were supposed that the cross-bar and strings formed part of the original design. These present, further, the appearance of later additions, and involve certain obvious absurdities of a practical kind. . . . From what does it hang?" (see, further, Basil de Selincourt, *Giotto*, 1905, p. 157).]

[2] [Most of the inscription under "Justice" is legible. It reads: "Equa lance cuncta librat | perfecta iusticia; | coronando bonos, vibrat | ensem contra vicia | cuncta. Gaudet et libertate; | ipsa si regnaverit, | agit cum iocundidate. | Quousque quo volverit | miles probus tunc venatur, | cantatur, venditur; | mercator it. . . ."]

[3] [The opening words only—"Credo in Deum Patrem omnipotentem, creatorem cœli et terræ, et in Iesum Christum filium Dei unigenitum." In the original fresco or a large photograph the cabalistic signs are clearly seen on the covers of the books at her feet.—Ed. 1899.]

CHARITY

(Frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 7)

"She is distinguished from all the other virtues by having a circular glory round her head and a cross of fire;[1] she is crowned with flowers, presents with her right hand a vase of corn and fruit, and with her left receives treasure from Christ, who appears above her, to provide her with the means of continual offices of beneficence, while she tramples under foot the treasures of the earth."—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 82 (Vol. X. p. 397).

This account agrees with that of Lord Lindsay, who says:—

"A middle-aged woman, dressed in a single robe, crowned with a wreath of flowers, three flames of fire lambent round her head, holding a dish of fruit with one hand, and receiving with the other a purse from the hand of God, and standing on bags of money" (vol. ii. p. 196).

In giving this design, however, as a frontispiece to a number of *Fors* in July 1871, Ruskin describes the object in the left hand of the figure not as a purse or bag but as a heart:—

". . . I give you with this letter the 'Charity' of Giotto—the Red Queen of Dante, and ours also—how different his thought of her is from the common one. Usually she is nursing children or giving money. Giotto thinks there is little charity in nursing children—bears and wolves do that for their little ones—and less still in giving money. His Charity tramples upon bags of gold—has no use for them. She gives only corn and flowers; and God's angel gives her not even these—but a Heart. . . . Giotto is quite literal in his meaning as well as figurative. Your love is to give food and flowers, and to labour for them only."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 7.

Later on, in indexing this *Fors*, Ruskin adds, "I doubt not I read the action wrong; she is giving her heart to God while she gives gifts to men."[2]

HOPE

(Frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5)

The description of this figure, both by Ruskin and by Lord Lindsay, is very brief. The former only says, "Winged, rising in the air, while an

[1] [These are not seen in the illustration, for this part of the fresco is now faded. But the cross of fire is still discernible in the original).]

[2] [Compare the description of Giotto's "Charity" at Assisi in *Mornings in Florence*, § 94 (Vol. XXIII. p. 388), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45. It is to the "Charity" at Assisi (in "The Marriage of St. Francis and Poverty") that Ruskin refers in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 136). Much of the inscription is legible, and shows that Ruskin's interpretation is correct. It reads: "Hec figura Karitatis | sue sic proprietatis | gerit formam. | Cor quod latet id secreto | Xto dat; hanc pro decreto | servat normam. | Set terrene facultatis | est contemptrix; vanitatis | color aret. | Cuncta cunctis liberali | offert manu; spetiali | gelo caret."]

angel holds a crown before her"—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 85 (Vol. X. p. 399)—while the latter's account is:—

"A youthful female figure, winged, soaring upwards towards a crown offered her by an angel."[1]—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).

We may add, however, Ruskin's words on the virtue itself:—

"Of all the virtues, this is the most distinctively Christian (it could not, of course, enter definitely into any Pagan scheme); and above all others, it seems to me the *testing* virtue,—that by the possession of which we may most certainly determine whether we are Christians or not; for many men have charity, that is to say, general kindness of heart, or even a kind of faith, who have not any habitual *hope* of, or longing for, heaven."—*Stones of Venice,* ibid.

This design was the first of these frescoes to be given in *Fors,* where it forms the frontispiece to the fifth letter (May 1871), which, while it contains no description of the fresco, deals with Wordsworth's well-known line:—

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

Of these "three immaterial essentials to life" writes Ruskin there, hope is "the recognition, by true foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointed effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them."

DESPAIR

"A woman hanging herself, a fiend coming for her soul."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 73 (Vol. X. p. 391).

Lord Lindsay gives a different account, saying:—

"She has hanged herself at the instigation of the devil."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).[2]

---

[1] [Rather by Christ, as the inscription tells us, which is thus given by Mr. de Selincourt (*Giotto,* p. 162):—

"Spe depicta sub figura hoc signatur quod mens pura
Spe fulcita non clausura terrenorum clanditur
Sed a Christo coronanda sursum volat sic reanda
Et in celis sublimanda fore firma redditur."]

[2] [A portion of the inscription can be made out, and supports Lord Lindsay's interpretation. It reads: "Instar cordis desperati | sathan ducta suffocati | et gehenne sic dampnati | tenet | hec figura."]

ENVY[1]

(Frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6)

After describing the Ducal Palace sculpture, in which "she is pointing malignantly with her finger; a serpent is wreathed about her head like a cap, another forms the girdle of her waist, and a dragon rests in her lap," Ruskin proceeds:—

"Giotto has, however, represented her, with still greater subtlety, as having her fingers terminating in claws, and raising her right hand with an expression partly of impotent regret, partly of involuntary grasping; a serpent, issuing from her mouth, is about to bite her between the eyes; she has long membranous ears, horns on her head, and flames consuming her body. The Envy of Spenser is only inferior to that of Giotto, because the idea of folly and quickness of hearing is not suggested by the size of the ear; in other respects it is even finer, joining the idea of fury, in the wolf on which he rides, with that of corruption on his lips, and of discolouration or distortion in the whole mind:—

> 'Malicious Envy rode
> Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
> Between his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
> That all the poison ran about his jaw.
> . . . . . .
> All in a kirtle of discoloured say
> He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies,
> And in his bosome secretly there lay
> An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
> In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.'"

—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 93 (Vol. X. pp. 405–406).

"Covetousness, lady of competition and of deadly care; cold above the altars of Ignoble Victory, builder of streets, in cities of Ignoble Peace. I have given you the picture of her—your goddess and only Hope—as Giotto saw her; dominant in prosperous Italy as in prosperous England, and having her hands clawed then as now so that she can only clutch, not work."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6.

INFIDELITY[2]

"Most nobly symbolized as a woman helmeted, the helmet having a broad rim which keeps the light from her eyes. She is covered with a heavy drapery, stands infirmly as if about to fall, is *bound by a cord round her*

[1] [Lord Lindsay's account is: "An old woman standing in flames, with the ear and the horns of Satan, a snake issuing from her mouth which turns round and bites her; she clutches a purse with her left hand, and stretches out her right like a claw."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).]

[2] [It will be noticed that neither the *Stones of Venice* nor *Christian Art* notice the small figure in the upper right-hand corner.—Ed. 1899. It is the figure of a Prophet proffering a scroll of the Sacred Writings to reclaim Infidelity.]

Faith

Despair

Infidelity

Allen & Co. Sc.

neck to an image which she carries in her hand, and has flames bursting forth at her feet."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 75 (Vol. X. p. 392).

Lord Lindsay's account is as follows:—

"A man (how just the satire!) standing totteringly beside a fire, typical of heresy or hell, and supporting in his right hand a female figure (Idolatry?) who holds a tree in her right hand and a cord (the emblem of subjection) in her left, the cord being passed round his neck."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).[1]

INJUSTICE[2]

(Frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 10)

"The figure used by Giotto, with the particular intention of representing unjust government, is represented at the gate of an embattled castle in a forest, between rocks, while various deeds of violence are committed at his feet."—*Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. ch. viii. § 101 (Vol. X. p. 409).

"I have given you another of Giotto's pictures, this month, his imagination of Injustice, which he had seen done in his time, as we in ours; and I am sorry to observe that his Injustice lives in a battlemented castle and in a mountain country, it appears; the gate of it between rocks, and in the midst of a wood; but in Giotto's time woods were too many, and towns too few. Also, Injustice has indeed very ugly talons to his fingers, like Envy; and an ugly quadruple hook to his lance, and other ominous resemblances to the 'hooked bird,' the falcon, which both knights and ladies too much delighted in. Nevertheless Giotto's main idea about him is, clearly, that he 'sits in the gate' pacifically with a cloak thrown over his chain armour (you can just see the links of it appear at his throat), and a plain citizen's cap for a helmet, and his sword sheathed, while all robbery and violence have way in the wild places round him,—he heedless.

"Which is, indeed, the depth of Injustice: not the harm you do, but that you permit to be done,—hooking perhaps here and there something to you with your clawed weapon meanwhile. The baronial type exists still, I fear, in such manner, here and there, in spite of improving centuries." (*Fors Clavigera,* Letter 10.)

This fresco is again noticed by Ruskin:—

"There are two kinds of military building. One the robber's castle, or stronghold, out of which he issues to pillage; the other, the honest man's

[1] [Only a few words of the inscription are legible: "Infidelis claudicat | ydola . . . | spernit qui se predicat | visu trahit ydolatria . . ." It will be noticed that the little figure of idolatry holds forth a tree; for tree-worship, see Vol. XIX. p. 367.]

[2] [Lord Lindsay's account is: "A giant (so figured in proportion to the trees and shrubs in front of him) seated under the battlemented portal of his castle; his hands armed with talons—holding a sword and a long rake like those with which they pull driftwood out of the rivers in Italy. Below, in a small compartment, similar to the one on the opposite wall, a lady is dismounted from her horse and stripped by robbers."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 196).]

castle or stronghold, into which he retreats from pillage. They are much like each other in external forms; but Injustice or Unrighteousness sits in the gate of the one, veiled with forest branches (see Giotto's painting of him); and Justice or Righteousness *enters* by the gate of the other, over strewn forest branches."—*Val d'Arno*, § 32 (Vol. XXIII. p. 26).[1]

ANGER

This representation of Anger—"a woman gazing upwards in fury and tearing open her breast"[2]—is the same as that sculptured on the Ducal Palace.

"Giotto represents this vice under the same symbol, but it is the weakest of all the frescoes in the Arena Chapel. The 'wrath' of Spenser rides upon a lion, brandishing a fire-brand, his garments stained with blood. . . . It appears to me very strange that neither Giotto nor Spenser should have given any representation of the *restrained* Anger, which is infinitely the most terrible; both of them make him violent."—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 89 (Vol. X. p. 403).

INCONSTANCY

"A woman in loose drapery, falling from a rolling globe."—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 70 (Vol. X. p. 389).

Lord Lindsay says:—

"Whirling round and round upon the wheel of Fortune, the wind bellying her robe above her head."—*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 197).

FOLLY

This fresco is also but briefly described by Ruskin, who mentions the "feather-cap and club," and says that "in early manuscripts he is always eating with one hand, and striking with the other; in later ones he has a cap and bells, or cap crested with a cock's head, whence the word 'coxcomb.'"—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 97 (Vol. X. p. 408).

Lord Lindsay (vol. ii. p. 197) says of it:—

"A man in an Indian dress, looking upwards, with a club raised as if about to strike, reminding one of Horace's lines:—

'Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ,' etc."

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[1] [The frescoes of Justice and Injustice are the subject of a study by Giacomo Lumbroso in his *Memorie Italiane del buon tempo antico* (Turin, 1889), pp. 3 *seq.*]

[2] [*Christian Art* (vol. ii. p. 197).]

Anger

Inconstancy

Folly

THE CHOIR

NORTH WALL[1]

1. Gabriel appearing to the Virgin and offering her the palm-branch from Paradise, in token of her approaching death. Much injured and scarcely recognizable.
2. The Virgin's dying interview with S. John. She is sitting up in bed, and John kneels before her, weeping and leaning his head on her lap. Our Saviour hovers in the air above them, and, outside the building, three of the Apostles are seen approaching, guided by a floating angel.
3. The Death of the Virgin, surrounded by the Apostles. The Byzantine composition, slightly modified; the angels have just given her soul into the arms of Christ, who presses it to his bosom.

SOUTH WALL

4. The Funeral Procession;—the bier borne by the Apostles, S. John in front as chief mourner, and carrying the palm-branch,—the High Priest's arm withered, as he attempts to overthrow the bier.
5. The Assumption of the Virgin,—rising to heaven, attended by angels, the tomb below, and the Apostles, fallen to the ground to the right and left, veiling their faces or looking up after her.
6. The Coronation of the Virgin by our Saviour.

[1] [These descriptions are from Lindsay, *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 194.]

II

MONUMENTS OF THE CAVALLI FAMILY, VERONA

(1872)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This monograph was written in 1872 for the Arundel Society, and published with the following title-page on the front cover:—

> The | Sepulchral Monuments of Italy | Monuments | of the | Cavalli Family | in the Church of Santa Anastasia, Verona | by | John Ruskin, Esq. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford; Slade Professor of Fine Arts | with a | Chromo-lithograph after a Drawing by Herr Gnauth | Arundel Society: London 1872.

Double crown folio; pp. ii. + 6. Half-title ("Monuments of the Cavalli Family"), pp. i., ii. (with imprint—"London: Vinton & Son, Printers, 30 Hampstead Road, N.W."—on the reverse). Chromo-lithograph of the "Monuments of the Cavalli Family" facing p. ii.; it is signed "A. Gnauth *del.*, Storch and Kramer, Berlin. *Chromol.*" Text, pp. 1–6. No headlines, the pages being numbered centrally.

Issued in blue paper wrappers, backed with red cloth. The price was 24s. to members of the Arundel Society, and 30s. to non-members.

The text was *reprinted* in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 643–653 (§§ 503–521); and again in the second edition of that work, 1890, vol. ii. pp. 265–278 (§§ 217–230). In the original monograph the text was not thus numbered in sections. In this volume the sections are numbered independently.

In both editions of *On the Old Road* there were misprints, and among them one at the outset which obscured the author's sense. Instead of "this church contains nothing which deserves extraordinary praise," *On the Old Road* reads "this church deserves nothing but extraordinary praise."

Again, in § 1, lines 11 and 15, both editions of *On the Old Road* misprinted "font" for "front." In § 3, line 17, the monograph misprinted "Sinai" for "Siena," and this misprint is repeated in both editions of *On the Old Road*. In § 3, line 12, both editions of *On the Old Road* misprint "uninterrupted" for "interrupted"; in § 7, line 13, "or" for "as"; in § 9, line 10, "attributable" for "attributed;" and in § 12 (line 2 of p. 136), "gentleman" for "gentlemen."]

THE CAVALLI MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANASTASIA, VERONA

1. The tomb of Federigo and Nicola Cavalli[1] is in the southernmost chapel of the five which form the east end of the church of St. Anastasia at Verona.[2]

The traveller in Italy is so often called upon to admire what he cannot enjoy, that it must relieve the mind of any reader intending to visit Verona to be assured that this church contains nothing which deserves extraordinary praise; it has, however, some characters which a quarter of an hour's attention will make both interesting and instructive, and which I will note briefly before giving an account of the Cavalli chapel. This church "would, if the front were finished, probably be the most perfect specimen in existence of the style to which it belongs," says a critic quoted in "Murray's Guide."[3] The conjecture is a bold one, for the front is not only unfinished, and for the most part a black mass of ragged brickwork, but the portion pretending to completion is in three styles; approaches excellence only in one of them; and in that the success is limited to the sides of the single entrance door. The flanks and vaults of this porch, indeed, deserve our almost unqualified admiration for their beautiful polychrome masonry. They are built of large masses of green serpentine alternating with red and white marble, and the joints are so delicate and

[1] [See below, § 10, p. 133.]

[2] [For other references to architectural features of this church, see—for the porch—Vol. XIX. p. l., Vol. XXI. pp. 194–195, and Vol. XXIII. p. 102; and for the "wall base," Vol. IX. p. 334.]

[3] [See p. 278 of the third edition (1847) of the *Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy;* the passage does not appear in recent editions. The passage cited in Murray is from vol. i. p. 227 of *Letters of an Architect,* by Joseph Woods (1828), an author criticised by Ruskin in Vol. VIII. p. 206 and Vol. X. p. 97.]

firm that a casual spectator might pass the gate with contempt, thinking the stone was painted.[1]

2. The capitals on these two sides, the carved central shaft, and the horizontal lintel of this door are also excellent examples of Veronese thirteenth-century sculpture, and have merits of a high order, but of which the general observer cannot be cognizant. I do not mean, in saying this, to extol them greatly; the best art is pleasing to all, and its virtue, or a portion of its virtue, instantly manifest. But there are some good qualities in every earnest work which can only be ascertained by attention; and in saying that a casual observer cannot see the good qualities in early Veronese sculpture, I mean that it possesses none but these, nor of these many.

3. Yet it is worth a minute's delay to observe how much the sculpture has counted on attention. In later work, figures of the size of life, or multitudinous small ones, please, if they do not interest, the spectator who can spare them a momentary glance. But all the figures on this door are diminutive, and project so slightly from the stone as scarcely to catch the eye; there are none in the sides and none in the vault of the gate, and it is only by deliberate examination that we find the faith which is to be preached in the church, and the honour of its preacher, conclusively engraved on the lintel and doorpost. The spiral flutings of the central shaft are interrupted, so as to form a slight recess for the figure of St. Dominic, with, I believe, St. Peter Martyr and St. Thomas Aquinas, one on each side, with the symbols of the sun and moon. At the end of the lintel, on the left, is St. Anastasia; on the right, St. Catherine (of Siena); in the centre, on the projecting capital, the Madonna; and on the lintel, the story of Christ, in the four passages of the Annunciation, Nativity, Crucifixion, and Resurrection.

4. This is the only part of the front of the church

[1] [Water-colour studies by Ruskin of these subjects are at Oxford: Reference Series, No. 68, and Educational Series, No. 93 (Vol. XXI. p. 32).]

which is certainly part of the first structure in 1260. The two statues of St. Anastasia and St. Catherine are so roughly joined to the lateral capitals as to induce a suspicion that even these latter and the beautiful polychrome vault are of later work, not, however, later than 1300. The two pointed arches which divide the tympanum are assuredly subsequent, and the fresco which occupies it is a bad work of the end of the fourteenth century; and the marble frieze and foundations of the front are at least not earlier than 1426.

Of this portion of the building the foundation is noble, and its colour beautifully disposed, but the sculpture of the panelling is poor, and of no interest or value.

5. On entering the church, and turning immediately to the left, there will be seen on the inner side of the external wall a tomb under a boldly trefoiled canopy. It is a sarcophagus with a recumbent figure on it, which is the only work of art in the church deserving serious attention. It is the tomb of Gerard Bolderius "sui temporis physicorum principi," says his epitaph,* not, as far as I can discover, untruly. On the front of the sarcophagus is the semi-figure of Christ rising from the tomb, used generally at the period for the type of resurrection, between the Virgin and St. John; and two shields, bearing, one the fleur-de-lys, the other an eagle. The recumbent figure is entirely simple and right in treatment, sculptured without ostentation of skill or exaggeration of sentiment, by a true artist, who endeavours only to give the dead due honour, and his own art subordinate and modest scope.

This monument, being the best in St. Anastasia, is, by the usual spite of fortune, placed where it is quite invisible except on bright days. On the opposite side of the church,

* D.M.
Gerardo Bolderio
sui temporis
Physicorum Principi
Franciscus et
Matthæus Nepotes
P.P.

the first monument on the right, well lighted by the tall western window, should be looked at next to the physician's; for as that is the best, this is essentially the worst, piece of sculptured art in the building; a series of academy studies in marble, well executed, but without either taste or invention, and necessarily without meaning, the monument having been erected to a person whose only claim to one was his having stolen money enough to pay for it before he died. It is one of the first pieces extant of entirely mechanical art workmanship, done for money; and the perfection of its details may justify me in directing special attention to it.[1]

6. There are no other monuments, still less pictures, in the body of the church deserving notice. The general effect of the interior is impressive, owing partly to the boldness and simplicity of the pillars which sustain the roof; partly to the darkness which involves them: these Dominican churches being, in fact, little more than vast halls for preaching in,[2] and depending little on decoration, and not at all on light. But the sublimity of shadow soon fails when it has nothing interesting to shade; and the chapel or monuments which, opposite each interval between the pillars, fill the sides of the aisles, possess no interest except in their arabesques of cinque-cento sculpture, of which far better examples may be seen elsewhere; while the differences in their ages, styles, and purposes hinder them from attaining any unity of decorative effect, and break the unity of the church almost as fatally, though not as ignobly, as the incoherent fillings of the aisles at Westminster. The Cavalli chapel itself, though well deserving the illustration which the Arundel Society has bestowed upon it, is filled with a medley of tombs and frescoes of different dates, partly superseding, none illustrating, each

[1] [The monument—the chief work of Danese Cattaneo, pupil of Sansovino—was erected in 1565 in memory of Giano Fregoso, captain-general of the Venetian forces, who died in 1529. He had left 500 ducats in his will for the purpose: see "Ricerche Storiche intorno alla chiesa di S. Anastasia in Verona" in *Archivio Veneto*, vol. xxi., 1881, pp. 17, 18.]

[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 11 *n.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 303).]

other, and instructive mainly as showing the unfortunate results of freedom and "private enterprise" in matters of art, as compared with the submission to the design of one ruling mind which is the glory of all the chapels in Italy where the art is entirely noble.

7. Instructive, thus, at least, even if seen hastily; much better teaching may be had even from the unharmonious work, if we give time and thought to it. The upper fresco on the north wall, representing the Baptism of Christ, has no beauty, and little merit as art;[1] yet the manner of its demerit is interesting. St. John kneels to baptize. This variation from the received treatment, in which he stands above the Christ, is enough in itself to show that the poor Veronese painter had some intelligence of his subject; and the quaint and haggard figure, grim-featured, with its black hair rising in separate locks like a crown of thorns, is a curious intermediate type between the grotesque conception which we find in earlier art (as, for instance, on the coins of Florence) and the beautiful, yet always melancholy and severe figures of St. John painted by Cima da Conegliano at Venice.[2] With this stern figure, in raiment of camel's hair, compare the Magdalen in the frescoes at the side of the altar, who is veiled from head to foot with her own, and sustained by six angels, being the type of repentance from the passions, as St. John of resistance to them. Both symbols are, to us, to say the very least, without charm, and to very few without offence; yet consider how much nobler the temper of the people must have been who could take pleasure in art so gloomy and unadorned, than that of the populace of to-day, which must be caught with bright colours and excited by popular sentiment.

8. Both these frescoes, with the others on the north wall of the chapel, and Madonna between four saints on the south side, by the Cavalli tomb, are evidently of fourteenth-century work, none of it good, but characteristic;

[1] [The frescoes in the chapel are attributed to Altichieri.]

[2] [Photographs of two figures of the Baptist by Cima are in the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. pp. 16, 104–105.]

and the last-named work (seen in the plate) is so graceful as to be quite worth some separate illustration. But the one above it is earlier, and of considerable historical interest. It was discovered with the other paintings surrounding the tomb, about the year 1838, when Persico published his work, *Verona, e la sua Provincia*, in which he says (p. 13),[1] "levatane l'antica incrostatura, tornarono a vita novella."

It would have been more serviceable to us if we could have known the date of the rough cast, than of its removal; the period of entire contempt for ancient art being a subject of much interest in the ecclesiastical history of Italy. But the tomb itself was an incrustation, having been raised with much rudeness and carelessness amidst the earlier art which recorded the first rise of the Cavalli family.

9. It will be seen by reference to the plate that the frescoes round the tomb have no symmetrical relation to it. They are all of earlier date, and by better artists. The tomb itself is roughly carved, and coarsely painted, by men who were not trying to do their best, and could not have done anything very well, even if they had tried: it is an entirely commonplace and dull work, though of a good school, and has been raised against the highest fresco with a strange disregard of the merit of the work itself, and of its historical value to the family. This fresco is attributed by Persico to Giotto, but is, I believe, nothing more than an interesting example of the earnest work of his time, and has no quality on which I care to enlarge; nor is it ascertainable who the three knights are whom it commemorates, unless some evidence be found of the date of the painting, and there is, yet, none but that of its manner. But they are all three Cavallis, and I believe them to represent the three first founders of the family, Giovanni, "che fioriva intorno al 1274," his son Nicola (1297), and grandson Federigo, who was Podesta of Vicenza under the Scaligers in 1331, and by whom I suppose the fresco

[1] [*Verona e la sua provincia nuovamente descritte da G. B. Da Persico*, Verona, 1838.]

Arundel Society Chromo-L

Monuments of the Cavalli Family

the [illegible] Santa Anastasia, Verona

to have been commanded. The Cavallis came first from Germany into the service of the Visconti of Milan, as condottieri, thence passing into the service of the Scaligers. Whether I am right in this conjecture or not, we have, at all events, record in this chapel of seven knights of the family, of whom two are named on the sarcophagus, of which the inscription (on the projecting ledge under the recumbent figure) is:—

S. (Sepulchrum) nobilis et egregii viri Federici et egregii et strenui viri domini Nicolai de Cavalis suorumque heredum, qui spiritum redidit astris Ano Dni MCCCLXXXX.

Of which, I think, the force may be best given thus in modern terms:—

"The tomb of the noble and distinguished Herr Frederic, and of the distinguished and energetic Herr the Lord Nicholas of the house of the Horse, and of their heirs, who gave back his soul to the stars in the year of our Lord 1390."

10. This Frederic and Nicolas Cavalli were the brothers of the Jacopo Cavalli who is buried at Venice,[1] and who, by a singular fatality, was enrolled among the Venetian nobles of the senate in the year in which his brother died at Verona (for I assume the "spiritum redidit" to be said of the first-named brother). Jacopo married Constance della Scala, of Verona, and had five sons, of whom one, Giorgio, Conte di Schio, plotted, after the fall of the Scaligers, for their restoration to power in Verona, and was exiled, by decree of the Council of Ten, to Candia, where he died. From another son, Conrad, are descended the Cavallis of Venice, whose palace[2] has been the principal material from which recent searchers for the picturesque in Venice compose pictures of the Grand Canal. It forms the square mass of architecture on the left, in the continually repeated view of the Church of the Salute seen from the steps of the Academy.

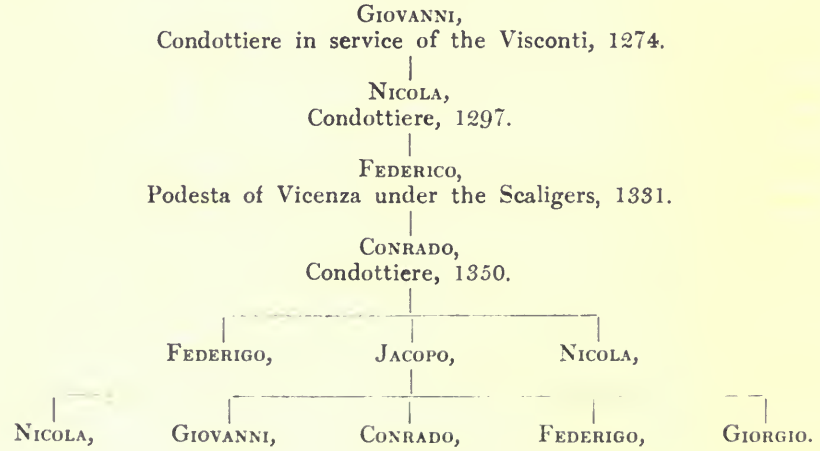
[1] [See below, § 14, p. 137.]
[2] [For the Palazzo Cavalli (now Franchetti) see Vol. XI. p. 368.]

The genealogy of the family, from the thirteenth century, when they first appeared in Italy, to the founder of this Venetian lordship, had better be set before the reader in one view.*

11. Now, as above stated, I believe that the fresco of the three knights was commanded by the Podesta of Vicenza, on his receiving that authority from the Scaligers in 1331, and that it represents Giovanni, Nicola, and himself; while the tomb of Federigo and Nicola would be ordered by the Venetian Cavallis, and completed without much care for the record of the rise of the family at Verona.

Whether my identification of the figures seen kneeling in the fresco be correct or not, the representation of these three Cavalli knights to the Madonna, each interceded for by his patron saint, will be found to receive a peculiar significance if the reader care to review the circumstances influencing the relation of the German chivalry to the power of the Church in the very year when Giovanni Cavalli entered the ranks of the Visconti.

* I am indebted for this genealogy to the research and to the courtesy of Mr. J. Stefani. The help given me by other Venetian friends, especially Mr. Rawdon Brown, dates from many years back in matters of this kind.



12. For the three preceding centuries, Milan, the oldest archbishopric of Lombardy, had been the central point at which the collision between the secular and ecclesiastical power took place in Europe. The Guelph and Ghibelline naturally met and warred throughout the plain of Lombardy; but the intense civic stubbornness and courage of the Milanese population formed a kind of rock in their tide-way, where the quarrel of burgher with noble confused itself with, embittered, and brought again and again to trial by battle, that of pope with emperor. In 1035 their warrior archbishop,[1] heading their revolt against Conrad of Franconia, organized the first disciplined resistance of foot-soldiers to cavalry by his invention and decoration of the Carroccio; and the contest was only closed, after the rebuilding of the walls of ruined Milan, by the wandering of Barbarossa, his army scattered, through the maize fields, which the traveller now listlessly crosses at speed in the train between Milan and Arona, little noting the name of the small station, "Legnano," where the fortune of the Lombard republic finally prevailed. But it was only by the death of Frederick II. that the supremacy of the Church was secured; and when Innocent IV., who had written, on hearing of that death, to his Sicilian clergy, in words of blasphemous exultation, entered Milan, on his journey from Lyons to Perugia, the road, for ten miles before he reached the gates, was lined by the entire population of the city, drawn forth in enthusiastic welcome; as they had invented a sacred car for the advance of their standard in battle, they invented some similar honour for the head of their Church as the harbinger

[1] [Archbishop Heribert. The *Carroccio*—a huge car drawn by oxen, bearing the standard of the town, and carrying an altar with the host—served, like the ark of the Israelites, for a rallying-point in battle; for its introduction, see Sismondi, ch. vi. (vol. i. p. 380, Paris edition of 1826). At the battle of Legnano, in 1176, the Lombard League routed the army of Frederick Barbarossa, who escaped alone to Pavia, whence he opened negotiations with the Pope. For the conflict between Frederick II. and the Popes, and the death of the emperor in 1250, see *Val d'Arno*, (Vol. XXIII. pp. 12, 39, 56). Innocent IV. wrote of the emperor's death as causing joy in earth and heaven at the passing away of "the thunderbolt and the tempest with which Almighty God had so long menaced your heads," etc. This letter, and the particulars about the baldachino which Ruskin goes on to give, are in Sismondi, ch. xviii. (vol. iii. pp. 123–127 of the Paris edition of 1826).]

of peace: under a canopy of silk, borne by the first gentlemen of Milan, the Pope received the hosannas of a people who had driven into shameful flight their Cæsar-king; and it is not uninteresting for the English traveller to remember, as he walks through the vast arcades of shops, in the form of a cross,[1] by which the Milanese of to-day express their triumph in liberation from Teutonic rule, that the "Baldacchino" of all mediæval religious ceremony owed its origin to the taste of the milliners of Milan, as the safety of the best knights in European battle rested on the faithful craftsmanship of her armourers.[2]

13. But at the date when the Cavalli entered the service of the great Milanese family, the state of parties within the walls had singularly changed. Three years previously (1271) Charles of Anjou had drawn together the remnants of the army of his dead brother, had confiscated to his own use the goods of the crusading knights whose vessels had been wrecked on the coast of Sicily, and called the pontifical court to Viterbo, to elect a pope who might confirm his dominion over the kingdoms of Sicily and Jerusalem.

On the deliberations of the Cardinals at Viterbo depended the fates of Italy and the Northern Empire. They chose Tebaldo Visconti, then a monk in pilgrimage at Jerusalem. But, before that election was accomplished, one of the candidates for the Northern Empire had involuntarily withdrawn his claim; Guy de Montfort had murdered, at the altar foot, the English Count of Cornwall, to avenge his father, Simon de Montfort, killed at Evesham.[3] The death of the English king of the Romans left the throne of Germany vacant. Tebaldo had returned from Jerusalem with no personal ambition, but having at heart only the

[1] [The Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.]

[2] [For references to the steel of Milan, see Vol. XX. p. 111, and Vol. XXIII. p. 45.]

[3] [Simon de Montfort, Count of Leicester, killed at Evesham, 1265; Guy de Montfort in 1271 murdered, at Viterbo, Henry, son of Richard, Count of Cornwall and King of the Romans. For these and the other events referred to in § 13, see Sismondi, ch. xxii. (vol. iii. pp. 408 *seq.*); and for Guy de Montfort, compare Vol. XXIII. p. 142.]

restoration of Greece to Europe, and the preaching of a new crusade in Syria. A general council was convoked by him at Lyons, with this object; but before anything could be accomplished in the conclave, it was necessary to balance the overwhelming power of Charles of Anjou, and the Visconti (Gregory X.) ratified, in 1273, the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg.

14. But Charles of Anjou owed his throne, in reality, to the assistance of the Milanese. Their popular leader, Napoleone della Torre, had facilitated his passage through Lombardy,[1] which otherwise must have been arrested by the Ghibelline states; and in the year in which the Visconti pope had appointed the council at Lyons, the Visconti archbishop of Milan was heading the exiled nobles in vain attempts to recover their supremacy over the popular party. The new Emperor Rudolph not only sent a representative to the council, but a German contingent to aid the exiled archbishop. The popular leader was defeated, and confined in an iron cage, in the year 1274,[2] and the first entrance of the Cavalli into the Italian armies is thus contemporary with the conclusive triumph of the northern monarchic over the republican power, or, more literally, of the wandering rider, Eques, or Ritter,[3] living by pillage, over the sedentary burgher, living by art, and hale peasant, living by labour. The essential nature of the struggle is curiously indicated in relation to this monument by the two facts that the revolt of the Milanese burghers, headed by their archbishop,[4] began by a gentleman's killing an importunate creditor, and that, at Venice, the principal circumstance recorded of Jacopo Cavalli (see my notice of his tomb in *The Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. ii. § 69[5]) is his refusal to assault Feltre, because the senate would not grant him the pillage of the town. The reader may follow out, according to his disposition,

[1] [In 1265: see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. p. 343).]
[2] [The true date is 1277: see Sismondi, ch. xxii. (vol. iii. pp. 433–436).]
[3] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 232 (Vol. XX. p. 363).]
[4] [See above, p. 135.]
[5] [In this edition, Vol. XI. p. 101.]

what thoughts the fresco of the three kneeling knights, each with his helmet-crest, in the shape of a horse's head, thrown back from his shoulders, may suggest to him on review of these passages of history: one thought only I must guard him against, strictly; namely, that a condottiere's religion must necessarily have been false or hypocritical. The folly of nations is in nothing more manifest than in their placid reconciliation of noble creeds with base practices. But the reconciliation, in the fourteenth as in the nineteenth century, was usually foolish only, not insincere.

III

GUIDE TO THE ACADEMY AT VENICE

(1877)

GUIDE

TO

THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

AT

VENICE.

ARRANGED FOR ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD, AND HONORARY ASSOCIATE OF THE ACADEMY OF VENICE.

VENICE, MDCCCLXXVII.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This "Guide" has been published in two forms—eds. 1 and 2 being issued in parts, ed. 3 in a single pamphlet.

First Edition (1877).—In two parts with continuous pagination. The title-page of Part I. was as shown here on the preceding leaf; that of Part II. was the same, except only for the addition of "Part II."

Octavo, Part I., pp. 1–24; Part II., pp. i.–ii., 25–57. Part I. consisted of the title-page (with imprint "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury" at foot of the reverse), pp. 1–2; Guide, pp. 3–24. Part II. consisted of the title-page (with the same imprint on the reverse), pp. i.–ii.; Guide, pp. 25–50; Appendix, pp. 51–57. There were no headlines, the pages being numbered centrally.

Issued in March 1877, in mottled-grey paper wrappers, each part having its title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front. The price of each part was One Shilling.

Some later copies of this edition were issued with two slight alterations in the text (see "Variæ Lectiones"); these copies were issued, some with, and some without, wrappers.

Second Edition (1882, 1883).—Again in two parts. The title-page of Part I. varies from that of the First Edition as follows:—"Third Thousand | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1882." The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page. The alterations in the text, referred to above, were followed in this edition.

Issued in June 1882 (1000 copies).

The title-page of Part II. varies from that of the First Edition, thus: "Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford, and Honorary Associate of the | Academy of Venice. | Part II. | Second Edition. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent." On the wrapper are added the date "1883" below the publisher's imprint, and "Price One Shilling" below the ruled frame. There is no alteration in the text.

Issued in July 1883 (1000 copies).

Third Edition (1891).—In one part. This, called "Complete Edition. Revised and Corrected," was rearranged for Ruskin by Mr. Wedderburn, in order to suit a rearrangement of the Gallery (rearranged again during the last few years).

The title-page is as follows:—

> Guide | to | The Principal Pictures | in the | Academy of Fine Arts | at | Venice. | Arranged for English Travellers | By | John Ruskin, | Honorary Associate of the Academy of Venice. | Complete Edition. | Revised and Corrected. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, | and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London. | 1891.

Octavo, pp. xii. + 65. Half-title, pp. i., ii.; title-page (with imprint "Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury" at foot of the reverse), pp. iii., iv.; Contents, p. v.; Publisher's Note, p. vii.; "List of Pictures referred to in the Guide" (here revised, pp. 145–147), pp. viii.–x.; "Note," p. xi.; Part I., pp. 1–24; Part II., pp. 25–50; Appendix, pp. 51–57; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 61–65.

Issued in January 1891, in mottled-grey paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced on the front, the words "*Price One Shilling*" being added below the frame. 1000 copies. This edition is still current.

One copy of the 1891 edition was printed on hand-made paper, with rough edges and white cover; this is in Mr. Wedderburn's possession.

The author did not revise the text, but several alterations were made by the editor to suit the rearrangement of the pictures (see below). The "Publisher's Note" is as follows:—

"PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"SINCE the first publication of this Guide, the arrangement of the rooms and pictures in the Academy of Venice has been entirely altered. The numbers of the pictures are no longer consecutive throughout the gallery, but begin afresh in every room; and many pictures referred to as being in particular positions have been differently hung. Whilst, however, it is no longer quite so convenient to take the now differently arranged pictures in the order followed by this Guide, Mr. Ruskin is unable to recast the text. That being so, this edition of the Guide has been brought up to date by a careful correction of all the reference numbers, and by a revision of the text so far as it related to the position of pictures. A few footnotes [indicated by brackets] have been added, as at p. 5, to enable the visitor to look at the pictures referred to without having to retrace his steps oftener than need be. A list of the pictures referred to in both parts of the Guide, showing the different rooms in which they are to be found, follows this note, while at the end is added an alphabetical index. With the help of these two lists, the visitor can go through the rooms in their order, without having to pass twice over the same ground, and he can also see at a glance whether any picture in the Academy is or is not mentioned in the Guide."

An *Italian translation* (1901) by Maria Pezzè Pascolato, occupies pp. 226–271 of the volume entitled *Venezia*, which is more fully described in the Bibliographical Note upon *St. Mark's Rest* (below, p. 193). The translator's "Avvertenza" is on pp. 227, 228; Part I., pp. 229–245; Part II., pp. 245–264; Appendix, pp. 264–271. A translation of part of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71, on the legend of St. Ursula, follows, pp. 272–277. The editor supplies several notes, and gives corrected references to rooms and pictures.

Variæ Lectiones.—Between eds. 1 and 2 there are only two variations in the text, and these (as already stated) were also made in some later copies of ed. 1. On p. 149 (here), ed. 2 had the following words above the title:—

> "NOTE.—*This Guide, if bought at the Porter's table, may conveniently be begun at the top of page 5* [*i.e.*, the lower part of p. 150, here.]

The words "In the first place . . . above it" were omitted, and the Guide began thus: "Over the entrance gate of the Academy are three . . ." This alteration was followed in ed. 3, but the Note was transferred to a separate page. On p. 163 (here), the footnote in the first impression of the first edition ended with the words "my agent in Venice."

The alterations between eds. 2 and 3 are numerous; but as they were not made by Ruskin, and as they were introduced only to suit a rearrangement which has itself passed away, it does not seem necessary to enumerate them all. Two instances will serve as examples. On p. 151 (here), lines 20 to 33 ("anybody's heart") were omitted from the text and placed in a footnote, with the prefatory remark, "In former editions of this Guide the following passage was given here, but the position of the picture is happily changed." On p. 157, line 15, the words "but in general mere Dutch rubbish" were similarly consigned to a footnote.

In this volume (as explained in the Introduction, p. xlviii.) the text is that of the First Edition. On p. 182, however, in Ruskin's second footnote, the words "*in the Eighteenth Century,*" which have hitherto followed "*Original Documents relating to Venetian Painters and their Pictures,*" have been omitted. They were clearly an error. Cheney's collection of documents (privately printed in 1873) has no title-page. On p. 188, line 12 of the note, the reference is corrected from Luke "viii." to "vii."]

LIST OF PICTURES REFERRED TO IN THE GUIDE, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE ROOMS IN WHICH THEY NOW ARE (1906)

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40.	*Titian.* The Assumption	152
41.	*Tintoret.* The Death of Abel	154
42.	„ The Miracle of St. Mark	183
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221.	*Tintoretto.*	The Madonna in Glory	161
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256.	*Paolo Veronese.*	St. Luke and St. John	161
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264.	,, ,,	The Coronation	180
265.	,, ,,	The Assumption	180

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320.	*Paris Bordone.*	The Fisherman presenting the Ring to the Doge	159
325.	*Bonifazio.*	The Madonna in Glory	160
400.	*Titian.*	The Deposition	182

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377.	*Lebrun.*	Magdalen at the feet of Jesus	180

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566.	*Carpaccio.*	The Miracle of the True Cross	162, 163
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SALA XVI. (Carpaccio)

572.	*Carpaccio.*	The Reception of the English Ambassadors	166, 169
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SALA XIX.

95.	*Sebastiano Luciani (del Piombo).*	The Visitation of St. Elizabeth	182
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SALA XX.

626.	*Titian.*	The Presentation	157

The following pictures now removed from exhibition are also referred to:—

Caliari, Carlo and Benedetto. Supper in the House of the Pharisee 158

Dujardin. Various Works . . . . . 184 *n.*

GUIDE, ETC.

In the first place, if the weather is fine, go outside the gate you have just come in at, and look above it. Over this door[1] are three of the most precious pieces of sculpture in Venice; her native work, dated; and belonging to the school of severe Gothic which indicates the beginning of her Christian life in understanding of its real claims upon her.

St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, under Gothic cusped niches. The Madonna in the centre, under a simple gable; the bracket-cornice beneath bearing date, 1345;[2] the piece of sculpture itself engaged in a rectangular panel, which is the persistent sign of the Greek schools; descending from the Metopes of the Parthenon.

You see the infant sprawls on her knee in an ungainly manner: she herself sits with quiet maiden dignity, but in no manner of sentimental adoration.

That is Venetian naturalism; showing their henceforward steady desire to represent things as they really (according to the workman's notions) might have existed. It begins first in this century, separating itself from the Byzantine formalism,—the movement being the same which was led by Giotto in Florence fifty years earlier.[3] These sculptures are the result of his influence, from Padua, and other such Gothic power, rousing Venice to do and think for herself, instead of letting her Greek subjects do all for her. This is one of her first performances, independently of them.

[1] [The revised edition added a note here (still applicable):—
"On the left of the present door into the Academy."]
[2] [For a description of this piece of sculpture, see below, p. 173.]
[3] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, above, pp. 23, 24.]

She has not yet the least notion of making anybody stand rightly on their feet; you see how St. Leonard and St. Christopher point their toes. Clearly, until we know how to do better than this, in perspective and such matters, our painting cannot come to much. Accordingly, all the Venetian painting of any importance you are now to see in the Academy is subsequent to these sculptures. But these are, fortunately, dated—1378 and 1384. Twenty years more will bring us out of the fourteenth century. And therefore, broadly, all the painter's art of Venice begins in the fifteenth; and we may as well at once take note that it ends with the sixteenth. There are only these two hundred years of painting in Venice. Now, without much pause in the corridor, though the old well in the cortile has its notabilities if one had time,—up the spiral stairs, and when you have entered the gallery and got your admission tickets —(quite a proper arrangement that you should pay for them,—if I were a Venetian prefect, you should pay a good deal more for leave to come to Venice at all, that I might be sure you cared to come)—walk straight forward till you descend the steps into the first room in the arrangement of the Academy Catalogue.[1] On your right, at the bottom of the steps, you see a large picture (21 [2]) in a series of compartments, of which the central one, the Crowning of the Virgin, was painted by a Venetian vicar (vicar of St. Agnes) in 1381. A happy, faithful, cheerful vicar he must have been; and any vicar, rector, or bishop who could do such a thing now would be a blessing to his parish, and delight to his diocese. Symmetrical, orderly, gay, and in the heart of it nobly grave, this work of the old Plebanus has much in it of the future methods of Venetian composition. The

[1] [The directions here no longer apply, as Room I. in the old arrangement, which Ruskin describes, is now Room XX. The picture next mentioned happens, however, to be in Room I. of the new arrangement (Room XVI. of the old arrangement).]

[2] [The number (here as throughout the Catalogue) is altered in accordance with the present (1905) numbering of the Gallery. The central picture is signed "MCCCLXXXI STEFANUS PLEBANUS SANCTE AGNET PINXIT." The signature, however, is stated in the official Catalogue to be apocryphal. For another mention of the picture see, below, p. 185.]

two angels peeping over the arms of the throne may remind you to look at its cusped arches, for we are here in central Gothic time, thirty years after the sea-façade of the Ducal Palace had been built.

Now, on the opposite side of the room, over the door leading into the next room,[1] you see 615 in the Academy Catalogue, "The work of Bartholomew Vivarini of Murano, 1464,"[2] showing you what advance had been made in eighty years. The figures still hard in outline,—thin (except the Madonna's throat, which always, in Venice, is strong as a pillar[3]), and much marked in sinew and bone (studied from life, mind you, not by dissection); exquisitely delicate and careful in pure colour;—in character, portraits of holy men and women, such as then were. There is no idealism here whatever. Monks and nuns had indeed faces and mien like these saints, when they desired to have the saints painted for them.

A noble picture; not of any supreme genius, but completely containing the essence of Venetian art.

Next,[4] going under it, through the door, you find yourself in the principal room of the Academy, which please cross quietly to the window opposite, on the left of which hangs a large picture which you will have great difficulty in seeing at all, hung as it is against the light; and which, in any of its finer qualities, you absolutely cannot see; but may yet perceive what they are, latent in that darkness, which is all the honour that the kings, nobles, and artists of Europe care to bestow on one of the greatest pictures ever painted by Christendom in her central art-power. Alone worth an entire modern exhibition-building, hired fiddlers and all; here you have it jammed on a back wall, utterly unserviceable to human kind, the little angels of it fiddling unseen, unheard by anybody's heart. It is the best

[1] [Again the directions do not apply. No. 615 is now in Room XVII.]
[2] [For another reference to pictures by B. Vivarini, see Vol. XI. p. 379.]
[3] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 282).]
[4] [Here also the local indications are no longer applicable. The picture in question—Giovanni Bellini's "Madonna Enthroned, with six Saints"—is No. 38 in Room II., and occupies a place of honour.]

John Bellini in the Academy of Venice; the third best in Venice, and probably in the world.[1] Repainted, the right-hand angel, and somewhat elsewhere; but on the whole perfect; unspeakably good, and right in all ways. Not inspired with any high religious passion; a good man's work, not an enthusiast's. It is, in principle, merely the perfecting of Vivarini's; the saints, mere portraits of existing men and women; the Madonna, idealized only in that squareness of face and throat, not in anywise the prettier for it, otherwise a quite commonplace Venetian woman. Such, and far lovelier, you may see living to-day, if you can see—and may make manifest, if you can paint.

And now, you may look to the far end of the room, where Titian's "Assumption"[2] has the chairs put before it; everybody being expected to sit down, and for once, without asking what o'clock it is at the railroad station, reposefully admire.

Of which, hear first what I wrote, very rightly, a quarter of a century ago:—

"The traveller is generally too much struck by Titian's great picture of 'The Assumption' to be able to pay proper attention to the other works in this gallery. Let him, however, ask himself candidly how much of his admiration is dependent merely on the picture's being larger than any other in the room, and having bright masses of red and blue in it; let him be assured that the picture is in reality not one whit the better either for being large or gaudy in colour, and he will then be better disposed to give the pains necessary to discover the merit of the more profound works of Bellini and Tintoret."[3]

I wrote this, I have said, *very* rightly, not *quite* rightly. For if a picture is good, it *is* better for being large, because

[1] [The two which Ruskin preferred to it are the Madonnas of the Frari and San Zaccharia: see *Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, Vol. XXII. p. 83.]

[2] [No. 40 in Room II.]

[3] [*Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (1853): see now Vol. XI. p. 361; and for other references to the picture, Vol. VII. pp. 289, 298, 328; Vol. XI. pp. 379–380: Vol. XIX. pp. 110, 203; and Vol. XX. p. 170.]

it is more difficult to paint large than small; and if colour is good, it *may be* better for being bright.

Nay, the fault of this picture, as I read it now, is in not being bright enough. A large piece of scarlet, two large pieces of crimson, and some very beautiful blue, occupy about a fifth part of it; but the rest is mostly fox colour or dark brown: majority of the apostles under total eclipse of brown. St. John, there being nobody else handsome to look at, is therefore seen to advantage; also St. Peter and his beard; but the rest of the lower canvas is filled with little more than flourishings of arms and flingings of cloaks, in shadow and light.

However, as a piece of oil painting, and what artists call "composition," with entire grasp and knowledge of the action of the human body, the perspectives of the human face, and the relations of shade to colour in expressing form, the picture is deservedly held unsurpassable. Enjoy of it what you can; but of its place in the history of Venetian art observe these three following points:—

(I.) The throned Madonnas of Vivarini and Bellini were to Venice what the statue of Athena in the Brazen House was to Athens.[1] Not at all supposed to *be* Athena, or to *be* Madonnas; but symbols, by help of which they conceived the presence with them of a real Goddess. But this picture of Titian's does not profess to symbolize any Virgin here with us, but only to show how the Virgin was taken away from us a long time ago. And professing to represent this, he does not in the least believe his own representation, nor expect anybody else to believe it. He does not, in his heart, believe the Assumption ever took place at all. He is merely putting together a stage decoration of clouds, little boys, with wings stuck into them, and pantomime actors, in studied positions, to amuse his Venice and himself.

(II.) Though desirous of nothing but amusement, he is

[1] [A slip for "Sparta": see Pausanias, iii. 17: "Here (on the Lacedæmonian acropolis) is a sanctuary of Athena, who is surnamed both Protectress of the City and She of the Brazen House."]

not, at heart, half so much amused by his work as John Bellini, or one quarter so much amused as the innocent old vicar. On the contrary, a strange gloom has been cast over him, he knows not why; but he likes all his colours dark, and puts great spaces of brown, and crimson passing into black, where the older painters would have made all lively. Painters call this "chiaroscuro." So also they may call a thunder-cloud in the sky of spring; but it means more than light and shade.

(III.) You see that in all the three earlier pictures everybody is quiet. Here, everybody is in a bustle. If you like to look at my pamphlet on the relation of Tintoret to Michael Angelo, you will see how this comes to pass, and what it means.[1] And that is all I care for your noticing in the Assumption, just now.

Next, look on right and left of it at the two dark pictures over the doors (41, 43).[2]

Darkness visible, with flashes of lightning through it. The thunder-cloud upon us, rent with fire.

Those are Tintorets; finest possible Tintorets; best possible examples of what, in absolute power of painting, is supremest work, so far as I know, in all the world.

Nothing comes near Tintoret for colossal painter's power, as such.[3] But you need not think to get any good of these pictures; it would take you twenty years' work to understand the fineness of them as painting; and for the rest, there is little good in them to be got. Adam and Eve no more sat in that warm-weather picnic manner, helping each other politely to apples, on the occasion of their fall, than the Madonna went up all bending about in her red and blue cloak on the occasion of her Assumption. But of the wrong and the truth, the error and the glory of these pictures, I have no time to speak now; nor you to hear.

[1] [See Vol. XXII. pp. 85 *seq.*]

[2] [Again in Room II. "The Death of Abel" (41) and "Eve driven out of Paradise" (43). For other references to the pictures, see Vol. III. pp. 173, 509, 583, 593.]

[3] [Compare Vol. IV. pp. xxxviii. *seq.*, and Vol. XVIII. p. 460.]

All that you have to notice is that painting has now become a dark instead of bright art, and in many ways a frightful and unpleasant art, or else—I will add once for all, referring you for proof of it to the general examples of Venetian work at this late epoch, supplied as a luxury to foreign courts,—a lascivious art.*

Nevertheless up to the time when Tintoret painted the Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco,[1] Venice had not in heart abjured her religion. The time when the last chord of its faith gives way cannot be discerned, to day and hour; but in that day and hour of which, for external sign, we may best take the death of Tintoret in 1594, the Arts of Venice are at an end.

I have therefore now shown you the complete course of their power, from 1380 at the Academy gates, to 1594—say, broadly, two centuries (her previous art being only architectural, mosaic, or decorative sculpture). We will now go through the rooms, noticing what is best worth notice in each of the epochs defined; essentially, you observe, three. The first we may call the Vivarini epoch, bright, innocent, more or less elementary, entirely religious art,—reaching from 1400 to 1480; the second (which for reasons presently to be shown, we will call the Carpaccian epoch), sometimes classic and mythic, as well as religious, 1480–1520;

* One copy of Titian's work bearing such commercial value, and showing what was briefly the Gospel preached by Missionary Venice to foreign nations in the sixteenth century, you will find presently in the narrow corridor, No. 340:[2] on which you will usually also find some modern copyist employed, for missionary purposes; but never on a Vivarini. And in thus becoming dark, terrific, and sensual, Venetian art led the way to the mere naturalism and various baseness of following European art with the rubbish of which that corridor[3] is mostly filled.

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[1] [For which picture see Vol. IV. p. 270.]

[2] [No longer in the corridor, but in Room XIX.: "Venus," ascribed to Giovanni Contarini (1549-1606), a picture suggesting reminiscences of Titian's "Danaë" in the Museum of Naples.]

[3] [Ed. 1 added: "(Sala IX., Numbers 276 to 353)." The Contarini was at the time in the same corridor (called the "Loggia Palladina"), which still contains many of the Dutch and Flemish pictures (the "rubbish" of Ruskin's note).]

the third, supremely powerful art corrupted by taint of death, 1520–1600, which we will call the Tintoret epoch.

Of course the lives of the painters run in and out across these limits; yet if you fasten these firmly in your mind,—80, 40, 80,—you will find you have an immense advantage and easy grip of the whole history of Venetian art.

In the first epoch, however, I do not mean to detain you; but the room you first entered, into which I will now ask you to return, is full of pictures which you will find interesting if you have time to decipher them, and care for Christianity and its expressions. One only I will ask you to look at, after Titian's Assumption, the little Ascension by Nicolo Semitecolo, low down, on the right of the vicar's picture in Number 21.[1] For that Ascension is painted in real belief that the Ascension *did* take place; and its sincerity ought to be pleasant to you, after Titian's pretence.

Now, returning up the steps, and taking the corridor to your right, opposite the porter's table, enter the little room through the first door on your right; and therein, just on your right as you go in, is Mantegna's St. George;[2] to which give ten minutes quietly, and examine it with a magnifying glass of considerable power. For in that you have a perfect type of the Italian methods of execution corresponding to the finish of the Dutch painters in the north; but far more intellectual and skilful. You cannot see more wonderful work in minute drawing with the point of the brush; the virtue of it being that not only every touch is microscopically minute, but that, in this minuteness, every touch is considered, and every touch right. It is to be regarded, however, only as a piece of workmanship.

[1] [No. 21 consists of a central panel, signed by the "Vicar," as aforesaid (p. 150 *n.*), and other compartments. The "Ascension," here described, is in the lowest right-hand compartment. The central panel was at some time substituted for an "Incoronation of the Virgin" (once ascribed to Niccolò Semitecolo) which is now in the Brera Gallery at Milan. Hence No. 21 was at the time of Ruskin's writing ascribed (except the central compartment) to Niccolò also; the panels are now given to "Unknown Painters." A signed and dated (1351) picture by Niccolò is No. 23.]

[2] [The local directions are no longer applicable; Mantegna's "St. George" is No. 588 in Room XVII.]

It is wholly without sentiment, though the distant landscape becomes affecting through its detailed truth,—the winding road under the rocks, and the towered city, being as full of little pretty things to be searched out as a natural scene would be.

And I have brought you first, in our now more complete review, to this picture, because it shows more clearly than any other through what tremendous work the Italian masters obtained their power.

Without the inherited strength won by this precision of drawing in the earlier masters, neither Titian nor Tintoret could have existed.

Return into the corridor,[1] and walk along it to the end without wasting time;—there is a Bonifazio, No. 269, worth a painter's while to stop at, but in general mere Dutch rubbish. Walk straight on, and go in at the last door on the left, within which you will find

No. 611. Cima da Conegliano.[2] An entirely sincere and noble picture of the central epoch. Not supreme in any artistic quality, but good and praiseworthy in all; and, as a conception of its subject, the most beautiful you will find in Venice. Grudge no time upon *it;* but look at nothing else here; return into the corridor, and proceed by it into the great room.[3]

Opposite you is Titian's great "Presentation of the Virgin," interesting to artists, and an unusually large specimen of Titian's rough work. To me, simply the most

[1] [The local indications are not now applicable. Bonifazio's "Holy Family" is in Room X. In the rearrangement of the Gallery the Dutch pictures are separated from the Italian.]

[2] [Now in Room XVII.: "The Incredulity of St. Thomas." In the revised edition (1891) the picture referred to by Ruskin was wrongly identified as the "Madonna and Child, with various Saints," and this error is reproduced in the Italian edition. The "Madonna and Child," etc. (No. 36 in the present numbering of the Gallery), is mentioned by Ruskin below, p. 181.]

[3] [Here, again, the directions do not apply. Titian's "Presentation" is No. 626 in Room XX. Visitors to Venice will find it interesting (as Ruskin elsewhere suggests) to compare with this picture that by Tintoret of the same subject in the Church of S. Maria dell' Orto: see Vol. XI. p. 396. Ruskin finds the original suggestion for the little girl mounting the steps in a fresco by Giotto at Florence. see *Mornings in Florence,* § 25 (Vol. XXIII. p. 321, and Plate XXX.).]

stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by him:—if you can find anything to enjoy in it, you are very welcome: I have nothing more to say of it, except that the colour of the landscape is as false as a piece of common blue tapestry, and that the "celebrated" old woman with her basket of eggs is as dismally ugly and vulgar a filling of spare corner as was ever daubed on a side-scene in a hurry at Drury Lane.

On the other side of the room,[1] is another wide waste of canvas; miserable example of the work subsequent to Paul Veronese; doubly and trebly mischievous in caricaturing and defiling all that in the master himself is noble: to look long at such a thing is enough to make the truest lovers of Venetian art ashamed of Venice, and of themselves. It ought to be taken down and burned.

Turn your back to it, in the centre of the room; and make up your mind for a long stand; for opposite you, so standing, is a Veronese indeed, of the most instructive and noble kind (260); and beneath it, the best picture in the Academy of Venice, Carpaccio's "Presentation" (44).[2]

Of the Veronese, I will say nothing but that the main instructiveness of it is in the exhibition of his acquired and inevitable faults (the infection of his æra), with his own quietest and best virtues. It is an artist's picture, and even only to be rightly felt by very good artists; the aerial perspectives in it being extremely subtle, and rare, to equal degree, in the painter's work. To the general spectator, I will only observe that he has free leave to consider the figure of the Virgin execrable; but that I hope, if he has a good opera-glass,[3] he will find something to please him in the little rose-bush in the glass vase on the balustrade.

[1] [Ed. 1 adds the then number "543," but Ruskin's injunction has now in part been acted upon. The picture has been removed from the walls of the Academy; it is a "Supper in the House of the Pharisee," by Carlo and Benedetto Caliari, the son and brother of Paolo.]

[2] [The position of the pictures is altered; the Veronese ("The Annunciation") is in Room IX., and the Carpaccio is in Room II.]

[3] [The picture is now hung on the line.]

I would myself give all the bushes—not to say all the trees—and all the seas, of Claude and Poussin, in one bunch and one deluge—for this little rose-bush and its bottle.

44. "The Presentation in the Temple." Signed "Victor Carpaccio, 1510." From the Church of St. Job.

You have no similar leave, however, good general spectator, to find fault with anything *here!* You may measure yourself, outside and in,—your religion, your taste, your knowledge of art, your knowledge of men and things,—by the quantity of admiration which honestly, after due time given, you can feel for this picture.

You are not required to think the Madonna pretty, or to receive the same religious delight from the conception of the scene, which you would rightly receive from Angelico, Filippo Lippi, or Perugino. This is essentially Venetian,—prosaic, matter of fact,—retaining its supreme common-sense through all enthusiasm.

Nor are you required to think this a first-rate work in Venetian colour. This is the best picture in the Academy precisely because it is *not* the best piece of colour there;—because the great master has subdued his own main passion, and restrained his colour-faculty, though the best in Venice, that you might *not* say the moment you came before the picture, as you do of the Paris Bordone,[1] "*What* a piece of colour!"

To Paris, the Duke, the Senate, and the Miracle are all merely vehicles for flashes of scarlet and gold on marble and silk; but Carpaccio, in this picture of the Presentation, does not want you to think of *his* colour, but of *your* Christ.

To whom the Madonna also is subjected—to whom all is subjected: you will not find such another Infant Christ in Venice (but always look carefully at Paul Veronese's,

[1] [No. 320 in Room X. ("The Fisherman presenting the Ring to the Doge").]

for it is one of the most singular points in the character of this usually decorative and inexpressive painter, that his Infant Christs are always beautiful).

For the rest, I am not going to praise Carpaccio's work. Give time to it; and if you don't delight in it, the essential faculty of enjoying good art is wanting in you, and I can't give it you by ten minutes' talk; but if you begin really to feel the picture, observe that its supreme merit is in the exactly just balance of all virtue;—detail perfect, yet inconspicuous; composition intricate and severe, but concealed under apparent simplicity; and painter's faculty of the supremest, used nevertheless with entire subjection of it to intellectual purpose. Titian, compared to Carpaccio, paints as a circus-rider rides,—there is nothing to be thought of in him but his riding. But Carpaccio paints as a good knight rides; his riding is the least of him; and to himself —unconscious in its ease.[1]

When you have seen all you can of the picture as a whole, go near, and make out the little pictures on the edge of St. Simeon's robe; four quite lovely ones; the lowest admitting, to make the whole perfect, delightful grotesque of fairy angels within a heavenly castle wall, thrusting down a troop of supine devils to the deep. The other three, more beautiful in their mystery of shade; but I have not made them out yet. There is one solemn piece of charge to a spirit folding its arms in obedience; and I think the others must be myths of creation, but can't tell yet, and must now go on quickly to note merely the pictures you should look at, reserving talk of them for a second number of this Guide.

325, 291, 319, containing all you need study in Bonifazio.[2] In 291, he is natural, and does his best; in 325, he

[1] [Compare above, p. 21.]

[2] [These three pictures are now in Room X. No. 325 is "The Madonna in Glory"; 291, "Dives and Lazarus"; 319, "The Massacre of the Innocents." For a notice of Bonifazio de' Pitati, born at Verona 1487, died in Venice 1553, see p. 84 of the *Catalogue of the Royal Gallery of Fine Arts, Venice*, by Professor Pietro Paoletti fu Osvaldo.]

Photo G. Brogi

Allen A[illegible]

The Presentation in the Temple

From the picture by Carpaccio

pretends to religion, which he has not; in 319, to art, which he has not. The last is a monstrous example of the apathy with which the later Italian artists, led by Raphael,[1] used this horrible subject to exhibit their ingenuity in anatomical posture, and excite the feeble interest of vulgar spectators.

243. Quiet Tintoret; very noble in senators, poor in Madonna.[2]

37. Quiet Paul Veronese; very noble in St. Jerome's robe and Lion, and in little St. John's back. Not particularly so in anybody's front, but a first-rate picture in the picture-way.[3]

221.[4] Dashing Tintoret: fearfully repainted, but grand yet in the lighter figures of background.

256, 261.[5] Dashing Paul Veronese—splendid in art; in conception of Evangelists—all that Venice wanted of them, at that day. You must always, however, judge her as you would a sailor,[6]—what would be ridiculous or bombastic in others has often some honesty in it with *her*. Think of these Evangelists as a kind of figure-heads of ships.

Enter now the great room with the Veronese at the end of it,[7] for which the painter (quite rightly) was summoned before the Inquisition of State: you will find his examination, translated by a friend to whom I owe much in my old Venetian days, in the Appendix to my second Guide;[8] but you must not stop now at this picture, if you are

[1] [See Vol. IV. pp. 204, 272.]
[2] [In Room IX. ("Madonna and Child, with four Senators").]
[3] [In Room II. ("Madonna and Child, with SS. John, Joseph, Jerome, Francis, and Justina").]
[4] [In Room IX. ("Virgin in Glory, with S. Cecilia, S. Marina, and S. Theodore. SS. Cosmo and Damian below").]
[5] [In Room IX. ("St. Luke and St. John," and "St. Mark and St. Matthew").]
[6] [Compare, in *Modern Painters*, the analysis of the influence of the sea on Venetian painting (Vol. VII. pp. 280 *seq.*).]
[7] [Now in the same Room IX., No. 203: "The Supper in the House of Levi."]
[8] [See below, p. 187.]

in a hurry, for you can see the like of it, and better, in Paris;[1] but you can see nothing in all the world, out of Venice, like certain other pictures in this room.[2]

Glancing round it, you see it may be generally described as full of pictures of street architecture, with various more or less interesting transactions going on in the streets. Large Canalettos, in fact; only with the figures a little more interesting than Canaletto's figures; and the buildings, on the whole, red and white or brown and white, instead of, as with Canaletto, black and white. And on consideration, and observation, you will perceive, if you *have* any perception of colour, that Venetian buildings, and most others, being really red and white or brown and white, not black and white, this is really the right manner of painting them, and these are true and sufficient representations of streets, of landscapes, and of interiors of houses, with the people, as I said, either in St. Mark's Place, 567, or at Grand Cairo, 571, or before the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, 577, or by the old Rialto here, 566,[3] being themselves also more or less interesting, if you will observe them, first in their dresses, which are very curious and pretty, and afterwards in many other particulars, of which for the present I must leave you to make out what you can; for of the pictures by Carpaccio in this room I must write an entirely separate

[1] [For Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" and "Dinner at Simon the Pharisee's" in the Louvre, see Vol. XII. pp. 451, 456.]

[2] [The pictures referred to—formerly in the same room as the large Veronese—are now exhibited in two rooms, recently added to the Gallery—XV. (The Room of Gentile Bellini) and XVI. (The Room of Carpaccio).]

[3] [No. 567 (Room XV.) is the famous picture of the Piazza di San Marco, by Gentile Bellini (Plate XLVI.).

The picture which includes a scene at Cairo (or rather, Alexandria?) is No. 571: "Incidents from the Life of St. Mark," by Giovanni Mansueti; it hangs in an annexe to Room XV.

No. 577 (Room XVI.) is No. VI. in the St. Ursula series by Carpaccio, as described below, p. 167.

No. 566 (Room XV.) is ascribed doubtfully to Carpaccio. The subject is the healing of a man possessed by the devil at the touch of the relic of the True Cross, which is presented to him by the Patriarch Francesco Querini. Painted in 1494; and except for an imaginary balcony, whence the miracle takes place, it faithfully represents the old Rialto and adjacent buildings, as they then stood.

No. 564 (Room XV.) depicts another miracle of the True Cross. Also painted in 1494; by Mansueti.]

account (begun already for one of them only, the Dream of St. Ursula, 578*), and of the Gentile Bellini you can only know the value after good study of St. Mark's itself. Observe, however, at least in this, and in 564 and 566, the perfectly true representation of what the Architecture of Venice was in her glorious time;[1] trim, dainty,—red and white like the blossom of a carnation,—touched with gold like a peacock's plumes, and frescoed, even to its chimney-pots, with fairest arabesque,—its inhabitants, and it together, one harmony of work and life,—all of a piece, you see them, in the wonderful palace-perspective on the left in 564, with everybody looking out of their windows. And in this picture of St. Mark's [567], painted by John Bellini's good brother, true as he could, hue for hue, and ray for ray, you see that all the tossing of its *now* white marble foliage against the sky, which in my old book on Venice I compared to the tossed spray of sea waves[2] (believing then, as I do still, that the Venetians in their living and breathing days of art were always influenced in their choice of guiding lines of sculpture by their sense of the action of wind or sea), were not, at all events, meant to be like sea foam white in anger, but like light spray in morning sunshine. They were all overlaid with gold.

Not yet in vicious luxury. Those porches of St. Mark's, so please you, English friends, were not thus gilt for the wedding of Miss Kilmansegg,[3] nor are those pictures on the vaults, advertisements, like yours in your railway stations;—all the arts of England bent on recommending you cheap

* Of which, with her legend, if you care to hear more, you will find more in the three numbers of *Fors Clavigera* now purchasable of my agent in Venice (Mr. Bunney, Fondamenta San Biagio 2143), from whom all my recent publications on Venice may be also procured.[4]

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[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 27).]

[2] [*Ibid.*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 83).]

[3] [See Hood's poem, "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg"; for other references to the poem, see Vol. XIII. pp. 33, 520.]

[4] [No longer applicable. The numbers of *Fors Clavigera* are Letters 71, 72, and 73.]

bathing machines and painless pills. Here are purer baths and medicines told of; here have been more ingenious engineers. From the Sinai desert, from the Sion rock, from the defiles of Lebanon, met here the ghosts of ancient builders to oversee the work,—of dead nations, to inspire it: Bezaleel and the maids of Israel who gave him their jewels; Hiram and his forgers in the vale of Siddim—his woodmen of the Syrian forests;—David the lord of war, and his Son the Lord of Peace, and the multitudes that kept holyday when the cloud filled the house they had built for the Lord of All;[1]—these, in their myriads stood by, to watch, to guide;—it might have been, had Venice willed, to bless.

Literally so, mind you. The wreathen work of the lily capitals and their archivolts, the glass that keeps unfaded their colour—the design of that colour itself, and the stories that are told in the glow of it,—all these were brought by the Jew or the Tyrian, bringing also the treasures of Persia and Egypt; and with these, labouring beside them as one brought up with them, stood the Athena of Corinth, and the Sophia of Byzantium.

Not in vicious luxury these, yet—though in Tyrian splendour glows St. Mark's;—nor those quiet and trim little houses on the right, joining the Campanile. You are standing (the work is so completely done that you may soon fancy yourself so) in old St. Mark's Place, at the far end of it, before it was enlarged; you may find the stone marking the whole length of it in the pavement,

[1] [The Bible references here are Exodus xxxvi. 1 ("Then wrought Bezaleel," etc.; compare Vol. XXIII. p. 266), xxxv. 22 ("And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets," etc.); 2 Samuel v. 11 ("And Hiram King of Tyre sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built David an house"), and 1 Kings v.; 1 Kings vii. 13, 14 ("And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre . . . and he was cunning to work all works of brass"); Genesis xiv. 10 ("And the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits"): the "Vale of Siddim" appears to have been the plains around the Dead Sea, which were afterwards submerged; these plains were the earliest home of the Tyrians (see Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 287–288); Psalms xlii. 4 ("with a multitude that kept holy day"; compare Vol. XX. p. 94); 1 Kings viii. 10 ("When the priests were come out of the holy place, the cloud filled the house of the Lord").]

Procession in St. Mark's Place

From the picture by Gentile Bellini

just opposite the easternmost door of the Café Florian. And there were none of those pompous loggie then, where you walk up and down before the café, but these trim, dainty, happily inhabited houses, mostly in white marble and gold, with disks of porphyry;—and look at the procession coming towards you underneath them—what a bed of moving flowers it is! Not Birnam wood coming,[1] gloomy and terrible, but a very bloom and garland of good and knightly manhood—its Doge walking in the midst of it—simple, valiant, actual, beneficent, magnificent king. Do you see better sights than this in St. Mark's Place now, in your days of progress?

Now, just to get some little notion how the figures are "put in" by these scrupulous old formalists, take the pains to look closely at the first you come upon, of the procession on the extreme left,—the three musicians,[2] namely, with the harp, violin, and lute. Look at them as portraits only: you will not find more interesting ones in all the rooms. And then you will do well to consider the picture as a reality for a little while, and so leave the Academy with a vision of living Venice in your heart. We will look at no more painting to-day.

[1] [*Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[2] [Referred to again on the next page.]

PART II

If you have looked with care at the three musicians, or any other of the principal figures, in the great town or landscape views in this principal room, you will be ready now with better patience to trace the order of their subjects, and such character or story as their treatment may develop. I can only help you, however, with Carpaccio's, for I have not been able to examine, or much think of, Mansueti's, recognizing nevertheless much that is delightful in them.

By Carpaccio, then, in this room,* there are in all eleven important pictures, eight from the legend of St. Ursula,[1] and three of distinct subjects. Glance first at the series of St. Ursula subjects, in this order:—

I.—572. Maurus the king of Brittany receives the English ambassadors: and has talk with his daughter touching their embassy.[2]

II.—578. St. Ursula's Dream.[3]

III.—573. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favourable answer from his daughter. (This is the most beautiful piece of *painting* in the rooms.)

IV.—574. The King of England receives the Princess's favourable answer.

* Or at least in the Academy: the arrangement may perhaps be altered before this Guide can be published; at all events we must not count on it.[4]

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[1] [For other general references to the St. Ursula Series, see the Introduction, above, pp. xlix.–liv.]

[2] [Compare the notes on Nos. 106, 107 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 200, 201.]

[3] [For descriptions of this picture, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 20 and 71.]

[4] [The arrangement of these pictures by Carpaccio has been greatly improved since Ruskin wrote, a new room having been built (XVI.) for their better display.]

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The Reception of the English Ambassadors

From the picture by Carpaccio

V.—575. The Prince of England sets sail for Brittany; —there receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI.—577. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, "with certain Cardinals,"[1] joins their pilgrimage.[2] (The most beautiful of all the series, next to the Dream.[3])

VII.—580. The Prince, with his bride, and the Pope with his Cardinals, and the eleven thousand maids, arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there. In the second part of the picture is the funeral procession of St. Ursula.

VIII.—576. St. Ursula, with her maidens, and the pilgrim Pope, and certain Cardinals, in glory of Paradise. I have always forgotten to look for the poor bridegroom in this picture, and on looking, am by no means sure of him. But I suppose it is he who holds St. Ursula's standard. The architecture and landscape are unsurpassably fine; the rest much imperfect; but containing nobleness only to be learned by long dwelling on it.

In this series, I have omitted one picture, 579, which is of scarcely any interest — except in its curious faults and unworthiness. At all events, do not at present look at it, or think of it; but let us examine all the rest without hurry.

In the first place, then, we find this curious fact, intensely characteristic of the fifteenth as opposed to the nineteenth century—that the figures are true and natural, but the landscape false and unnatural, being by such fallacy made entirely subordinate to the figures. I have never approved of, and only a little understand, this state of things. The painter is never interested in the ground, but

[1] [The quotation is from the legend of St. Ursula as given in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71.]

[2] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 204 (below, p. 367).]

[3] [Here in the order of subjects comes the picture which Ruskin omits, No. 579: "Arrival of St. Ursula at Cologne, with her 11,000 Virgins and Pope Cyriacus."]

only in the creatures that tread on it. A castle tower is left a mere brown bit of canvas, and all his colouring kept for the trumpeters on the top of it. The fields are obscurely green; the sky imperfectly blue; and the mountains could not possibly stand on the very small foundations they are furnished with.

Here is a Religion of Humanity, and nothing else,—to purpose! Nothing in the universe thought worth a look, unless it is in service or foil to some two-legged creature showing itself off to the best advantage. If a flower is in a girl's hair, it shall be painted properly; but in the fields, shall be only a spot: if a striped pattern is on a boy's jacket, we paint all the ins and outs of it, and drop not a stitch; but the striped patterns of vineyard or furrow in field, the enamelled mossy mantles of the rocks, the barred heraldry of the shield of the sky,—perhaps insects and birds may take pleasure in them, not we. To his own native lagunes and sea, the painter is yet less sensitive. His absurd rocks, and dotty black hedges round bitumen-coloured fields (575), are yet painted with some grotesque humour, some modest and unworldly beauty; and sustain or engird their castellated quaintnesses in a manner pleasing to the pre-Raphaelite mind. But the sea—waveless as a deal board—and in that tranquillity, for the most part reflecting nothing at its edge,—literally, such a sea justifies that uncourteous saying of earlier Venice of her Doge's bride,—"Mare sub pede pono."*

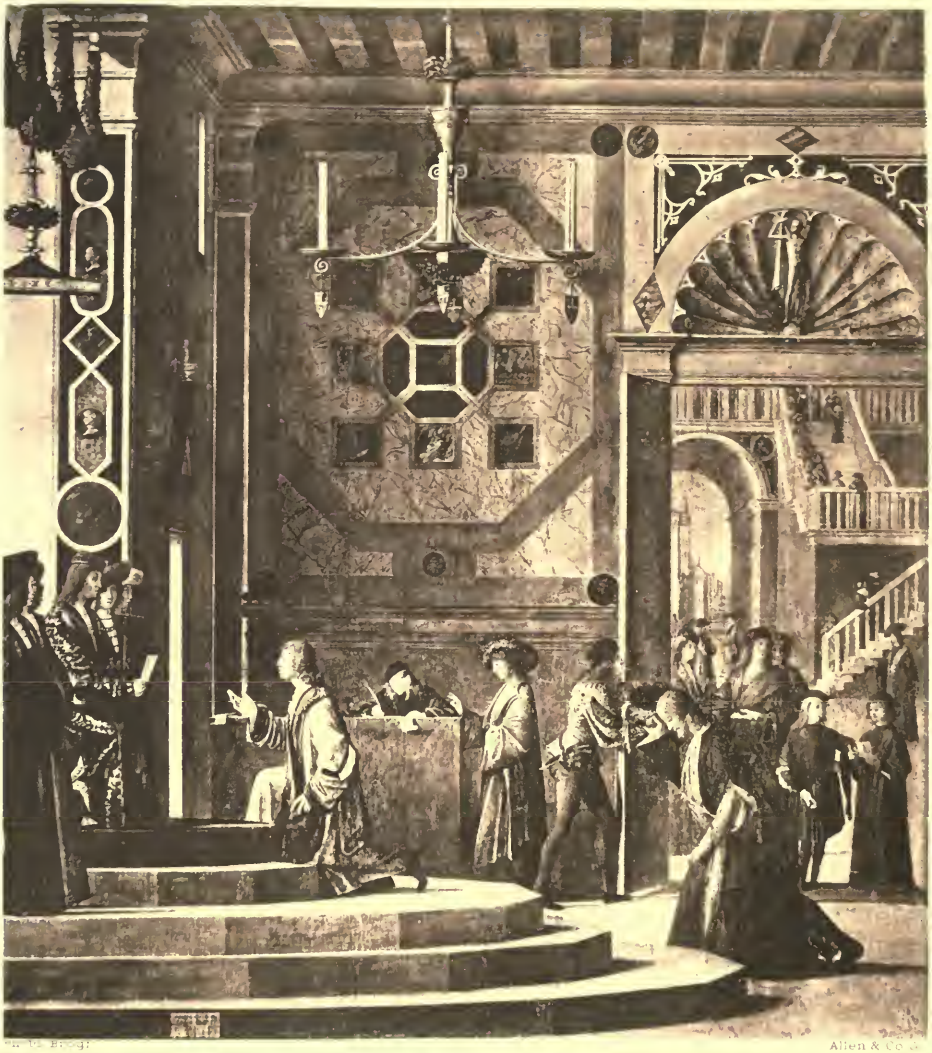
Of all these deficiencies, characteristic not of this master only, but of his age, you will find various analysis in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, in the chapter on mediæval landscape;[1] with begun examination of the causes which led

* On the scroll in the hand of the throned Venice on the Piazzetta side of the Ducal Palace, the entire inscription is,

"Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede, pono."

"Strong, and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot."

[1] [In this edition Vol. V. pp. 248 *seq.* See *ibid.*, p. 284, for "'enamelled' turf or sward."]



The Leave-taking of the Ambassadors

gradually to more accurate observance of natural phenomena, until, by Turner, the method of Carpaccio's mind is precisely reversed, and the Nature in the background becomes principal; the figures in the foreground, its foil.[1] I have a good deal more, however, to say on this subject now,—so much more, indeed, that in this little Guide there is no proper room for any of it, except the simple conclusion that both the painters are wrong in whatever they either definitely misrepresent, or enfeeble by inharmonious deficiency.

In the next place, I want you to notice Carpaccio's fancy in what he does represent very beautifully,—the architecture, real and ideal, of his day.

His fancy, I say; or phantasy; the notion he has of what architecture should be; of which, without doubt, you see his clearest expression in the Paradise [576], and in the palace of the most Christian King, St. Ursula's father [572].

And here I must ask you to remember, or learn if you do not know, the general course of transition in the architecture of Venice;—namely, that there are three epochs of good building in Venice; the first lasting to 1300, Byzantine, in the style of St. Mark's; the second, 1300 to 1480, Gothic, in the style of the Ducal Palace; and the third, 1480 to 1520, in a manner which architects have yet given no entirely accepted name to, but which, from the name of its greatest designer, Brother Giocondo, of Verona,* I mean, myself, henceforward to call "Giocondine."

Now the dates on these pictures of Carpaccio's run from 1480 to 1485, so that you see he was painting in the youthful gush, as it were, and fullest impetus of Giocondine architecture, which all Venice, and chiefly Carpaccio, in the joy of art, thought was really at last the architecture

* Called "the second Founder of Venice," for his engineering work on the Brenta. His architecture is chiefly at Verona; the style being adopted and enriched at Venice by the Lombardi.[2]

[1] [On this subject see Vol. XIII. pp. 151 *seq.*]

[2] [For notes on Fra Giocondo, see Vol. XI. p. 20 *n.*, Vol. XXI. p. 199, Vol. XXII. p. 476 *n.*; and for the Lombardi, Vol. V. p. 75 *n.*, Vol. X. p. 354, and Vol. XX. p. 323.]

divinely designed, and arrived at by steady progress of taste, from the Creation to 1480, and then the ne plus ultra, and real Babel-style without bewilderment—its top truly reaching to heaven,[1]—style which was never thenceforth to be bettered by human thought or skill. Of which Giocondine manner, I really think you had better at once see a substantially existent piece. It will not take long,—say an hour, with lunch; and the good door-keeper will let you come in again without paying.*

So (always supposing the day fine) go down to your boat, and order yourself to be taken to the church of the Frari. Landing just beyond it, your gondoliers will show you the way, up the calle beside it, to the desolate little courtyard of the School of St. John the Evangelist.[2] It might be one of the most beautiful scenes among the cities of Italy, if only the good Catholics of Venice would employ so much of their yearly alms in the honour of St. John the Evangelist as to maintain any old gondolier, past rowing, in this courtyard by way of a Patmos, on condition that he should suffer no wildly neglected children to throw stones at the sculptures, nor grown-up creatures to defile them; but with occasional ablution by sprinkling from garden water-engine, suffer the weeds of Venice to inhabit among the marbles where they listed.

How beautiful the place might be, I need not tell you. Beautiful it is, even in its squalid misery; but too probably, some modern designer of railroad stations will do it up with new gilding and scrapings of its grey stone. The gods forbid;—understand, at all events, that if this happens to it, you are no more to think of it as an example of Giocondine art. But, as long as it is let alone there, in the shafts and capitals you will see on the whole the most

* If you have already seen the School of St. John, or do not like the interruption, continue at page 176.

[1] [Genesis xi. 7.]

[2] [For another notice of this Scuola, see Vol. XI. p. 388; and for details of it (by Boni), No. 103 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. p. 201).]

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The Return of the Ambassadors

From the picture by Carpaccio

characteristic example in Venice of the architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and John Bellini loved.

As a rule, observe, square-piered, not round-pillared;—the square piers either sculptured all up with floral tracery, or, if plain, decorated half-way up, by a round panel of dark-coloured marble or else a bas-relief, usually a classic profile; the capitals, of light leafage, playing or springing into joyful spirals at the angles; the mouldings and cornices on the whole very flat or square cut,—no solid round mouldings anywhere, but all precise, rectangular, and shallow. The windows and doors either square-headed or round,—never pointed; but, if square-headed, having often a Greek gable or pediment above, as here on the outer wall; and, if round-headed, often composed of two semi-circles side by side, with a circle between:* the wall decoration being either of round inlaid marbles, among floral sculpture, or of fresco. Little to be conceived from words; but if you will look well inside and outside of the cortile of the Evangelist, you will come away with a very definite primary notion of Giocondine work.

Then back, with straight speed to the Academy; and before landing there, since you can see the little square in front of it, from your boat, read on.

The little square has its name written up at the corner, you see,—"Field of Charity," or rather of *the* Charity, meaning the Madonna of Charity, and church dedicated to her. Of which you see the mere walls, variously defaced, remaining yet in their original form,—traces of the great circular window in the front yet left, also of the pointed windows at the sides—filled up, many a year ago, and the square holes below cut for modern convenience: there

* In returning to your boat, just walk round to the back of the church of the Frari, and look at the windows of the Scuola di San Rocco, which will fix the form in your mind. It is an entirely bad one; but took the fancy of men, for a time, and of strong ones, too. But don't stop long just now to look at this later building; keep the St. John's cortile for your type of Giocondine work, pure.

being no space in the length and breadth of Italy to build new square-holed houses on, the Church of Charity must be used for makeshift.

Have you charity of imagination enough to cover this little field with fresh grass,—to tear down the iron bridge which some accursed Englishman, I suppose, greedy for filthy job, persuaded the poor Venetians to spoil their Grand Canal with, at its noblest bend,[1]—and to fill the pointed lateral windows with light tracery of quatrefoiled stone? So stood, so bloomed, the church and its field, in early fourteenth century—dismal time! the church in its fresh beauty then, built towards the close of the thirteenth century, on the site of a much more ancient one, first built of wood; and, in 1119, of stone; but still very small, its attached monastery receiving Alexander III. in 1177; here on the little flowery field landed the Pontiff Exile, whose foot was to tread so soon on the Lion and the Adder.[2]

And, some hundred years later, putting away, one finds not why, her little Byzantine church, more gravely meditative Venice, visited much by Dominican and Franciscan friars, and more or less in cowled temper herself, built this graver and simpler pile; which, if any of my readers care for either Turner or me, they should look at with some moments' pause; for I have given Turner's lovely sketch of it to Oxford,[3] painted as he saw it fifty years ago, with bright golden sails grouped in front of it where now is the ghastly iron bridge.*

Most probably (I cannot yet find any direct document

* "Very convenient for the people," say you, modern man of business. Yes; very convenient to them also to pay two centesimi every time they cross,—six for three persons, into the pockets of that English engineer; instead of five for three persons, to one of their own boatmen, who now take to begging, drinking, and bellowing for the wretched hordes at the tables d'hôte, whose ears have been rent by railroad whistles till they don't know a howl from a song—instead of ferrying.

[1] [The bridge was in fact erected by an English firm; the toll, referred to in Ruskin's note, was abolished shortly after he wrote.]

[2] [See Vol. XI. p. 93.]

[3] [No. 30 in Ruskin's gift of 1861: see Vol. XIII. p. 560.]

Allen & Co. Se

Leave-taking of the Prince; his meeting with St. Ursula;
leave-taking from her parents

of it) the real occasion of the building of the church whose walls yet stand, was the founding of the Confraternita di S. Maria della Carita, on St. Leonard's Day, 6th November, 1260,* which brotherhood, in 1310, fought side by side with the school of the Painters in St. Luke's field, against one body of the conspirators for Bajamonte,[1] and drove them back, achieving the right thenceforward of planting their purple standard there, in St. Luke's field, with their stemma (all this bears on Carpaccio's pictures presently, so have patience yet a minute or two), and so increasing in number and influence, bought in 1344, from the Monks of the Church of Charity, the ground on which you are presently going to see pictures; and built on it their cloister, dedicated also to St. Mary of Charity; and over the gate of it, by which you are going to enter, put St. Mary of Charity, as they best could get her carved, next year, 1345: and so you have her there, with cowled members of the confraternity kneeling to her; happy angels fluttering about her; the dark blue of her eyes not yet utterly faded from them. Blue-eyed as Athena she,—the Greek tradition yet prevailing to that extent,—a perfect type, the whole piece, of purest central fourteenth-century Gothic thought and work untouched, and indubitable of date, being inscribed below its bracket cornice,

MCCCXLV. I LO TEMPO DE MIS.
MARCHO ZULIAN FO FATO STO LAVORIER.

To wit—"1345, in the time" (of the Guardianship) "of Messer Mark Julian, was made this laboured thing."

And all seemed to bid fair for Venice and her sacred schools; Heaven surely pleased with these her endeavours, and laboured things.

* *Archivio Veneto.* (Venezia, 1876.) Tom. XII., Parte i., p. 112.

[1] [For the conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo, see Vol. X. p. 298 *n.*]

Yes, with these, and such other, I doubt not. But other things, it seems, had been done in Venice, with which Heaven was *not* pleased; assuming always that there is a Heaven, for otherwise—what followed was of course only process of Darwinian development. But this *was* what followed. That Madonna, with her happy angels and humble worshippers, was carved as you see her over the Scuola cloister door,—in 1345. And "on the 25th of January, 1347,* on the day, to wit, of the conversion of St. Paul, about the hour of vespers, there came a great earthquake in Venice, and as it were in all the world; and fell many tops of bell-towers, and houses, and chimneys, and the church of St. Basil: and there was so great fear that all the people thought to die. And the earth ceased not to tremble for about forty days; and when it remained quiet, there came a great mortality, and the people died of various evil. And the people were in so great fear, that father would not go to visit son, nor son father. And this death lasted about six months; and it was said commonly that there died two parts out of three, of all the people of Venice."

These words you may read (in Venetian dialect) after you have entered the gate beneath the Madonna; they are engraved under the Gothic arch on your right hand; with other like words, telling the various horror of that Plague; and how the guardian of the Scuola died by it, and about ten of his officers with him, and three hundred of the brethren.

Above the inscription, two angels hold the symbol of the Scuola; carved, as you see, conspicuously also on the outer sculptures in various places; and again on the well in the midst of the cloister. The first sign this, therefore, of all chosen by the greater schools of Venice, of which, as aforesaid, "The first was that of St. Mary of Charity, which school has its wax candles red, in sign that Charity should be glowing; and has for its bearing a yellow" (meaning

* 1348, in our present calendar.

F Murray

St. Ursula: the moment before Martyrdom

golden*) "cross, traversing two little circles also yellow; with red and green quartering the parts which the cross describes,—those who instituted such sign desiring to show thereby the union that Charity should have with Faith and Hope." †

The golden "anchored" cross stands for Faith, the golden outer circle for Charity, the golden inner for Hope —all on field quartered gules and vert, the colours of Charity and Hope.

Such the first symbol of Venetian Brotherhoods,‡—in reading which, I delay you, that you may be better prepared to understand the symbolism running through every sign and colour in Venetian art at this time, down even to its tinting of wax candles; art which was indeed all the more symbolic for being rude, and complicated much with the use of signals and heraldries at sea, too distant for any art in them to be visible, but serviceably intelligible in meaning.

How far the great Scuola and cloisters of the Carita, for monks and confraternity together, reached from the gate under which you are pausing, you may see in Dürer's woodcut of the year 1500 (Correr Museum),[1] which gives the apse with attached chapels; and the grand double cloister reaching back nearly to the Giudecca; a water-wheel—as I suppose—outside, on the (now filled up and paved) canal, moved by the tide, for molinary work in the kitchens. Of all which nothing now remains but these pillars and beams, between you and the gallery staircase; and the well

* "Ex Cruce constat aurea, seu flava; ejus speciei, quam artis hujusmodi Auctores 'ancoratam' vocant."

† "In tabulam Græcam insigni sodalitio S. M. Caritatis, Venetiarum, ab amplissimo Cardinali Bessarione dono datam, Disserattio."—(St. Mark's Library, *33331*, page 146.)

‡ At least according to the authority above quoted; as far as I have consulted the original documents myself, I find the school of St. Theodore[2] primal.

[1] [In Room XX.]

[2] [For passages from the early documents of the School, or Guild, of St. Theodore, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75.]

with two brothers on each side holding their stemma, a fine free-hand piece of rough living work. You will not, I think, find that you have ill spent your hour of rest when you now return into the Carpaccio room, where we will look first, please, at No. IV. (574), in which many general points are better shown than in the rest.

Here is the great King of ideal England, under an octagonal temple of audience; all the scene being meant to show the conditions of a state in perfect power and prosperity.

A state, therefore, that is at once old and young; that has had a history for centuries past, and will have one for centuries to come.

Ideal, founded mainly on the Venice of his own day; mingled a little with thoughts of great Rome, and of great antagonist Genoa:[1] but, in all spirit and hope, the Venice of 1480–1500 is here living before you. And now, therefore, you can see at once what she meant by a "Campo," allowing for the conventional manner of representing grass, which of course at first you will laugh at; but which is by no means deserving of your contempt. Any hack draughtsman of Dalziel's[2] can sketch for you, or any member of the Water-colour or Dudley Societies dab for you, in ten minutes, a field of hay that you would fancy you could mow, and make cocks of. But this green ground of Carpaccio's with implanted flowers and tufts of grass, is traditional from the first Greek-Christian mosaics, and is an entirely systematic ornamental ground, and to be understood as such, primarily, and as grass only symbolically. Careless indeed, more than is usual with him—much spoiled and repainted also; but quite clear enough in expression for us of the orderliness and freshness of a Venetian campo in the great times; garden and city you see mingled inseparably, the wild strawberry growing at the

[1] [In the green hill rising above the town; for a note on this picture, in its fidelity to Venetian characteristics, see the Introduction, above, p. lii.]

[2] [For a note on the Brothers Dalziel, see Vol. XIX. p. 149.]

St. Ursula on her Bier

steps of the king's court of justice, and their marble sharp and bright out of the turf. Clean everything, and pure; —no cigars in anybody's poisoned mouth,—no voiding of perpetual excrement of saliva on the precious marble or living flowers. Perfect peace and befittingness of behaviour in all men and creatures. Your very monkey in repose, perfect in his mediæval dress; the Darwinian theory in all its sacredness, breadth, divinity, and sagacity,—but reposeful, not venturing to thrust itself into political council. Crowds on the bridges and quays, but untumultuous, close set as beds of flowers, richly decorative in their mass, and a beautiful mosaic of men, and of black, red, blue, and golden bonnets. Ruins, indeed, among the prosperity; but glorious ones;—not shells of abandoned speculation, but remnants of mighty state long ago, now restored to nature's peace; the arches of the first bridge the city had built, broken down by storm, yet what was left of them spared for memory's sake. (So stood for a little while, a few years ago, the broken Ponte-a-Mare at Pisa;[1] so at Rome, for ages, stood the Ponte Rotto, till the engineers and modern mob got at it, making what was in my youth the most lovely and holy scene in Rome, *now* a place where a swine-herd could not stand without holding his nose, and which no woman can stop at.[2])

But here, the old arches are covered with sweet weeds, like native rock, and (for once!) reflected a little in the pure water under the meadowy hills. Much besides of noteworthy, if you are yourself worthy of noting it, you may find in this lovely distance. But the picture, it may

[1] [See in Vol. XXIII., Plate I., and *Val d'Arno*, § 282 (p. 165).]

[2] [The Ponte Rotto, on the site of the ancient Pons Æmilius (which fell down in the thirteenth century) was restored in 1554 and again in 1575. In 1598 the part on the left bank of the river was carried away; two arches were thus lost, and the bridge remained, till recently, in its ruined condition. It was "highly picturesque, and has been painted by every artist in Rome," and from it was "the exquisite view of the Isola Tiberina" (see Hare's *Walks in Rome*, 13th ed., vol. i. p. 153). At the time when Ruskin wrote, embankment works were in progress; at a later date (1885–1886) the old bridge (with the exception of a single arch) was destroyed, and a suspension bridge was built.]

be complained, seems for the most part—distance, architecture, and scattered crowd; while of foreground objects, we have principally cloaks, and very curiously thin legs.* Well, yes,—the distance is indeed the prettiest part of this picture; and since, in modern art and drama, we have been accustomed, for anatomical and other reasons, to depend on nothing else but legs, I admit the supply of legs to be here scanty, and even of brachial, pectoral, and other admirable muscles. If you choose to look at the *faces* instead, you will find something in them; nevertheless, Carpaccio has been, on the whole, playing with himself, and with us, in his treatment of this subject. For Carpaccio is, in the most vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order; but is sublime, or delightful, or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it; or—profane persons will say, —as the humour takes him. And his humour here has been dominant. For since much depends on the answer brought back from St. Ursula, besides the young Prince's happiness, one should have thought, the return of the embassy might have been represented in a loftier manner. But only two of the ambassadors are here; the king is occupied in hearing a cause which will take long,—(see how gravely his minister is reading over the documents in question); —meantime the young prince, impatient, going down the steps of the throne, makes his own private inquiries, proudly: "Your embassy has, I trust, been received, gentlemen, with a just understanding of our diplomatic relations?" "Your Royal Highness," the lowly and gravely bowing principal ambassador replies, "must yourself be the only fitting judge of that matter, on fully hearing our report." Meantime, the chargé d'affaires holds St. Ursula's answer—behind his back.

* Not in the least unnaturally thin, however, in the forms of persons of sedentary life.

Photo G. Briggs

The Apotheosis of St. Ursula

from the picture by Carpaccio

A piece of play, very nearly, the whole picture; a painter living in the midst of a prosperous city, happy in his own power, entirely believing in God, and in the saints, and in eternal life; and, at intervals, bending his whole soul to the expression of most deep and holy tragedy,—such a man needs must have his times of play; which Carpaccio takes, in his work. Another man, instead of painting this piece with its monkey, and its little fiddler, and its jesting courtiers, would have played some ape-tricks of his own,—spent an hour or two among literal fiddlers, and living courtiers. Carpaccio is not heard of among such—amuses himself still with pencil in hand, and us also, pleasantly, for a little while. You shall be serious enough, soon, with him, if you will.

But I find this Guide must run into greater division,[1] for I can't get the end of it properly done yet for some days; during the winter the gallery was too cold for me to think quietly in, and so I am obliged, as Fate always lately obliges me, to do this work from pen to print—at speed; so that, quitting Carpaccio for the nonce, I will tell you a little more about the general contents of the rooms; and so afterwards take up St. Ursula's pilgrimage, undisturbed.* Now, therefore, I will simply follow the order of the room circuit, noting the pieces worth study, if you have proper time.

From before this picture which has so long held us, go down the steps on the right of it, into the lower room.[2]

Turning round immediately, you have good sight of two

* This I am now doing in a separate Guide to the works of Carpaccio in Venice:[1] these two parts, now published, contain all I have to say about the Academy.

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[1] [The Guide itself was never altered or continued by Ruskin (but see the next note), nor was any separate Guide to Carpaccio issued (but see chapter x. in *St. Mark's Rest*).]

[2] [The directions no longer apply. The two pictures by Veronese—"The Assumption" (265) and "The Coronation" (264)—are in Room IX. A few lines lower down, "other" is here substituted for "opposite."]

Paul Veroneses, one on each side of the steps. The upper group of the picture on your left (265), Madonna borne by angels at her knees, and encompassed by a circlet of them, is the loveliest piece of Veronese in these galleries, nor can you see a better in the world: but, considered as a whole, the picture is a failure; all the sub-celestial part of it being wholly dull. Nevertheless, for essential study of Veronese's faculty, you cannot find anything better in Venice than that upper group; and the other picture [264], though confused, is worth attentive pause from all painters.

377. Le Brun.[1] Sent from Paris, you see, in exchange for the Cena of Paul Veronese.

The Cena of Paul Veronese being worth—at moderate estimate of its eternal and intrinsic art-value—I should say, roughly, about ten good millions of sterling ducats, or twenty ironclads; and the Le Brun, worth, if it were put to proper use, precisely what its canvas may now be worth to make a packing-case of;—but, as hung here,[2] in negative value, and effectual mischief, in disgracing the rooms, and keeping fine pictures invisibly out of the way,—a piece of vital poverty and calamity much more than equivalent to the presence of a dirty, torn rag, which the public would at once *know* to be worthless, in its place instead.

240, 244.[3] Standard average portrait-pieces, fairly representative of Tintoret's quiet work, and of Venetian magistrates, —Camerlenghi di Comune. Compare 242; very beautiful.

[1] [In the Loggia Palladina. As stated in the catalogue of the Gallery, this picture ("Magdalen at the feet of Jesus"), by Carlo Lebrun (1619–1690), was received in exchange for Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," now in the Louvre. Buonaparte had forcibly removed that picture to Paris after his seizure of Venice in 1797. After 1815 the Austrian Commissioners, owing to the difficulty of removing so large a picture, consented to the substitution of the Lebrun.]

[2] [Now, as already stated, hung in the Loggia Palladina—obscurely enough; formerly with the Veroneses in Room XV.]

[3] [The three pictures here mentioned are now all in Room IX. and in a row. Nos. 240 (removed from the Magistrato of the Camerlenghi) and 244 are each "Portraits of two Senators"; No. 242 is "Portrait of the Procurator Carlo Morosini."]

36, 606, 608.[1] Spoils of the Church of the Carita, whose ruins you have seen. Venice being of all cities the only one which has sacked *herself*, not in revolution, but mere blundering beggary: suppressing every church that had blessed her, and every society that had comforted. But at all events you *see* the pictures here; and the Cima is a fine one; but what time you give to this painter should be spent chiefly with his John the Baptist at the Madonna dell' Orto.[2]

280.[3] Once a Bonifazio of very high order; sorrowfully repainted with loss of half its life. But a picture, still, deserving honour.

From this room[4] you find access either to the modern pictures, or by the door on the left hand of the Cima to the collection of drawings. The well-known series by Raphael and Leonardo[5] are of the very highest historical value and artistic interest; but it is curious to find, in Venice, scarcely a scratch or blot remaining of elementary study by any great Venetian master. Her painters drew little in black and white, and must have thrown such sketches, when they made them, away for mere waste paper. For all discussion of their methods of learning to draw with colour from the first, I must refer my readers to my Art lectures.[6]

The Leonardo drawings here are the finest I know; none in the Ambrosian Library equal them in execution.

[1] [These three pictures bore consecutive numbers when Ruskin wrote, and in the official catalogue were all said to have come from the suppressed church of S. Maria della Carità. No. 36 is in Room II. (Cima: "Madonna and Child enthroned, with various Saints"); Nos. 606 and 608 (in Room XVII.) are by Bernardo Parentino (1437–1531), and are now stated in the catalogue to have come from the suppressed church of S. Maria at Monteortone; formerly ascribed to Vivarini.]

[2] [For notices of this picture, see Vol. XX. p. 141, and Vol. XXI. pp. 16, 115.]

[3] [Room X.: "St. Sebastian, St. Bernard, and the Devil." Ruskin placed a photograph of this picture in his Standard Series at Oxford (No. 21), and discussed it in the catalogue: see Vol. XXI. p. 21.]

[4] [Again the directions do not apply. The modern pictures are in Room XII., the collection of drawings in Room IV.]

[5] [Nos. 198 *seq.*, Nos. 213 *seq.*]

[6] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 163 (Vol. XX. pp. 156–157).]

The staircase leading out of this room descends[1] into the Hall of Titian's Assumption, where I have said nothing yet of his last picture (400), nor of that called in the Guide-books an example of his first style (95).

It has always been with me an intended piece of work to trace the real method of Titian's study, and the changes of his mind. But I shall never do it now;* and am hitherto entirely unacquainted with his early work. If this be indeed his, and a juvenile piece, it indicates a breadth of manner, and conventionally artistic way of looking at nature, entirely peculiar to him, or to his æra. The picture which he left unfinished might most fittingly be called the Shadow of Death. It is full of the profoundest metaphysical interest to me; but cannot be analysed here.

In general, Titian is ill-represented in his own Venice. The best example of him, by far, is the portrait group of the Pesaro family in the Frari.[2] The St. Mark in the Sacristy of the Salute was, in my early days, entirely glorious; but has been daubed over into ruin. The roof of the Sacristy in the Salute; with the fresco of St. Christopher,† and the portrait of the Doge Grimani before Faith, in the Ducal Palace, are all the remnants of him that are worth study here, since the destruction in the

* For reasons which any acute reader may enough discover in my lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret.[3]

† An admirable account of this fresco is given by Mr. Edward Cheney, in *Original Documents relating to Venetian Painters and their Pictures*, pp. 60, 61.

[1] [Not now; the "Hall" is Room II. But Titian's "last picture" ("The Deposition") is in Room X., and No. 95 ("The Visitation of St. Elizabeth") is in Room XIX. The latter picture is now ascribed in the official catalogue to Sebastiano Luciani (del Piombo).]

[2] [For notices of this picture, see Vol. VII. p. 225, Vol. XXI. p. 36 (No. 106); and for the works in the Salute, Vol. XI. p. 429. The fresco of "St. Christopher" is painted over an unused door in the Ducal Palace which led from the Doge's private apartments into the chapel. For notices of "the Doge Grimani before Faith," see Vol. XI. p. 373 and *n.*; and for the "Peter Martyr," Vol. III. p. 28 *n.*]

[3] [See, for instance, Vol. XXII. p. 83.]

Peter Martyr.* The St. John the Baptist in this gallery (314),[1] is really too stupid to be endured, and the black and white scrabble of landscape in it is like a bad copy of Ruysdael.

42.[2] The miracle of St. Mark; a fine, but much-over-rated, Tintoret. If any painter of real power wishes to study this master, let him be content with the Paradise of the Ducal Palace, and the School of St. Roch, where no harmful repainting has yet taken place. The once mighty pictures in the Madonna dell' Orto are destroyed by restoration;[3] and those which are scattered about the other churches[4] are scarcely worth pursuit, while the series of St. Roch remains in its purity.

In the next room to this[5] the pictures on the ceiling, brought from the room of the State Inquisitors, are more essential, because more easy, Tintoret-work, than the St. Mark, and very delightful to me; I only wish the Inquisitors were alive to enjoy them again themselves, and inquire into a few things happening in Venice, and especially into the religious principles of her "Modern Painters."

We have made the round of the rooms, all but the Pinacoteca Contarini, Sala V. and VI., and the long gallery, Sala X.–XIV.,[6] both containing many smaller pictures of

* Of the portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti, in my own possession at Oxford, I leave others to speak, when I can speak of it no more. But it

[1] [In Room XIX.]
[2] [In Room II.]
[3] [See Vol. XI. p. 395.]
[4] [As, for instance, in the Salute: see Vol. XI. p. 429.]
[5] [Ed. 1 adds: "(Sala III.)." The pictures in question are on the ceiling of what is now Room IV. The subjects are the Parable of the Prodigal Son, Virtue, Faith, Justice, Courage, and Charity.]
[6] [The description no longer applies. The Pinacoteca Contarini (a miscellaneous collection presented in 1843 by the Count Jérôme Contarini) was at the time when Ruskin wrote hung together in a room; it has now been merged in the general arrangement of the collection, and the other rooms have all been altered. The rooms in the present arrangement left unmentioned by Ruskin are V. (School of Bellini), VII. (School of Bergamo), VIII. (Flemish), and XI. to XIV. (Later Italian Schools).]

interest; but of which I have no time, nor much care, to speak—except in complaint that detestable daubs by Callot, Dujardin,[1] and various ignoti, should be allowed to disgrace the sixth sala, and occupy some of the best of the very little good light there is in the Academy; thrusting the lovely little Tintoret, 270,[2]—purest work of his heart and fairest of his faculty,—high beyond sight of all its delicious painting; and the excellent quiet portrait, 237,[3] into an unregarded corner. I am always puzzled by the smaller pictures of John Bellini; many of them here, of whose authorship there can be little doubt, being yet of very feeble merit. 596[4] is fine; and the five symbolical pictures,

must be named here as the only fragment left of another great picture destroyed by fire, which Tintoret had so loved and studied that he replaced it from memory.[5]

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[1] [The works of Callot (Nos. 114, 136, 139) remain in Room VI., though they are now stated to be copies. Various pictures by Dujardin have been removed to store-rooms and are no longer exhibited. This removal had already taken place when Ruskin's Guide was revised in 1891; hence the reviser erroneously stated that the Academy contained no Dujardin, and suggested that Ruskin might have referred to a Jordaens, then exhibited in Room VI., but also now consigned to a store-room.]

[2] ["The Madonna and the Faithful"; now well hung in Room X.]

[3] ["Portrait of Battista Morosini"; now well hung in Room XIX.]

[4] [The well-known little panel, showing the Virgin and Child, with two trees (symbolical of the Old and New Testaments); dated 1487. Now given a place of honour in the Bellini room (XVII.); formerly in the Pinacoteca Contarini. Ruskin placed a photograph of the picture in his Standard Series at Oxford (No. 37): see Vol. XXI. p. 25. The revised edition of the Guide erroneously altered the number to fit the picture which is now 583 in the same room—a very much less attractive work of Bellini. The error is reproduced in the Italian edition.]

[5] [See in Vol. XIX., Plate X., and pp. lxxvi., 248, 250, 269. Ruskin refers to his acquisition of the picture in a letter to Rawdon Brown (now in the British Museum), dated September 2, 1864:—

> "You will be glad to hear I have just possessed myself of a portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti. It is my notion of Titian's work, and that is all I care about. I bought it of the Dean of Bristol, after it was exhibited at the British Institute, where it looked well, and I've been trying to get it ever since—and have got it at last. It is probably the last picture I shall ever buy; for, though I have enough money for all useful and necessary employment, I can't afford buying pictures at the prices the dealers have run things up to. This is fearfully damaged—said to be the only remnant of the Fire Sacrifice. But it is Vecelli's, I'll aver."

The "Fire Sacrifice" means the conflagration of 1574, which destroyed much of the Ducal Palace (see Vol. X. pp. 354–355). In this fire it is supposed that Titian's picture of the Doge Gritti presented to the Madonna by St. Mark perished; the picture was put up in the Sala del Collegio in 1531, and is described by Sanuto. There is now in that room a picture of the same subject by Tintoret.]

The Madonna and the Faithful

595,[1] in the inner room, are interesting to myself; but may probably be little so to others. The first is (I believe) Domestic Love; the world in her hand becoming the colour of Heaven; the second, Fortitude quitting the effeminate Dionysus; the third (much the poorest and least intelligible), Truth, or Prudence; the fourth, Lust; and the fifth, Fortune as Opportunity, in distinction from the greater and sacred Fortune appointed of Heaven.

And now, if you are yet unfatigued,* you had better go back into the great room, and give thorough examination to the wonderful painting, as such, in the great Veronese,[2] considering what all its shows and dexterities at last came to, and reading, before it, his examination concerning it, given in Appendix, which shows you that Venice herself felt what they were likely to come to, though in vain; and then, for contrast with its reckless power, and for final image to be remembered of sweet Italian art in its earnestness, return into the long gallery[3] (through the two great rooms, turning your back on the Veronese, then out by the door opposite Titian's huge picture; then out of the corridor by the first door on the right, and walk down the gallery), to its little Sala X., where, high on your left, 54, is the Beata Catherine Vigri's St. Ursula; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her. Truly a very

* If you *are*, end with 270, and remember it well.

[1] [Ed. 1 reads: ". . . five symbolical pictures, 234–238, in the inner room, Sala VI." Now Room XVIII. The five little pictures are now framed together, No. 595, in the following order (from left to right): (1) Bacchus and Mars, called by Ruskin "Fortitude quitting Dionysus"; (2) a woman holding a globe, called by Ruskin "Domestic Love"; (3) Fortune; (4) Truth (a nude figure); and (5) Calumny and Lust. The interpretation of the allegories has been much discussed. Of No. 2 picture, Ruskin had a copy made for Kate Greenaway. In sending it to her, he wrote (March 9, 1887):—

> "The Globe picture is one of a series done by John Bellini of the Gods and Goddesses of good and evil to man. She is the sacred Venus. Venus always rises out of the sea, but this one out of laughing sea of unknown depth. She holds the world in her arms, changed into heaven."

(*Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, p. 168).]

[2] [No. 203 in Room IX.]

[3] [The following instructions no longer apply. The picture of St. Ursula is hung, no longer high up, in Room III.]

much blessed Catherine, and, I should say, far more than half-way to a saint, knowing, however, of her, and her work, only this picture. Of which I will only say in closing, as I said of the Vicar's picture[1] in beginning, that it would be well if any of us could do such things nowadays;—and more especially, if our vicars and young ladies could.

[1] [No. 21 in Room I.: see above, p. 150.]

APPENDIX

THE little collection of *Documents relating to Venetian Painters* already referred to (p. 182 *n.*), as made with excellent judgment by Mr. Edward Cheney, is, I regret to say, "communicated" only to the author's friends, of whom I, being now one of long standing, emboldened also by repeated instances of help received from him, venture to trespass on the modest book so far as to reprint part of the translation which it gives of the questioning of Paul Veronese.

"It is well known," says Mr. Cheney in his prefatory remarks, "to the students of Venetian history, that the Roman Inquisition was allowed little influence, and still less power, in the states of the Signory; and its sittings were always attended by lay members, selected from the Senate, to regulate and report its proceedings.

"The sittings of the Holy Office were held in the chapel of St. Theodore, fronting the door leading from St. Mark's Church to the Fondamenta di Canonica."

On Saturday, the 8th July, 1573, Master Paul Caliari, of Verona, a painter, residing in the parish of St. Samuel, was brought before the Sacred Tribunal; and being asked his name and surname, answered as above; and being asked of his profession, answered—

"*A.* I invent and draw figures.

Q. Do you know the reason why you have been summoned?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Can you imagine it?

A. I can imagine it.

Q. Tell us what you imagine.

A. For the reason which the Reverend Prior of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, whose name I know not, told me that he had been here, and that your illustrious lordships had given him orders that I should substitute the figure of the Magdalen for that of a dog; and I replied that I would willingly have done this, or anything else for my own credit and the advantage of the picture, but that I did not think the figure of the Magdalen would be fitting (!!)* or would look well, for many reasons, which I will always assign whenever the opportunity is given me.

* I must interpolate two notes of admiration. After all one has heard of the terrors of the Inquisition, it seems, nevertheless, some people ventured to differ with it in opinion, on occasion. And the Inquisition was entirely right, too. See next note.

Q. What picture is that which you have named?

A. It is the picture representing the last* supper that Jesus took with His disciples in the house of Simon.

Q. Where is this picture?

A. In the refectory of the Friars of SS. Giovanni and Paolo.

Q. Is it painted on the wall, on panel, or on cloth?

A. On cloth.

Q. How many feet is it in height?

A. It is about seventeen feet.

Q. How wide?

A. About thirty-nine feet.

Q. In this supper of our Lord have you painted any attendants?

A. Yes, my lord.

* "Cena *ultima* che," etc.: the last, that is to say, of the two which Veronese supposed Christ to have taken with this host; but he had not carefully enough examined the apparently parallel passages. They are confusing enough, and perhaps the reader will be glad to refer to them in their proper order.

I. There is, first, the feast given to Christ by St. Matthew, after he was called; the circumstances of it told by himself; only saying "*the* house" instead of "*my* house" (Matt. ix. 9–13). This is the feast at which the objection is taken by the Pharisees—"Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" the event being again related by St. Luke (v. 29), giving Matthew the name of Levi. No other circumstance of interest takes place on this occasion.

II. "One of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him: and He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat" (Luke vii. 36).

To *this* feast came the Magdalen, and "stood at His feet, behind Him, weeping." And you know the rest. The same lesson given to the Pharisees who *forbade* the feast of Matthew, here given—in how much more pathetic force—to the Pharisee at whose feast Jesus now sat. Another manner of sinner this, who stands uncalled, at the feast, weeping; who in a little while will stand weeping—not for herself. The name of the Pharisee host is given in Christ's grave address to him—"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee" [Luke vii. 40].

III. The *supper* at Bethany, in the house of Simon "the Leper," where Lazarus sat at table, where Martha served, and where her sister Mary poured the ointment on Christ's head, "for my burial" (Mark xiv. 3; Matt. xxvi. 7; and John xii. 2, where in the following third verse doubtless some copyist, confusing her with the Magdalen, added the clause of her wiping His feet with her hair;—so also, more palpably, in John xi. 2). Here the objection is made by Judas, and the lesson given—"The poor ye have always with you."

We cannot seriously suppose Simon the Leper to be the same person as Simon the Pharisee; still less Simon the Pharisee to be the same as Matthew the publican: but in Veronese's mind their three feasts had got confused, and he thinks of them as *two* only, and calls this which he represents here the last of the two, though there is nothing whatever to identify it as first, last, or middle. There is no Magdalen, no Mary, no Lazarus, no hospitable Levi, no supercilious Simon. Nothing but a confused meeting of very mixed company; half of them straggling about the table without sitting down; and the conspicuous brown dog, for whom the Inquisitors would have had him substitute the Magdalen;—which if he had done, the picture would have been right in all other particulars, the scarlet-robed figure opposite Christ then becoming Simon the Pharisee; but he cannot be Matthew the apostle, for Veronese distinctly names the twelve apostles after "the master of the house"; and the text written on the balustrade on the left is therefore either spurious altogether, or added by Veronese to get rid of the necessity of putting in a Magdalen to satisfy his examiners, or please the Prior of St. John and Paul.

Allen & Co Sc

The Supper in the House of Simon

From the picture by Paolo Veronese

Q. Say how many attendants, and what each is doing.

A. First, the master of the house, Simon; besides, I have placed below him a server, who I have supposed to have come for his own amusement to see the arrangement of the table. There are besides several others,* which, as there are many figures in the picture, I do not recollect.

Q. What is the meaning of those men dressed in the German fashion,† each with a halbert in his hand?

A. It is now necessary that I should say a few words.‡

The Court. Say on.

A. We painters take the same license that is permitted to poets, and jesters (!). I have placed those two halberdiers—the one eating, the other drinking§—by the staircase, to be supposed ready to perform any duty that may be required of them; it appearing to me quite fitting that the master of such a house, who was rich and great (as I have been told), should have such attendants.

Q. That fellow dressed like a buffoon, with the parrot on his wrist,—for what purpose is *he* introduced into the canvas?

A. For ornament, as is usually done.‖

Q. At the table of the Lord whom have you placed?

A. The twelve apostles.

Q. What is St. Peter doing, who is the first?¶

A. He is cutting up a lamb, to send to the other end of the table.

Q. What is he doing who is next to him?

A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Q. Tell us what he is doing who is next to this last?

A. He is using a fork as a toothpick.**

Q. Who do you really think were present at that supper?

A. I believe Christ and His apostles were present; but in the foreground of the picture I have placed figures for ornament, of my own invention.

Q. Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans, and buffoons, and such-like things in this picture?

A. No, my lord; my commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which, being large, requires many figures, as it appears to me.

Q. Are the ornaments that the painter is in the habit of introducing in his frescoes and pictures suited and fitting to the subject and to the

* Yes, there certainly are "several others"—some score of idlers about, I should say. But this longer answer of the painter's was probably little attended to, and ill reported by the secretary.

† My lords have suspicions of leaning towards the principles—no less than the taste—of Holbein; and of meaning some mischief.

‡ He instantly feels the drift of this last question, and that it must not be passed lightly. Asks leave to speak—(usually no license but of direct answer being given).

§ On the right. *One* has got all the eating and drinking to himself, however, as far as I can see.

‖ Alas, *everything* is for ornament—if you would own it, Master Paul!

¶ Very curious that no question is asked as to what Christ Himself is doing. One would have greatly desired Veronese's answer.

** Scarcely seen, between the two pillars. I must needs admit that Raphael would have invented some more dignifiedly apostolic action.

principal persons represented, or does he really paint such as strike his own fancy, without exercising his judgment or his discretion?*

A. I design my pictures with all due consideration as to what is fitting, and to the best of my judgment.

Q. Does it appear to you fitting that at our Lord's last supper† you should paint buffoons, drunkards, Germans,‡ dwarfs, and similar indecencies?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Why, then, have you painted them?

A. I have done it because I supposed that these were not in the place where the supper was served.

Q. Are you not aware that in Germany,§ and in other places infected with heresy, they are in the habit of painting pictures full of scurrility for the purpose of ridiculing and degrading the Holy Church, and thus teaching false doctrines to the ignorant and foolish?

A. Yes, my lord, it is bad; but I return to what I said before: I thought myself obliged to do as others—my predecessors—had done before me.

Q. And have your predecessors, then, done such things?

A. Michael-Angelo, in the Papal Chapel in Rome, has painted our Lord Jesus Christ, His mother, St. John, and St. Peter, and all the Court of Heaven, from the Virgin Mary downwards, all naked, and in various attitudes, with little reverence.

Q. Do you not know that in a painting like the Last Judgment, where drapery is not supposed, dresses are not required, and that disembodied spirits only are represented: but there are neither buffoons, nor dogs, nor armour, nor any other absurdity? And does it not appear to you that neither by this nor any other example you have done right in painting the picture in this manner, and that it can be proved right and decent?

A. Illustrious Lord, I do not defend it; but I thought I was doing right. I had not considered all these things, never intending to commit any impropriety; the more so as figures of buffoons are not supposed to be in the same place where our Lord is.

Which examination ended, my lords decreed that the above-named Master Paul should be bound to correct and amend the picture which had been under question, within three months, at his own expense, under penalties to be imposed by the Sacred Tribunal."

This sentence, however severe in terms, was merely a matter of form. The examiners were satisfied there was no malice prepense in their fanciful Paul; and troubled neither him nor themselves farther. He did not so much as efface the inculpated dog; and the only correction or amendment he made, so far as I can see, was the addition of the inscription, which marked the picture for the feast of Levi.

* Admirably put, my lord.

† Not meaning the Cena, of course; but what Veronese also meant.

‡ and § The gist of the business, at last.

IV

ST. MARK'S REST

(1877–1884)

ST. MARK'S REST.

THE HISTORY OF VENICE,

WRITTEN FOR THE HELP OF THE FEW TRAVELLERS WHO STILL CARE FOR HER MONUMENTS.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1884.

[*Bibliographical Note.—St. Mark's Rest* was originally published in parts, and afterwards in a collected volume.

IN PARTS

The first publication was in six parts, crown 8vo, issued (uniform with the parts of *Mornings in Florence*) in "leatherette" covers of a bright maroon colour, lettered in gold upon the front, with edges cut and gilt. The price of each part was 1s., except of that containing the Appendix, which was 2s. The parts were as follow:—

Part I. (1877).—Issued on April 25 (3000 copies), containing Half-title, pp. i.–ii.; Title-page, pp. iii.–iv.; Preface (here pp. 203–205), pp. v.–viii., and Chapters I.–III., pp. 1–40. There is no imprint. The title-page is:—

> St. Mark's Rest. | The History of Venice | Written for the help of the few travellers who | still care for her monuments. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. | Part I. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1877.

The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest | Part I. | I. The Burden of Tyre. | II. Latrator Anubis. | III. St. James of the Deep Stream. | Ruskin."

A second edition of this part (1000 copies) was issued in January 1884; a third (1430 copies) was issued in June 1889; and a fourth (30 copies) in December 1894. Part I. is now (1906) out of print.

Part II. (1877).—Issued (3000 copies) in October, containing Chapters IV.–VII., pp. 41–88. There is no imprint. The title-page is the same as in Part I., except for the substitution of "Part II." The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest | Part II. | IV. St. Theodore the Chair-seller. | V. The Shadow on the Dial. | VI. Red and White Clouds. | VII. Divine Right. | Ruskin."

A second edition of this part (1400 copies) was issued in June 1889. It is now out of print.

First Supplement (1877).—This, the third part in order of publication, was called "First Supplement," and contained Title-page, pp. i.–ii.; Preface (here p. 335), pp. iii.–iv.; and "The Shrine of the Slaves," pp. 1–46. Imprint as in Part III. The title-page is:—

> St. Mark's Rest. | First Supplement. | The Shrine of the Slaves. | Being a guide to the principal Pictures by | Victor Carpaccio | in Venice. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1877.

The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest | First Supplement. | The Shrine of the Slaves. | Ruskin." Issued in December 1877 (3000 copies).

A second edition of this First Supplement was issued (1000 copies) in June 1887; a third (830) in June 1889; and a fourth (15) in December 1894. Copies of the *second* edition only are now obtainable.

Part III. (1879).—This, the fourth part in order of publication, contained Title-page and Chapter VIII., pp. 89–125. On the reverse of p. 125 is a Note asking for subscriptions towards defraying the cost of obtaining drawings of the mosaics of St. Mark's. (This Note became § 132 in the edition of 1894: see below, p. 308.) The title-page is the same as in Parts I. and II., except for the substitution of "Part III." and "1879." At the foot of the reverse is the imprint "Hazell, Watson & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury." The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest. | Part III. | VIII. The Requiem. | Ruskin." Issued in July 1879 (3000 copies).

A second edition (1000 copies) was issued in June 1887; a third (500) in June 1889; and a fourth (250) in December 1894. The *first* edition only is still current.

Second Supplement (1879).—This, the fifth part in order of publication, contained what is now Chapter XI. in the complete work. Half-title, pp. i.–ii.; Title-page, pp. iii., iv.; Preface, pp. v.–x.; "The Place of Dragons" (originally advertised under the title "With Steel and Fire"), pp. 1–38. Imprint as in Part III. The Preface is dated "Brantwood, 26th January 1878"; a valedictory paragraph at the end of p. 38 is dated "Brantwood; 6th March 1879." Between these two dates Ruskin's serious illness intervened. The title-page of the Second Supplement is:—

> St. Mark's Rest. | Second Supplement. | The Place of Dragons. | James Reddie Anderson, M.A. | Edited by | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1879.

The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest. | Second Supplement. | The Place of Dragons. | Ruskin." Issued in April 1879 (3000 copies).

A second edition of this Second Supplement was issued (1400) in June 1889, and is still current.

Appendix (1884).—This, the sixth and last part in order of publication, contains what is now Chapter IX. in the complete work. Half-title, pp. i., ii.; Title-page, pp. iii., iv.; "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," pp. 127–160; Index to the entire work, pp. i.–xx. The text, as also the index, is by Mr. Wedderburn. At the end is provided the Half-title, Title, and Contents to the whole work, with the Publisher's Note given below (p. 197). Imprint as in Part III. The title-page of this Appendix is:—

> St. Mark's Rest. | The History of Venice. | Written for the help of the few travellers who | still care for her monuments. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. | Appendix to Chapter VIII. | Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus. | An account of the Mosaics in the Baptistery of | St. Mark's. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1884.

The cover is lettered "St. Mark's Rest. | Appendix to Chapter VIII. | Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus. | Index. | Ruskin." Issued in May 1884 (3000 copies).

A second edition of only 10 copies was issued in December 1894; the first edition is still current.

IN A COMPLETE VOLUME

St. Mark's Rest was next published as a complete volume, and of this there have been several editions:—

First Edition (1884).—This was made up from copies of the several parts, as current at the time. The title-page is as given here (p. 193).

Crown 8vo. There is first an unnumbered leaf, having on its recto the following Publisher's Note (printed in italics):—

"PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"THE issue of the Appendix to Chapter VIII. concludes for the present 'St. Mark's Rest,' the Epilogue to which is now deferred in view of the possible continuation of the book. As this, however, cannot be either certain or immediate, it has been thought convenient to complete this volume in its present form. In binding, the Appendix to Chapter VIII. should follow that chapter, as may be seen on reference to the 'Contents.'"

Half-title, pp. i., ii.; Title-page, pp. iii., iv.; Preface (here pp. 203–205), pp. v.–viii.; Contents (here pp. 201–202), pp. ix., x.; Text (including a half-title to the Appendix), pp. 1–160; Supplements, pp. iv.+46 and pp. x.+38; Index, pp. i.–xx.

Issued in March 1884, in cloth boards (brown or green), lettered across the back "Ruskin | St. Mark's | Rest." Price 6s.

Second Edition (1894).—In this, called "New Complete Edition," the book was for the first time paged consecutively throughout, and the paragraphs were numbered. The title-page is:—

St. Mark's Rest | The History of Venice | Written for the help of the few travellers | who still care for her monuments | By | John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford | Second Edition | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1894 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. xii.+267. On p. v. is the following:—

"PUBLISHER'S NOTE TO SECOND EDITION

"IN this edition, *St. Mark's Rest*, hitherto published in six parts, which are still obtainable separately, has been treated as a single and coherent volume. The pagination has been made continuous throughout the book; the text divided into numbered sections; and the different parts form the chapters, the last three of which have hitherto been issued as an 'Appendix to Chapter VIII.,' and as the First and Second Supplements. The Author's full plan for the work, as given in the Preface (p. ix.), has never been fully carried out, and the appendix there mentioned, and referred to in the notes to §§ 3 and 4, has never been written. Except for some revision of the Index, the text of the book is unaltered."

Preface, pp. vii.–x.; Contents, pp. xi., xii.; Text, pp. 1–248; Index, pp. 249–267. At the foot of p. 267 is the imprint—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | Edinburgh and London." The Note at the end of

Chapter VIII. is printed in smaller type on p. 126, and numbered § 132. The Appendix became Chapter IX. The "First Supplement" became Chapter X., and the Preface to it was printed as a footnote. The Second Supplement became Chapter XI., the Preface being printed as §§ 207–212.

Issued in green cloth boards, lettered as before. Price 5s. 2000 copies.

Third Edition (1902).—This was printed from the electrotype plates of the preceding edition, with the necessary alterations on the title-page. Issued in July 1902, and called "Ninth Thousand."

Pocket Edition (1904).—This was printed from the electrotype plates of the issue last described, with the following new title-page:—

St. Mark's Rest | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

Issued in August 1904, uniform with other volumes in the Pocket Edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6). 4000 copies.

ITALIAN TRANSLATIONS

An Italian translation of the "First Supplement" was printed in 1885 with the following title-page:—

La Cappella degli Schiavoni. | Tradotto dall' Inglese | Nella Storia di Venezia | Di Giovanni Ruskin | Dal | Conte Cav. Giuseppe Pasolini Zanelli. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1885.

Small post 8vo, pp. iii.+50. Title-page, pp. i., ii.; with the following imprint on the reverse: "Printed by | Hazell, Watson and Viney, Limited, | London and Aylesbury." Preface, p. iii.; Text, pp. 1–50. The headline to each page is "La Cappella degli Schiavoni."

Put up in plain paper wrappers of a pale grey colour. This translation was never issued to the public; a few copies only were pulled off, and the type was then distributed.

An Italian translation of the complete work was issued in 1902, in a volume with the following title-page:—

John Ruskin. | Venezia. | Il Riposo di San Marco.—La Cap- | pella degli Schiavoni.—L'Accade- | mia.—Paolo Veronese e gli Inquisi- | tori.—Sant' Orsola.—Il Tintoretto | e Michelangelo. | Traduzione e Note | di | Maria Pezzè Pascolato. | Firenze, | G. Barbèra, Editore. | 1901.

16mo, pp. xxiv.+295. Frontispiece, a half-tone reproduction of Herkomer's portrait of Ruskin; Introduction (an account of Ruskin by the translator), pp. v.–xvii.; "Bibliografia," pp. xix.–xxi.; author's Preface to *St. Mark's Rest*, pp. 1–4; Chapters I.–IV., pp. 5–65. Then is inserted (pp. 65–73) "Appendice I.," being a translation of the greater part of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26 ("Crocus and Rose"), in which Ruskin tells the story of St. George. Chapters V.–XI., pp. 74–223. A translation of the *Guide to . . . the Academy* follows, pp. 225–271 (see above, p. 144). Then "Appendice III." ("Appendice II." being Ruskin's Appendix to the Guide), a translation of the legend of St. Ursula from *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71,

pp. 272–277; and next, a translation of the greater part of *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, pp. 277–286 (see Vol. XXII. p. 75). Index, pp. 287–295. The editor supplies many and valuable notes, and there are numerous illustrations.

Issued in paper boards, of a green colour, with an ornamental design on the front. Price 3 lire.

Unauthorised American editions have been very numerous. There has been no authorised American edition.

Variæ Lectiones.—The following are the variations (other than those already described) between the several editions. A few errors in chapter ix. are corrected in this edition, but as this chapter is not Ruskin's, the minor corrections are not here noted. § 3, line 1, "1118" is a correction in this edition for "1117"; line 4, ed. 1 misprints "nomo"; § 3 *n.*, see p. 208 *n.*; § 4 *n.*, see p. 210 *n.*

§ 4, line 2, Ruskin in his copy alters "a captive" to "being then captive"; and in § 5, line 15, "place by the sea-beach in Palestine" to "city by the sea of Philistia."

§ 26, line 5, "pp. 178–203" in all previous editions was a mistake for "pp. 178, 202."

§ 29, last lines, see p. 230 *n.*

§ 39, line 11, "infinite" was misprinted "infinito" in the later editions.

§ 44, line 19, "Lapicida" has hitherto been misprinted "Lapieida."

§ 72 *n.*, "Cholmley, in Bernani" is here corrected to "Cholmeley in Bermani."

§ 77, line 6, Ruskin in his copy alters "and" to "though."

§ 86, line 17, he alters "fork" to "prong."

§ 87 *n.*, in the seventh line of the quotation from Wodhull's *Euripides*, the words "a votive gift" have hitherto been omitted.

§ 97, line 5, "pictures" is here corrected to "picture."

§ 119, see p. 300 *n.*

§ 130, line 9, "for" is here corrected to "from."

§ 136, in the inscription to Zacharias, "Mutus" was misprinted "Tutus" in ed. 1.

§ 140, last line but one, "patris" has hitherto been misprinted "patrio."

§ 178, line 2, ed. 1 misprinted "Ongaria" for "Ongania."

§ 186, last lines, the quotation from Landino has been corrected and completed in this edition.

§§ 203, 204, the references to pictures in the Academy have been altered to fit the present numbers.]

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PREFACE

GREAT nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts;—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others; but of the three, the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune; and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children: but its art, only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race.[1]

Again, the policy of a nation may be compelled, and, therefore, not indicative of its true character. Its words may be false, while yet the race remain unconscious of their falsehood; and no historian can assuredly detect the hypocrisy. But art is always instinctive; and the honesty or pretence of it is therefore open to the day. The Delphic oracle may or may not have been spoken by an honest priestess,—we cannot tell by the words of it; a liar may rationally believe them a lie, such as he would himself have spoken; and a true man, with equal reason, may believe them spoken in truth. But there is no question possible in art: at a glance (when we have learned to read) we know the religion of Angelico to be sincere, and of Titian, assumed.

The evidence, therefore, of the third book is the most vital to our knowledge of any nation's life; and the history of Venice is chiefly written in such manuscript. It once

[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. i. § 6 (Vol. XV. p. 353), and Vol. XIX. p. 250.]

lay open on the waves, miraculous, like St. Cuthbert's book,[1]—a golden legend on countless leaves: now, like Baruch's roll,[2] it is being cut with the penknife, leaf by leaf, and consumed in the fire of the most brutish of the fiends.[3] What fragments of it may yet be saved in blackened scroll, like those withered Cottonian relics in our National library,[4] of which so much has been redeemed by love and skill, this book will help you, partly, to read. Partly,—for I know only myself in part; but what I tell you, so far as it reaches, will be truer than you have heard hitherto, because founded on this absolutely faithful witness, despised by other historians, if not wholly unintelligible to them.

I am obliged to write shortly, being too old now to spare time for anything more than needful work; and I write at speed, careless of afterwards remediable mistakes, of which adverse readers may gather as many as they choose: that to which such readers are adverse will be found truth that can abide any quantity of adversity.

As I can get my chapters done, they shall be published in this form, for such service as they can presently do. The entire book will consist of not more than twelve such parts, with two of appendices, forming two volumes: if I can get what I have to say into six parts, with one appendix, all the better.[5]

Two separate little guides, one to the Academy, the

[1] [The Book of the Gospels, written and illuminated for St. Cuthbert; now among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum (Nero D. iv.). It remained in the church of Lindisfarne until the monks were compelled by the Danes to flee from the island; it became the companion of their travels, and fell into the sea during their attempt to cross over into Ireland. Ultimately they found it again on the Scottish coast, safe upon the sands; and according to some, it was found, after its voyage, "much more beautiful than before, both within and without, being no way injured by the salt water, but rather polished by some heavenly hand" (see *Saint Cuthbert*, by J. Raine, 1828, pp. 34 *n.*, 46–47).]

[2] [Jeremiah xxxvi. 5, 6, 10, 21–24.]

[3] [Compare § 26 ("Latrator Anubis"), below, p. 228.]

[4] [The Cottonian Library (now in the British Museum), when housed at Ashburnham House, Westminster, was in 1731 seriously damaged by fire, over a hundred of the 958 MSS. being injured.]

[5] [For the actual publication of the parts, see above, Bibliographical Note, pp. 195, 196.]

other to San Giorgio de' Schiavoni,* will, I hope, be ready with the opening numbers of this book, which must depend somewhat on their collateral illustration; and what I find likely to be of service to the traveller in my old *Stones of Venice* is in course of re-publication, with further illustration of the complete works of Tintoret.[1] But this cannot be ready till the autumn; and what I have said of the mightiest of Venetian masters, in my lecture on his relation to Michael Angelo,[2] will be enough at present to enable the student to complete the range of his knowledge to the close of the story of *St. Mark's Rest.*

* See now Chapters X.–XI. of this book.[3]

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[1] [For particulars of the "Travellers' Edition" of *The Stones of Venice*, issued in 1879–1881, see Vol. IX. pp. lvi.–lviii. The "further illustration of the complete works of Tintoret" was never written.]

[2] [See Vol. XXII. pp. 77 *seq.*]

[3] [Note added by the publisher to the edition of 1894: see above, p. 197.]

ST. MARK'S REST

CHAPTER I

THE BURDEN OF TYRE

1. Go first into the Piazzetta, and stand anywhere in the shade, where you can well see its two granite pillars.

Your Murray tells you that they are "famous," and that the one is "surmounted by the bronze lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the Protector of the Republic."[1]

It does not, however, tell you why, or for what the pillars are "famous." Nor, in reply to a question which might conceivably occur to the curious, why St. Theodore should protect the Republic by standing on a crocodile; nor whether the "bronze lion of St. Mark" was cast by Sir Edwin Landseer,—or some more ancient and ignorant person;—nor what these rugged corners of limestone rock, at the bases of the granite, were perhaps once in the shape of.[2] Have you any idea why, for the sake of any such things, these pillars were once, or should yet be, more renowned than the Monument, or the column of the Place Vendôme, both of which are much bigger?

2. Well, they are famous, first, in memorial of something which is better worth remembering than the fire of London, or the achievements of the great Napoleon. And they are famous, or used to be, among artists, because they are beautiful columns; nay, as far as we old artists know,

[1] [*Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy*, 13th edition, 1874, p. 333.]
[2] [For another reference to these bases, see below, pp. 289–290.]

the most beautiful columns at present extant and erect in the conveniently visitable world.

Each of these causes of their fame I will try in some dim degree to set before you.

I said they were set there in memory of *things*,—not of the man who did the things. They are to Venice, in fact, what the Nelson column would be to London, if, instead of a statue of Nelson and a coil of rope, on the top of it, we had put one of the four Evangelists, and a saint, for the praise of the Gospel and of Holiness:—trusting the memory of Nelson to our own souls.

However, the memory of the Nelson of Venice, being now seven hundred years old, has more or less faded from the heart of Venice herself, and seldom finds its way into the heart of a stranger. Somewhat concerning him, though a stranger, you may care to hear, but you must hear it in quiet; so let your boatman take you across to San Giorgio Maggiore; there you can moor your gondola under the steps in the shade, and read in peace, looking up at the pillars when you like.

3. In the year 1118, when the Doge Ordeláfo Falier had been killed under the walls of Zara, Venice chose, for his successor, Domenico Michiel, Michael of the Lord, "Cattolico uomo e audace,"* a catholic and brave man, the servant of God and of St. Michael.

* Marin Sanuto. Vitæ Ducum Venetorum, henceforward quoted as V., with references to the pages of Muratori's edition.[1]

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[1] [The words are quoted from vol. xxii. p. 486 of Muratori (see below). Ed. 1 adds: "See Appendix, Art. 1, which with following appendices will be given in a separate number as soon as there are enough to form one." These appendices were never printed by Ruskin; but among his MSS. is the following beginning of the first intended Appendix:—

"I. MODES OF REFERENCE

"In the publication of this book by detached numbers it will be necessary for the reader's convenience to print this Appendix at the close of each part; and I am minded at present to retain them so in the completed volume, for they will, I hope, be of no less interest than the text itself, if the reader takes more than cursory interest in that. But being, either

Another of Mr. Murray's publications for your general assistance (*Sketches from Venetian History*[1]) informs you that, at this time, the ambassadors of the King of Jerusalem (the second Baldwin) were "awakening the pious zeal, and stimulating the commercial appetite, of the Venetians."

This elegantly balanced sentence is meant to suggest to you that the Venetians had as little piety as we have ourselves, and were as fond of money;—that article being the only one which an Englishman could now think of, as an object of "commercial appetite."

The facts which take this aspect to the lively Cockney, are, in reality, that Venice was sincerely pious, and intensely covetous. But not covetous merely of money. She was

as evidence or illustration, more or less out of its current, they may be more prudently arranged in subsequent order, though not in any smaller type, for if it be more difficult or dull reading, it would only be made worse by small letters.

"The book quoted at § 3 is Muratori's edition in folio of the chronicle of Venetian history, arranged under the lives of the Doges, by Marin Sanuto, son of Leonard, Patrician of Venice, about the close of the fifteenth century; precious in care and dignity of style, and full of wisely gathered documents.

"'Unless I am deceived (says his editor in Latin, here, I hope, without grave error rendered), next to the noblest chronicle of Dandolo you will scarcely show me another history of the Venetians comparable with this, whether you look to its fulness of matter and document, or to its sincerity and love of truth. Certainly Sanuto spared no diligence in collecting whatever could be known of Venetian deeds, especially after the year of Christ 1100, for what precedes that date does not want for fables.' (The reader will please at once note that date of 1100. I am going to lean much on it, soon.)

"There is another Marin Sanuto—cognomened Torsellus, of whom much hereafter—whose chronicle, written about the close of the thirteenth century, is published in another collection of legends by a good bishop—a French bishop."

The full title of the history by Marino Sanuto, the younger, is *Vitæ Ducum Venetorum Italice scriptæ ab origine nubis, sive ab anno* 421, *usque ad annum* 1493. It is contained in vol. xxii. of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* (Milan, 1733). The latest edition is in Italian, edited by Giovanni Monticolo (*Le Vite dei Dogi di Marin Sanudo*), forming part of Giosue Carducci's *Raccolta degli Storici Italiani ordinata da L. A. Muratori* (Città di Castello, 1900). For the importance of the date 1100, see §§ 59, 60 (below, p. 254).

The work by Marino Sanuto (Torsellus), the elder, is *Liber Secretorum fidelium crucis super Terræ Sanctæ recuperatione et conversatione, quo et Terræ Sanctæ Historia ab origine continetur.* It is contained in vol. ii. of a collection of histories, by various authors, entitled *Gesta Dei per Francos* (Hanau, 1611), brought together by Jacques Bongars (1554–1612), French diplomat and scholar (not bishop).]

[1] [Vol. i. p. 35 (1831 edition): for another reference to this book, see Vol. XI. p. 99 *n.*]

covetous, first, of fame; secondly, of kingdom; thirdly, of pillars of marble and granite, such as these that you see; lastly, and quite principally, of the relics of good people.[1] Such an "appetite," glib-tongued Cockney friend, is not wholly "commercial."

4. To the nation in this religiously covetous hunger, Baldwin appealed, being then captive to the Saracen. The Pope sent letters to press his suit, and the Doge Michael called the State to council in the Church of St. Mark. There he, and the Primate of Venice, and her nobles, and such of the people as had due entrance with them, by way of beginning the business, celebrated the Mass of the Holy Spirit. Then the Primate read the Pope's letters aloud to the assembly; then the Doge made the assembly a speech. And there was no opposition party in that parliament to make opposition speeches;[2] and there were no reports of the speech next morning in any *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*. And there were no plenipotentiaries sent to the East, and back again.[3] But the vote passed for war.

The Doge left his son in charge of the State; and sailed for the Holy Land, with forty galleys and twenty-eight beaked ships of battle—"ships which were painted with divers colours," * far seen in pleasant splendour.

5. Some faded likeness of them, twenty years ago, might be seen in the painted sails of the fishing boats which lay crowded, in lowly lustre, where the development

* *The Acts of God, by the Franks.* Afterwards quoted as G. (*Gesta Dei*[4]).

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[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 28 (Vol. XXIII. p. 24).]

[2] [It appears, however, in fact that strong opposition speeches were made: see the summary of them in H. F. Brown's *Venice: an Historical Sketch*, p. 89 (1895 edition).]

[3] [This was written early in 1877, and refers to the abortive Conference of Constantinople (December 1876 to January 1877) which preceded the Russo-Turkish war. Lord Salisbury was the British Plenipotentiary.]

[4] [Ed. 1 adds: "Again, see Appendix, Art. 1." The words are "Naves qui ante coloribus variis picturate erant, splendore amœno prospectantes." They are quoted by Romanin (vol. ii. p. 37 *n.*), and occur in vol. i. p. 431 of the *Gesta Dei* (see p. 209 *n.*), in the course of the *Historia Hierosolymitana* by Foucher de Chartres (Fulcherius Carnotensis, 1058–1127), the historian of the first crusade.]

of civilization now only brings black steam-tugs,* to bear the people of Venice to the bathing-machines of Lido, covering their Ducal Palace with soot, and consuming its sculptures with sulphurous acid.

The beaked ships of the Doge Michael had each a hundred oars;—each oar pulled by two men, not accommodated with sliding seats, but breathed well for their great boat-race between the shores of Greece and Italy;—whose names, alas, with the names of their trainers, are noteless in the journals of the barbarous time.

They beat their way across the waves, nevertheless,† to the city by the sea of Philistia where Dorcas worked for the poor, and St. Peter lodged with his namesake tanner.[1] There, showing first but a squadron of a few ships, they drew the Saracen fleet out to sea, and so set upon them.

And the Doge, in his true Duke's place, first in his beaked ship, led for the Saracen admiral's, struck her, and sunk her. And his host of falcons followed to the slaughter: and to the prey also,—for the battle was not without gratification of the commercial appetite. The Venetians took a number of ships containing precious silks, and "a quantity of drugs and pepper."[2]

After which battle, the Doge went up to Jerusalem, there to take further counsel concerning the use of his Venetian power; and, being received there with honour, kept his Christmas in the mountain of the Lord.

6. In the council of war that followed, debate became

* The sails may still be seen scattered farther east along the Riva; but the beauty of the scene, which gave some image of the past, was in their combination with the Ducal Palace,—not with the new French and English Restaurants.

† Oars, of course, for calm, and adverse winds, only; bright sails full to the helpful breeze.

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[1] [Acts ix. 36 ("Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas . . ."); Acts x. 5, 6.]

[2] ["Illas quoque cum munimentis pluribus, etiamque auro et argento, nummismatibusque multis, piper quoque et diversas species odoramentorum diripiunt" (Foucher de Chartres, quoted in Monticolo's edition of Sanuto, p. 186 *n.*).]

stern whether to undertake the siege of Tyre or Ascalon. The judgments of men being at pause, the matter was given to the judgment of God. They put the names of the two cities in an urn, on the altar of the Church of the Sepulchre. An orphan child was taken to draw the lots, who, putting his hand into the urn, drew out the name of TYRE.

Which name you may have heard before, and read perhaps words concerning her fall—careless always *when* the fall took place, or whose sword smote her.

She was still a glorious city, still queen of the treasures of the sea;* chiefly renowned for her work in glass and in purple; set in command of a rich plain, "irrigated with plentiful and perfect waters, famous for its sugar-canes;" "fortissima,"[1] she herself, upon her rock, double walled towards the sea, treble walled to the land; and, to all seeming, unconquerable but by famine.

7. For their help in this great siege, the Venetians made their conditions.

That in every city subject to the King of Jerusalem, the Venetians should have a street, a square, a bath, and a bakehouse;—that is to say, a place to live in, a place to meet in, and due command of water and bread, all free of tax; that they should use their own balances, weights, and measures (not by any means false ones, you will please to observe[2]); and that the King of Jerusalem should pay annually to the Doge of Venice, on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, three hundred Saracen byzants.

* "Passava tuttavia per la più popolosa e commerciante di Siria."—Romanin, *Storia Documentata di Venezia*, Venice, 1853, vol. ii. [p. 44], whence I take what else is said in the text; but see in the *Gesta Dei*, the older Marin Sanuto, lib. iii., pars. vi. cap. xii., and pars. xiv. cap. ii.[3]

[1] ["Da copiose e perfettissime acque irrigata, famosa specialmente per le sue canne da zucchero. . . . Fortissima ell' era," etc. (Romanin, vol. ii. p. 44).]

[2] [Compare the early Venetian inscription, below, p. 308.]

[3] [See also p. 187 of Monticolo's edition of Sanuto: "La qual cità erra forte e ben murada e spessa di torre, et erra dentro assaissima quantità di infidelli e altri che erano scampadi li dentro di tutte le terre de le marine, credendo star più seguri che in altro luogo, e questi si difendevano vigorosamente si per caxom di fioli come per il suo haver."]

8. Such, with due approval of the two Apostles of the Gentiles, being the claims of these Gentile mariners from the King of the Holy City, the same were accepted in these terms:—"In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, these are the treaties which Baldwin, second King of the Latins in Jerusalem, made with St. Mark and Dominicus Michaël"; —and ratified by the signatures of—

Guarimond, Patriarch of Jerusalem;
Ebremar, Archbishop of Cæsarea;
Bernard, Archbishop of Nazareth;
Asquirin, Bishop of Bethlehem;
Goldumus, Abbot of St. Mary's, in the Vale of Jehoshaphat;
Acchard, Prior of the Temple of the Lord;
Gerard, Prior of the Holy Sepulchre;
Arnard, Prior of Mount Syon; and
Hugo de Pagano, Master of the Soldiers of the Temple.
With others many, whose names are in the chronicle of Andrea Dandolo.[1]

And thereupon the French crusaders by land, and the Venetians by sea, drew line of siege round Tyre.

9. You will not expect me here, at St. George's steps, to give account of the various mischief done on each other with the dart, the stone, and the fire, by the Christian and Saracen, day by day. Both were at last wearied, when a report came of help to the Tyrians by an army from Damascus and a fleet from Egypt. Upon which news, discord arose in the invading camp; and rumour went abroad that the Venetians would desert their allies, and save themselves in their fleet. These reports coming to the ears of the Doge, he took (according to tradition) the sails

[1] [*Andreæ Danduli Chronicon Venetum*, printed in Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. xii. (Milan, 1728).]

from his ships' masts, and the rudders from their sterns,* and brought sails, rudders, and tackle ashore, and into the French camp, adding to these, for his pledge, "grave words."

The French knights, in shame of their miscreance, bade him refit his ships. The Count of Tripoli and William of Bari were sent to make head against the Damascenes; and the Doge, leaving ships enough to blockade the port, sailed himself, with what could be spared, to *find* the Egyptian fleet. He sailed to Alexandria, showed his sails along the coast in defiance, and returned.

Meantime his coin for payment of his mariners was spent. He did not care to depend on remittances. He struck a coinage of leather, with St. Mark's and his own shield on it, promising his soldiers that for every leathern rag, so signed, at Venice, there should be given a golden zecchin. And his word was taken; and his word was kept.

10. So the steady siege went on, till the Tyrians lost hope, and asked terms of surrender.

They obtained security of person and property, to the indignation of the Christian soldiery, who had expected the sack of Tyre. The city was divided into three parts, of which two were given to the King of Jerusalem, the third to the Venetians.

How Baldwin governed his two-thirds, I do not know, nor what capacity there was in the Tyrians of being

* By doing this he left his fleet helpless before an enemy, for naval warfare at this time depended wholly on the fine steering of the ships at the moment of onset. But for all ordinary manœuvres necessary for the safety of the fleet in harbour, their oars were enough. Andrea Dandolo says he took a plank ("tabula") out of each ship,—a more fatal injury. I suspect the truth to have been that he simply unshipped the rudders, and brought them into camp; a grave speechless symbol, earnest enough; but not costly of useless labour.[1]

[1] [See Sanuto, pp. 183, 187. The editor of the Italian translation cites the inscription on the bust of the Doge Michiel in the Ducal Palace: "Domenico Michiel, Doge,—nello assedio di Tiro—col gittare nel campo alleato—gli attrezzi delle proprie galee—della veneta costanza e fede—i Crocesignati—assicurava—Il Commune di Venezia pose—1861."]

governed at all. But the Venetians, for their third part, appointed a "*bailo*" to do civil justice, and a "*viscount*" to answer for military defence; and appointed magistrates under these, who, on entering office, took the following oath:—

"I swear on the holy Gospels of God, that sincerely and without fraud I will do right to all men who are under the jurisdiction of Venice in the city of Tyre; and to every other who shall be brought before me for judgment according to the ancient use and law of the city. And so far as I know not, and am left uninformed of that, I will act by such rule as shall appear to me just, according to the appeal and answer. Farther, I will give faithful and honest counsel to the Bailo and the Viscount, *when I am asked for it;* and if they share any secret with me, I will keep it; neither will I procure by fraud, good to a friend, nor evil to an enemy." And thus the Venetian state planted stable colonies in Asia.

11. Thus far Romanin; to whom, nevertheless, it does not occur to ask what "establishing colonies in Asia" meant for Venice. Whether they were in Asia, Africa, or the Island of Atlantis, did not at this time greatly matter; but it mattered infinitely that they were *colonies living in friendly relations with the Saracen*, and that at the very same moment arose cause of quite other than friendly relations, between the Venetian and the Greek.

For while the Doge Michael fought for the Christian king at Jerusalem, the Christian emperor at Byzantium[1] attacked the defenceless states of Venice, on the mainland of Dalmatia, and seized their cities. Whereupon the Doge set sail homewards, fell on the Greek islands of the Egean, and took the spoil of them; seized Cephalonia; recovered the lost cities of Dalmatia; compelled the Greek emperor

[1] [John II. Comnenus (1088–1143). It will be noticed that in the inscription (p. 217 *n.*) the Doge Michael is said to have been the terror of the Emperor Emanuel, who, however, did not succeed to the throne till 1143. The inscription also gives the date of the Doge's death wrongly.]

to sue for peace,—gave it, in angry scorn; and set his sails at last for his own Rialto, with the sceptres of Tyre and of Byzantium to lay at the feet of Venice.

Spoil also he brought, enough, of such commercial kind as Venice valued. These pillars that you look upon, of rosy and grey rock; and the dead bodies of St. Donato and St. Isidore.

12. He thus returned, 1126; Fate had left him yet four years to live.[1] In which, among other homely work, he made the beginning for you (oh much civilized friend, you will at least praise him in this) of these mighty gaseous illuminations by which Venice provides for your seeing her shop-wares by night, and provides against your seeing the moon, or stars, or sea.

For, finding the narrow streets of Venice dark and opportune for robbers, he ordered that at the heads of them there should be set little tabernacles for images of the saints, and before each a light kept burning. Thus he commands,—not as thinking that the saints themselves had need of candles,[2] but that they would gladly grant to poor mortals in danger material no less than heavenly light.

And having, in this pretty and lowly beneficence, ended what work he had to do in this world, feeling his strength fading, he laid down sword and ducal robe together; and became a monk, in this island of St. George, at the shore of which you are reading; but the old monastery on it which sheltered him was destroyed long ago, that this stately Palladian portico might be built, to delight Mr. Eustace on his classical tour,[3]—and other such men of renown,—and persons of excellent taste like yourself.

13. And there he died, and was buried; and there he lies, virtually tombless: the place of his grave you find by going down the steps on your right hand behind the altar,

[1] [The Doge retired to the convent of S. Giorgio Maggiore in 1130 (being succeeded by Pietro Polani), and died a few months later.]

[2] [See Revelation xxii. 5; and compare Vol. XX. p. 169.]

[3] [*A Classical Tour through Italy*, 1832, vol. i. p. 176 ("an exquisite work of Palladio"). For another reference to the book, see Vol. I. p. 88.]

leading into what was yet a monastery before the last Italian revolution, but is now a finally deserted loneliness.[1]

Over his grave there is a heap of frightful modern upholsterer's work,—Longhena's;[2] his first tomb (of which you may see some probable likeness in those at the side of St. John and St. Paul[3]) being removed as too modest and time-worn for the vulgar Venetian of the seventeenth century; and this, that you see, put up to please the Lord Mayor and the beadles.

The old inscription was copied on the rotten black slate which is breaking away in thin flakes, dimmed by dusty salt. The beginning of it yet remains:—"Here lies the Terror of the Greeks." Read also the last lines:—

"WHOSOEVER THOU ART, WHO COMEST TO BEHOLD THIS TOMB OF HIS, BOW THYSELF DOWN BEFORE GOD, BECAUSE OF HIM."[4]

[1] [The greater part of the ancient monastery is now a barrack.]

[2] [Baldassare Longhena, Venetian architect of the middle of the seventeenth century: compare Vol. XI. p. 111.]

[3] [See Vol. XI. p. 85, and Vol. XX. pp. 251–252, and Plate VII.]

[4] [The inscription is thus recorded by E. A. Cicogna (*Delle Iscrizioni Veneziane*, 1824–1853, vol. iv. p. 515):—

"TERROR GRÆCORUM IACET HIC ET LAUS VENETORVM
DOMINICVS MICHAEL QVEM TIMET HEMANUEL
DVX PROBVS ET FORTIS QVEM TOTVS ADHVC COLIT ORBIS
PRVDENS CONSILIO SVMMVS ET INGENIO
ISTIVS ACTA VIRI DECLARAT CAPTIO TVRI
INTERITVS SYRIÆ MŒROR ET VNGARIÆ

QVI FECIT VENETOS IN PACE MANERE QVIETOS
DONEC ENIM VIGVIT PATRIA TVTA FVIT

QVISQVIS AD HOC PULCHRUM VENIES SPECTARE SEPVLCHRVM
CERNVVS ANTE DEVM FLECTERE PROPER EVM
ANNO MCXXVIII IND. VII. OBIIT
DOMINICVS MICHAEL DVX VEN.

HOCCE INCLYTI DUCIS SEPULCRŪ VETUSTATE DESTRUCTŪ
PIISSIMO SENATUS DECRETO
MONACHI VETERI PRORSUS SERVATO EPIGRAMMATE
ITERUM EXTRUXERE
MDCXXXVII."]

Contemporary documents referring to the destruction of the original tomb are

Of these things, then, the two pillars before you are "famous" in memorial. What in themselves they possess, deserving honour, we will next try to discern. But you must row a little nearer to the pillars, so as to see them clearly.

cited by the editor of the Italian translation (p. 16 *n.*), and should be read in modification of the strictures in the text. The destruction of the tomb was the work of the abbot; the civic authorities protested and required its restoration, when the abbot called in Longhena.]

CHAPTER II

LATRATOR ANUBIS

14. I SAID[1] these pillars were the most beautiful known to me:—but you must understand this saying to be of the whole pillar—group of base, shaft, and capital—not only of their shafts.

You know so much of architecture, perhaps, as that an "order" of it is the system, connecting a shaft with its capital and cornice.[2] And you can surely feel so much of architecture, as that, if you took the heads off these pillars, and set the granite shaft simply upright on the pavement, they would perhaps remind you of ninepins, or rolling-pins, but would in no wise contribute either to respectful memory of the Doge Michael, or to the beauty of the Piazzetta.

Their beauty, which has been so long instinctively felt by artists, consists then first in the proportion, and then in the propriety of their several parts. Do not confuse proportion with propriety. An elephant is as properly made as a stag; but he is not so gracefully proportioned. In fine architecture, and all other fine arts, grace and propriety meet.

15. I will take the fitness first. You see that both these pillars have wide bases of successive steps.* You can feel that these would be "improper" round the pillars of an arcade in which people walked, because they would be in the way. But they are proper here, because they

* Restored,—but they always must have had them, in some such proportion.

[1] [See above, § 2, p. 207.]
[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 34, 379).]

tell us the pillar is to be isolated, and that it is a monument of importance. Look from these shafts to the arcade of the Ducal Palace. Its pillars have been found fault with for wanting bases. But they were meant to be walked beside without stumbling.[1]

Next, you see the tops of the capitals of the great pillars spread wide, into flat tables. You can feel, surely, that these are entirely "proper," to afford room for the statues they are to receive, and that the edges, which bear no weight, may "properly" extend widely. But suppose a weight of superincumbent wall were to be laid on these pillars? The extent of capital which is now graceful, would then be weak and ridiculous.

16. Thus far of propriety, whose simple laws are soon satisfied: next, of proportion.

You see that one of the shafts,—the St. Theodore's,—is much more slender than the other.

One general law of proportion is that a slender shaft should have a slender capital, and a ponderous shaft, a ponderous one.[2]

But had this law been here followed, the companion pillars would have instantly become ill-matched. The eye would have discerned in a moment the fat pillar and the lean. They would never have become the fraternal[3] pillars —"the two" of the Piazzetta.

With subtle, scarcely at first traceable, care, the designer varied the curves and weight of his capitals; and gave the massive head to the slender shaft, and the slender capital to the massive shaft. And thus they stand in symmetry, and uncontending equity.

Next, for the form of these capitals themselves, and the date of them.

You will find in the guide-books that though the shafts

[1] [See on this subject *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 105).]

[2] [For Ruskin's first notice of this point, see the extract from his diary of 1848 given in Vol. VIII. p. xxxi.]

[3] [Ruskin was here thinking probably of Wordsworth's lines entitled "Yew-Trees"—"those fraternal four of Borrowdale."]

were brought home by the Doge in 1126, no one could be found able to set them up until the year 1171, when a certain Lombard, called Nicholas of the Barterers, raised them, and for reward of such engineering skill, bargained that he might keep tables for forbidden games of chance between the shafts. Whereupon the Senate ordered that executions should also take place between them.

17. You read, and smile, and pass on with a dim sense of having heard something like a good story.

Yes; of which I will pray you to remark, that at that uncivilized time, games of chance were forbidden in Venice, and that in these modern civilized times they are not forbidden; and one, that of the lottery, even promoted by the Government, is gainful: and that perhaps the Venetian people might find itself more prosperous on the whole by obeying that law of their fathers,* and ordering that no lottery should be drawn, except in a place where somebody had been hanged.† But the curious thing is that while this pretty story is never forgotten, about the raising of the pillars, nothing is ever so much as questioned about who put their tops and bases to them!—nothing about the resolution that lion or saint should stand to preach on them,—nothing about the Saint's sermon, or the Lion's;—nor enough, even, concerning the name or occupation of Nicholas the Barterer, to lead the pensive traveller into a profitable observance of the appointment of Fate, that in this Tyre of the West, the city of merchants, her monuments of triumph over the Tyre of the East, should for ever stand signed by a tradition recording the stern

* Have you ever read *The Fortunes of Nigel* with attention to the moral of it?[1]

† It orders now that the drawing should be at the foot of St. Mark's Campanile: and, weekly, the mob of Venice, gathered for the event, fills the marble porches with its anxious murmur.

[1] [*i.e.*, Nigel's misfortunes all follow from his disobeying his father and going to a gambling place.]

judgment of her youth against the gambler's lust, which was the passion of her old age.

18. But now of the capitals themselves. If you are the least interested in architecture, should it not be of some importance to you to note the style of them? Twelfth-century capitals, as fresh as when they came from the chisel, are not to be seen every day, or everywhere;—much less capitals like these, a fathom or so broad and high! And if you know the architecture of England and France in the twelfth century, you will find these capitals still more interesting from their extreme difference in manner. Not the least like our clumps and humps and cushions, are they? For these are living Greek work, still; not savage Norman or clumsy Northumbrian, these; but of pure Corinthian race; yet, with Venetian practicalness of mind, solidified from the rich clusters of light leafage which were their ancient form. You must find time for a little practical cutting of capitals yourself, before you will discern the beauty of these. There is nothing like a little work with the fingers for teaching the eyes.

As you go home to lunch, therefore, buy a pound of Gruyère cheese, or of any other equally tough and bad, with as few holes in it as may be. And out of this pound of cheese, at lunch, cut a solid cube as neatly as you can.

19. Now all treatment of capitals depends primarily on the way in which a cube of stone, like this of cheese, is left by the carver square at the top, to carry the wall, and cut round at the bottom to fit its circular pillar. Proceed therefore to cut your cube so that it may fit a round pillar of cheese at the bottom, such as is extracted, for tasting, by magnanimous cheesemongers, for customers worth their while. Your first natural proceeding will of course be to cut off four corners; so making an octagon at the bottom, which is a good part of the way to a circle. Now if you cut off those corners with rather a long, sweeping cut, as if you were cutting a pencil, you will see that already you have got very near the shape of the

Piazzetta capitals. But you will come still nearer, if you make each of these simple corner-cuts into two narrower ones, thus bringing the lower portion of your bit of cheese into a twelve-sided figure. And you will see that each of these double-cut angles now has taken more or less the shape of a leaf, with its central rib at the angle. And if, further, with such sculpturesque and graphic talent as may be in you, you scratch out the real shape of a leaf at the edge of the cuts, and run furrows from its outer lobes to the middle,—behold, you have your Piazzetta capital. *All but* have it, I should say; only this "all but" is nearly all the good of it, which comes of the exceeding fineness with which the simple curves are drawn, and reconciled.

20. Nevertheless, you will have learned, if sagacious in such matters, by this quarter of an hour's carving, so much of architectural art as will enable you to discern, and to enjoy the treatment of, all the twelfth and thirteenth century capitals in Venice, which, without exception, when of native cutting, are concave bells like this, with either a springing leaf, or a bending boss of stone which would become a leaf if it were furrowed, at the angles. But the fourteenth century brings a change.

Before I tell you what took place in the fourteenth century, you must cut yourself another cube of Gruyère cheese. You see that in the one you have made a capital of already, a good weight of cheese out of the cube has been cut away in tapering down those long-leaf corners. Suppose you try now to make a capital of it without cutting away so much cheese. If you begin half-way down the side, with a shorter but more curved cut, you may reduce the base to the same form, and—supposing you are working in marble instead of cheese—you have not only much less trouble, but you keep a much more solid block of stone to bear superincumbent weight.

21. Now you may go back to the Piazzetta, and thence proceeding, so as to get well in front of the Ducal Palace, look first to the Greek shaft capitals, and then to those of

the Ducal Palace upper arcade. You will recognize, especially in those nearest the Ponte della Paglia (at least, if you have an eye in your head), the shape of your second block of Gruyère,—decorated, it is true, in manifold ways—but essentially shaped like your most cheaply cut block of cheese. Modern architects, in imitating these capitals, can reach as far as—imitating your Gruyère. Not being able to decorate the block when they have got it, they declare that decoration is "a superficial merit."[1]

Yes,—very superficial. Eyelashes and eyebrows—lips and nostrils—chin-dimples and curling hair, are all very superficial things, wherewith Heaven decorates the human skull; making the maid's face of it, or the knight's. Nevertheless, what I want you to notice now, is but the form of the block of Istrian stone, usually with a spiral, more or less elaborate, on each of its projecting angles. For there is infinitude of history in that solid angle, prevailing over the light Greek leaf.

That *is* related to our humps and clumps at Durham and Winchester. Here is, indeed, Norman temper, prevailing over Byzantine; and it means,—the outcome of that quarrel of Michael with the Greek emperor. It means—Western for Eastern life, in the mind of Venice. It means her fellowship with the Western chivalry; her triumph in the Crusades,—triumph over her own foster nurse, Byzantium.

22. Which significances of it, and many others with them, if we would follow, we must leave our stone-cutting for a little while, and map out the chart of Venetian history from its beginning into such masses as we may remember without confusion.

But, since this will take time, and we cannot quite tell how long it may be before we get back to the twelfth century again, and to our Piazzetta shafts, let me complete what I can tell you of these at once.

In the first place, the Lion of St. Mark is a splendid

[1] [For Ruskin's counter-proposition that "ornamentation is the principal part of architecture," and the objections of architects to it, see Vol. XII. pp. 83 *seq.*]

piece of eleventh or twelfth century bronze. I know that by the style of him; but have never found out where he came from.* I may now chance on it, however, at any moment in other quests. Eleventh or twelfth century, the Lion—fifteenth, or later, his wings; very delicate in feather-workmanship, but with little lift or strike in them: decorative mainly. Without doubt his first wings were thin sheets of beaten bronze, shred into plumage; far wider in their sweep than these.†

23. The statue of St. Theodore, whatever its age, is wholly without merit. I can't make it out myself, nor find record of it; in a stonemason's yard, I should have passed

* "He"—the actual piece of forged metal, I mean. (See Appendix II. for account of its recent botchings.[1]) Your modern English explainers of him have never heard, I observe, of any such person as an "Evangelist," or of any Christian symbol of such a being! See page 42 of Mr. Adams' *Venice Past and Present* (Edinburgh and New York, 1852).[2]

† I am a little proud of this guess, for before correcting this sentence in type, I found the sharp old wings represented faithfully in the wood-cut of Venice in 1480, in the Correr Museum. Dürer, in 1500, draws the present wings; so that we get their date fixed within twenty years.[3]

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[1] [This second Appendix, however, was never printed, nor have any materials for it been found among Ruskin's manuscripts. For an earlier notice of the lion and the capitals (then both ascribed to the thirteenth century), see Appendix 10 in vol. iii. of *Stones of Venice* (Vol. XI. p. 275). Ruskin, it should be noted, there states that he "had not been up to the lion." In 1891 the lion was taken down for repairs, and the column, which was seriously off plumb, was rectified. The work, and the discoveries made in the course of it, were described (and illustrated) by Mr. H. F. Brown in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 23 and November 6, 1891 (reprinted in his *In and Around Venice*, 1905, pp. 74–83). "It is clear," says Mr. Brown, "that the whole creature, as it now stands, belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. The head except the crown, the mane, the larger part of the body, and the legs except the paws, are evidently much older than any other part of the figure. It is conjectured that the lion may have formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace before it became the symbol of the Venetian patron saint. St. Mark's lion it certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground, and had to be raised up in front to allow the Evangel to be slipped under its fore-paws. The wings, of poor workmanship, and the paws, very well modelled, are of much later date; while the rump and part of the tail are restorations executed after the lion had been sent back from Paris early in last century."]

[2] [There is something wrong with the reference here. *The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice Past and Present*, by W. H. D. Adams (Nelson & Sons: Edinburgh and New York), was published in 1869; on p. 43 the Lion of St. Mark is explained as having a book in its paws to intimate the devotion of the Venetians to commerce.]

[3] [See *Museo Civico e Raccolta Correr: Elencho di oggetti esposti*, 1899, p. 268, Nos. 16 and 20. The woodcuts are in Case 19 in Room XX.]

it as modern.[1] But this merit of the statue is here of little consequence,—the power of it being wholly in its meaning.

St. Theodore represents the power of the Spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life, conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay: he differs from St. George in contending with material evil, instead of with sinful passion: the crocodile on which he stands is the Dragon of Egypt; slime-begotten of old, worshipped in its malignant power, for a God. St. Theodore's martyrdom was for breaking such idols;[2] and with beautiful instinct Venice took him in her earliest days for her protector and standard-bearer, representing the heavenly life of Christ in men, prevailing over chaos and the deep.

With far more than instinct,—with solemn recognition, and prayerful vow, she took him in the pride of her chivalry, in mid-thirteenth century, for the master of that chivalry in their gentleness of home ministries. The "Mariegola" (Mother-Law) of the school of St. Theodore, by kind fate yet preserved to us,[3] contains the legend they believed, in its completeness, and their vow of service and companionship in all its terms.

24. Either of which, if you care to understand,—several other matters and writings must be understood first; and, among others, a pretty piece of our own much boasted,—how little obeyed,—Mother-Law, sung still by statute[4] in our churches at least once in the month; the eighty-sixth

[1] [When the Theodore statue was also taken down, it was found to consist of "many different pieces. The only true antique is the thorax with its carved cuirass, which must have belonged to some late Roman portrait statue" (see *In and Around Venice*, p. 87).]

[2] [For the Venetian legend of St. Theodore, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75.]

[3] [The original MS. is in the Correr Museum (see p. 233, No. 111, of the catalogue). It was first described by Ruskin's friend, Edward Cheney, in his privately printed (see above, p. 187) *Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Venetian Republic*, 1868, p. 13.]

[4] [Ruskin refers, in *Two Paths* also (Vol. XVI. p. 398), to the Act of Uniformity of 1662, which enacts "that all and singular ministers in any cathedral, collegiate, or parish church or chapel, or other place of public worship . . . shall be bound to say and use the Morning prayer, Evening prayer, celebration and administration of both the Sacraments, and all others the public and common prayer in such order and form as is mentioned in the said book annexed and joined to this present Act, and instituted The Book of Common Prayer," etc.]

Psalm. "Her foundations are in the holy Mountains." I hope you can go on with it by heart, or at least have your Bible in your portmanteau. In the remote possibility that you may have thought its carriage unnecessarily expensive, here is the Latin psalm, with its modern Italian-Catholic* translation: watery enough, this last, but a clear and wholesome, though little vapid, dilution and diffusion of its text, —making much intelligible to the Protestant reader, which his "private judgment" might occasionally have been at fault in.

Fundamenta eius in montibus sanctis: diligit Dominus portas Sion super omnia tabernacula Iacob.

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei.

Memor ero Rahab et Babylonis, scientium me.

Ecce alienigenæ, et Tyrus, et populus Æthiopum hi fuerunt illic.

Numquid Sion dicet: Homo et homo natus est in ea, et ipse fundavit eam Altissimus?

Dominus narrabit in scripturis populorum et principum: horum qui fuerunt in ea.

Sicut lætantium omnium habitatio est in te.

Gerusalemme è fabbricata sopra i santi monti: Iddio ne prende più cura, e l' ama più che tutti gli altri luoghi che dal suo popolo sono abitati.

Quante cose tutte piene di lode sono state dette di voi, città di Dio!

Non lascerò nell' oblivione nè l' Egitto nè Babilonia, dacchè que' popolimi avranno riconosciuto per loro Dio.

Quanti popoli stranieri, Tiri Etiopi, sino a quel punto miei nemici verranno a prestarmi i loro omaggi.

Ognuno dirà allora: Vedete come questa città si è popolata! l' Altissimo l' ha fondata e vuole metterla in fiore.

Egli perciò è l' unico che conosca il numero del popolo e de' grandi che ne sono gli abitanti.

Non vi è vera felicità, se non per coloro che vi haune l' abitazione.

25. Reading then the psalm in these words, you have it as the Western Christians sang it ever since St. Jerome wrote it into such interpretation for them; and you must try to *feel* it as these Western Christians of Venice felt it,

* From the *Uffizio della B. V. Maria, Italiano e Latino, per tutti i tempi dell' anno, del Padre G. Croiset*, a well-printed and most serviceable little duodecimo volume, for any one wishing to know somewhat of Roman Catholic offices. Published in Milan and Venice.

having now their own street in the holy city,[1] and their covenant with the Prior of Mount Syon, and of the Temple of the Lord: they themselves having struck down Tyre with their own swords, taken to themselves her power, and now reading, as of themselves, the encompassing benediction of the prophecy for all Gentile nations, "Ecce alienigenæ—et Tyrus."[2] A notable piece of Scripture for them, to be dwelt on, in every word of it, with all humility of faith.

What then *is* the meaning of the two verses just preceding these?—

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou City of God. I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon, with them that know me."

26. If you like to see a curious mistake at least of *one* Protestant's "private judgment" of this verse, you must look at my reference to it in *Fors Clavigera* of April, 1876, p. 110, with its correction by Mr. Gordon, in *Fors* for June, 1876, pp. 178, 202,[3] all containing variously useful notes on these verses; of which the gist is, however, that the "Rahab" of the Latin text is the Egyptian "Dragon," the crocodile, signifying in myth, which has now been three thousand years continuous in human mind, the total power of the crocodile god of Egypt,[4] couchant on his slime, born of it, mistakable for it,—his grey length of unintelligible scales, fissured and wrinkled like dry clay, itself but, as it were, a shelf or shoal of coagulated, malignant earth. He and his company, the deities born of the earth—beast-headed,—with only animal cries for voices;—

> "Omnigenumque Deûm monstra, et latrator Anubis
> Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam."[5]

This is St. Theodore's Dragon-enemy—Egypt and her captivity; bondage of the earth, literally to the Israelite, in making bricks of it,[6] the first condition of form for the

[1] [See above, § 7, p. 212.]
[2] [Psalm lxxxvi. 4 (Vulgate).]
[3] [The references are to the first octavo edition; Letters 64 and 66.]
[4] [See, again, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75.]
[5] [Virgil: *Æneid*, viii. 698, 699. Anubis, the dog-headed deity, called Latrator ("the barker").]
[6] [See Exodus i. 14, v. 7.]

God: in sterner than more literal truth, the captivity of the spirit of man, whether to earth or to its creatures.

And St. Theodore's victory is making the earth his pedestal, instead of his adversary; he is the power of gentle and rational life, reigning over the wild creatures and senseless forces of the world. The Latrator Anubis—most senseless and cruel of the guardians of hell—becoming, by human mercy, the faithfullest of creature-friends to man.

27. Do you think all this work useless in your Venetian guide? There is not a picture,—not a legend,—scarcely a column or an ornament, in the art of Venice or of Italy, which, by this piece of work, well done, will not become more precious to you. Have you ever, for instance, noticed how the baying of Cerberus is stopped, in the sixth canto of Dante?—

> "Il duca mio
> Prese *la terra;* et con piene le pugna
> La gitto dentro alle bramose canne."[1]

(To the *three*, therefore plural.) It is one of the innumerable subtleties which mark Dante's perfect knowledge—inconceivable except as a form of inspiration—of the inner meaning of every myth, whether of classic or Christian theology, known in his day.

28. Of the relation of the dog, horse, and eagle to the chivalry of Europe, you will find, if you care to read, more noted, in relation to part of the legend of St. Theodore, in the *Fors* of March, this year;[2] the rest of his legend, with what is notablest in his "Mariegola," I will tell you when we come to examine Carpaccio's canonized birds and beasts;[3] of which, to refresh you after this piece of hard ecclesiastical reading (for I can't tell you about the bases of the pillars to-day—we must get into another humour to see these), you may see, within five minutes' walk,

[1] [*Inferno*, vi. 25–27: "my guide . . . took of the earth, and with his fists well filled, he threw it into those rapacious gullets" (Longfellow). For "the three" gullets, see *ibid.*, line 14, "contre gole."]

[2] [Letter 75, which (says Ruskin there, § 7) his Venetian readers must peruse in connexion with *St. Mark's Rest.*]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

three together, in the little chapel of St. George of the Schiavoni;—St. George's "Porphyrio," the bird of chastity, with the bent spray of sacred vervain in its beak, at the foot of the steps on which St. George is baptizing the princess;[1] St. Jerome's lion, being introduced to the monastery (with resultant effect on the minds of the brethren); and St. Jerome's dog, watching his master translating the Bible, with highest complacency of approval.

Fig. 2

29. And of St. Theodore himself you may be glad to know that he was a very historical and substantial saint as late as the fifteenth century, for in the Inventory of the goods and chattels of his scuola,[2] made by order of its

[1] [For this picture, see below, § 170, and Plate LXI. Ruskin's study of the bird is Plate LXII. For St. Jerome's lion, see Plate LXIV.; the dog, in the picture of "St. Jerome in his Study" (Plate LXVI.), is here given, drawn by Ruskin (engraved by Stodart); for another reference to the dog, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 8.]

[2] [For further particulars of "the Club, or School," of St. Theodore, see, again, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75.]

master (Gastoldo), and the companions, in the year 1450, the first article is the body of St. Theodore, with the bed it lies on, covered by a coverlid of "paño di grano di seta, brocado de oro fino." So late as the middle of the fifteenth century (certified by the "inventario fatto a di XXX. de Novembrio MCCCCL. per. Sr nanni di piero de la colōna, Gastoldo, e suoi campagni, de tutte reliquie e arnesi e beni, se trova in questa hora presente in la nostra scuola"), here lay this treasure, dear to the commercial heart of Venice.

Oh, reader, who hast ceased to count the Dead bones of men for thy treasure, hast thou then thy treasure of the living Dead laid up in the hands of the Living God, where the worm doth not corrupt, nor the conquered King of Terror any more break through and steal?[1]

[1] [See Matthew vi. 20. The last lines of § 29 are here altered in accordance with Ruskin's revision in his own copy; the passage has hitherto read: "Oh, good reader, who hast ceased to count the Dead bones of men for thy treasure, hast thou then thy Dead laid up in the hands of the Living God?"]

CHAPTER III

ST. JAMES OF THE DEEP STREAM

30. Twice one is two, and twice two is four; but twice one is not three, and twice two is not six, whatever Shylock may wish, or say, in the matter.[1] In wholesale memory of which arithmetical, and (probably) eternal, fact, and in loyal defiance of Shylock and his knife, I write down for you these figures, large and plain:—

1. 2. 4.

Also in this swiftly progressive ratio, the figures may express what modern philosophy considers the rate of progress of Venice, from her days of religion, and golden ducats, to her days of infidelity, and paper notes.

Read them backwards, then, sublime modern philosopher; and they will give you the date of the birth of that foolish Venice of old time, on her narrow island.

4. 2. 1.

In that year, and on the very day—(little foolish Venice used to say, when she was a very child),—in which, once upon a time, the world was made; and, once upon another time—the Ave Maria first said,—the first stone of Venice was laid on the sea sand, in the name of St. James the fisher.

I think you had better go and see with your own eyes,—tread with your own foot,—the spot of her nativity: so much of a spring day as the task will take, cannot often be more profitably spent, nor more affectionately towards God and man, if indeed you love either of them.

31. So, from the Grand Hotel,—or the Swiss Pension—

[1] [See *Merchant of Venice*, Act i. sc. 3; and for Ruskin on usury, Vol. XVII. p. xcviii.]

or the duplicate Danieli with the drawbridge,[1]—or wherever else among the palaces of resuscitated Venice you abide, congratulatory modern ambassador to the Venetian Senate—please, to-day, walk through the Merceria, and through the Square of St. Bartholomew, where is the little octagon turret-chapel in the centre, for sale of news: and cross the Rialto—not in the middle of it, but on the right-hand side, crossing from St. Mark's. You will probably find it very dirty,—it may be, indecently dirty,—that is modern progress, and Mr. Buckle's civilization;[2] rejoice in it with a thankful heart, and stay in it placidly, after crossing the height of the bridge, when you come down just on a level with the capitals of the first story of the black and white, all but ruined, Palace of the Camerlenghi; Treasurers of Venice, built for them when she began to feel anxious about her accounts. "Black and white," I call it, because the dark lichens of age are yet on its marble—or, at least, were, in the winter of '76–'77; it may be, even before these pages get printed, it will be scraped and re-gilt—or pulled down, to make a railroad station at the Rialto.[3]

32. Here standing, if with good eyes, or a good opera-glass, you look back, up to the highest story of the blank and ugly building[4] on the side of the canal you have just crossed from,—you will see between two of its higher windows, the remains of a fresco of a female figure. It is, so far as I know, the last vestige of the noble fresco painting of Venice on her outside walls;—Giorgione's,—no less,—when Titian and he were house-painters,—the Sea-Queen so ranking them, for her pomp, in her proud days. Of this, and of the black and white palace, we will

[1] [The movable bridge across the Rio del Vin, uniting the Hôtel Danieli with its Dépendance, is now replaced by a permanent covered way.]

[2] [For other references to Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, see Vol. XXII. p. 500 *n.*]

[3] [The palace fortunately remains (1905).]

[4] [The Fondaco dei Tedeschi, for which see *Stones of Venice* (Vol. X. p. 98, Vol. XI. pp. 29, 378), and *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 439 and *n.*). The fresco, referred to in the text here, is still visible, and is protected by a grating. It is not, however, of a female figure, but of a young warrior. Further up, on the same side of the Grand Canal, there are remains of frescoes on the palace next to the Rio della Maddalena.]

talk another day.[1] I only asked you to look at the fresco just now, because therein is seen the end of *my* Venice,—the Venice I have to tell you of. Yours, of the Grand Hotels and the Peninsular steamers, you may write the history of, for yourself.

Therein,—as it fades away—ends the Venice of St. Mark's Rest. But where she was born, you may now go quite down the steps to see. Down, and through among the fruit-stalls, into the little square on the right; then turning back, the low portico is in front of you;—not of the ancient church indeed, but of a fifteenth-century one —variously translated, in succeeding times, into such small picturesqueness of stage effect as it yet possesses; escaping, by God's grace, however, the fire which destroyed all the other buildings of ancient Venice, round her Rialto square, in 1513.*

33. Some hundred or hundred and fifty years before that, Venice had begun to suspect the bodies of saints to be a poor property; carrion, in fact,—and not even exchangeable carrion. Living flesh might be bought instead, —perhaps of prettier aspect.[2] So, as I said, for a hundred years or so, she had brought home no relics,—but set her mind on trade-profits, and other practical matters; tending to the achievement of wealth, and its comforts, and dignities. The curious result being, that at that particular moment, when the fire devoured her merchants' square,—centre of the then mercantile world,—she happened to have no money in her pocket to build it again with.

34. Nor were any of her old methods of business again to be resorted to. Her soldiers were now foreign mercenaries, and had to be paid before they would fight; and

* Many chronicles speak of it as burned; but the authoritative inscription of 1601 speaks of it as "consumed by age," and is therefore conclusive on this point.[3]

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

[2] [See Cicogna, *Iscrizioni Veneziane*, vol. vi. p. 525, for notices of the slave-trade at Venice.]

[3] ["Vetustate ruentem": the inscription may be read in a note to the Italian translation of *St. Mark's Rest*, p. 41.]

prayers, she had found out long before our English wise-acre apothecaries' apprentices, were of no use to get either money or new houses with, at a pinch like this. And there was really nothing for it but doing the thing cheap, —since it had to be done. Fra Giocondo of Verona offered her a fair design; but the city could not afford it. Had to take Scarpagnino's make-shift instead;—and with his help, and Sansovino's, between 1520 and 1550, she just managed to botch up—what you see surround the square, of architectural stateliness for her mercantile home. Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, the main cause of these sorrowful circumstances of hers,—observe, sagacious historians.[1]

At all events, I have no doubt the walls were painted red, with some medallions, or other cheap decoration, under the cornices, enough to make the little square look comfortable. Whitewashed and squalid now—it may be left, for this time, without more note of it, as we turn to the little church.*

35. Your Murray tells you it was built "in its present form" in 1194, and "rebuilt in 1531, but precisely in the old form," and that it "has a fine brick campanile."[2] The fine brick campanile, visible if you look behind you, on the other side of the street, belongs to the church of St. John Elemosinario. And the statement that the church was "rebuilt in precisely the old form" must also be received with allowances. For the "campanile" here is in the most orthodox English Jacobite style of the seventeenth century, the portico in Venetian fifteenth, the walls are in no style at all, and the little Madonna inserted in the middle of them is an exquisitely finished piece of the finest work of 1320 to 1350.

* Do not, if you will trust me, at this time let your guide take you to look at the Gobbo di Rialto, or otherwise interfere with your immediate business.

[1] [Compare a letter from Venice of February 10, 1877, included in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 214, and reprinted in a later volume of this edition.]

[2] [At p. 358 of the edition of 1874. The passage is revised in the later editions.]

And, alas, the church is not only quite other in form, but even other in *place*, than it was in the fifth century, having been moved like a bale of goods, and with apparently as little difficulty as scruple, in 1322, on a report of the Salt Commissioners about the crowding of shops round it. And, in sum, of particulars of authentically certified vicissitudes, the little church has gone through these following—how many more than these, one cannot say—but these at least (see Appendix III.[1]):—

36. I. Founded traditionally in 432 (serious doubts whether on Friday or Saturday, involving others about the year itself). The tradition is all we need care for.[2]

II. Rebuilt, and adorned with Greek mosaic work by the Doge Domenico Selvo, in 1073: the Doge having married a Greek wife, and liking pretty things. Of this husband and wife you shall hear more, anon.[3]

III. Retouched, and made bright again, getting also its due share of the spoil of Byzantium sent home by Henry Dandolo, 1174.

IV. Dressed up again, and moved out of the buyers' and sellers' way, in 1322.

V. "Instaurated" into a more splendid church (dicto templo in splendidiorem ecclesiam instaurato[4]) by the elected plebanus, Natalis Regia, desirous of having the church devoted to *his* honour instead of St. James's, 1531.

VI. Lifted up (and most likely therefore first much pulled down), to keep the water from coming into it, in 1601, when the double arched campanile was built, and the thing finally patched together in the present form. Doubtless soon, by farther "progresso" to become a provision, or, perhaps, a petroleum store, Venice having no more need of temples; and being, as far as I can observe, ashamed of having so many, overshadowing her buyers and sellers.

[1] [Again a reference to an intended, but unwritten, Appendix.]

[2] [See Romanin, *Storia Doc. di Venezia*, 1853, vol. i. p. 75. Inscriptions recording the later history of the church are contained in some unpublished Cicogna MSS. in the Correr Museum (No. 2022). They are set out in notes to the Italian translation of *St. Mark's Rest*.]

[3] [See below, §§ 81 *seq.*, pp. 271 *seq.*]

[4] [See the text of the inscription in the Italian translation, p. 40 *n.*]

Better rend the veils in twain for ever, if convenient store-shops may be formed inside.

37. These, then, being authentic epochs of change, you may decipher at ease the writing of each of them,—what is left of it. The campanile with the ugly head in the centre of it is your final Art result, 1601. The portico in front of you is Natalis Regia's "instauration" of the church as it stood after 1322, retaining the wooden simplicities of bracket above the pillars of the early loggia; the Madonna, as I said, is a piece of the 1320 to 1350 work; and of earlier is no vestige here. But if you will walk twenty steps round the church, at the back of it, on the low gable, you will see an inscription in firmly graven long Roman letters, under a cross, similarly inscribed.

That is a vestige of the eleventh-century church; nay, more than vestige, the *Voice* of it—Sibylline,—left when its body had died.

Which I will ask you to hear, in a little while.[1] But first you shall see also a few of the true stones of the older Temple. Enter it now; and reverently; for though at first, amidst wretched whitewash and stucco, you will scarcely see the true marble, those six pillars and their capitals are yet actual remnants and material marble of the venerable church; probably once extending into more arches in the nave; but this transept ceiling of waggon vault, with the pillars that carry it, is true remnant of a mediæval church, and, in all likelihood, true image of the earliest of all—of the first standard of Venice, planted, under which to abide; the Cross, engraven on the sands thus in relief, with two little pieces of Roman vaulting, set cross wise;—your modern engineers will soon make as large, in portable brickwork, for London drains, admirable, worshipful, for the salvation of London mankind:—here artlessly rounded, and with small cupola above the crossing.

38. Thus she set her sign upon the shore; some knot of gelatinous seaweed there checking the current of the

[1] [See below, p. 308.]

"Deep Stream,"[1] which sweeps round, as you see, in that sigma of canal, as the Wharfe round the shingly bank of Bolton Abbey,—a notablest Crook of Lune, this; and Castrum, here, on sands that will abide.

It is strange how seldom rivers have been named from their depth. Mostly they take at once some dear, companionable name, and become gods, or at least living creatures, to the refreshed people; if not thus Pagan-named, they are noted by their colour, or their purity,—White River, Black River, Rio Verde, Aqua Dolce, Fiume di Latte; but scarcely ever, "Deep River."

39. And this Venetian slow-pacing water, not so much as a river, or anything like one; but a rivulet, "fiumicello," only rising in those low mounds of volcanic hill to the west. "'Rialto,' 'Rialtum,' '*Pre*altum'" (another idea getting confused with the first), "dal fiumicello di egual nome che, scendendo dei colli Euganei, gettavasi nel Brenta, con esso scorrendo lungo quelle isole dette appunto Realtine."* The serpentine depth, consistent always among consistent shallow, being here vital; and the conception of it partly mingled with that of the power of the open sea —the infinite "Altum"; sought by the sacred water, as in the dream of Æneas, "lacu fluvius se condidit alto."[2] Hence the united word takes, in declining Latin, the shorter form, Rial*tum*,—properly, in the scholarship of the State-documents, "Rivoalt*us*." So also, throughout Venice, the Latin Rivus softens into Rio; the Latin Ripa into Riva, in the time when you had the running water—not "canals," but running brooks of sea,—"lympha fugax,"[3]— trembling in eddies, between, not quays, but banks of pasture land; soft "campi," of which, in St. Margaret's field,[4]

* Romanin [vol. i. p. 44].

[1] [For the first encampment on the island of Rialto (the deep stream), see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 19, 417).]

[2] [*Æneid*, viii. 66.]

[3] [Horace: *Odes*, ii. 3, 12 ("quid obliqua laborat lympha fugax trepidare rivo").]

[4] [The square is now paved all over.]

I have but this autumn seen the last worn vestige trodden away; and yesterday, Feb. 26th [1877], in the morning, a little tree that was pleasant to me taken up from before the door, because it had heaved the pavement an inch or two out of square; also beside the Academy, a little over-hanging momentary shade of boughs hewn away, "to make the street 'bello,'" said the axe-bearer. "What," I asked, "will it be prettier in summer without its trees?" "Non x'e bello il verde," he answered.* True oracle; though he knew not what he said;—voice of the modern Church of Venice ranking herself under the black standard of the pit.

40. I said you should hear the oracle of her ancient Church in a little while; but you must know why, and to whom it was spoken, first,—and we must leave the Rialto for to-day. Look, as you recross its bridge, westward, along the broad-flowing stream; and come here also, this evening, if the day sets calm, for then the waves of it, from the Rialto island to the Ca' Foscari, glow like an Eastern tapestry in soft-flowing crimson, fretted with gold; and beside them, amidst the tumult of squalid ruin, remember the words that are the "burden of Venice," as of Tyre:—

"Be still, ye inhabitants of the Isle. Thou whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished. By great waters, the seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river, is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations."[1]

* I observe the good people of Edinburgh have the same taste; and rejoice proudly at having got an asphalt esplanade at the end of Princes Street, instead of cabbage-sellers. Alas! my Scottish friends; all that Princes Street of yours has not so much beauty in it as a single cabbage stalk, if you had eyes in your heads,—rather the extreme reverse of beauty; and there is not one of the lassies who now stagger up and down the burning marle in high-heeled boots and French bonnets, who would not look a thousand-fold prettier, and feel, there's no counting how much nobler, bare-headed but for the snood, and bare-foot on old-fashioned grass by the Nor' Loch side, bringing home from market, basket on arm, pease for papa's dinner, and a bunch of cherries for baby.

[1] [Isaiah xxiii. 2, 3.]

CHAPTER IV

ST. THEODORE THE CHAIR-SELLER

41. The history of Venice divides itself, with more sharpness than any other I have read, into periods of distinct tendency and character; marked, in their transition, by phenomena no less definite than those of the putting forth the leaves, or setting of the fruit, in a plant;—and as definitely connected by one vitally progressive organization, of which the energy must be studied in its constancy, while its results are classed in grouped system.

If we rightly trace the order, and estimate the duration, of such periods, we understand the life, whether of an organized being, or a state. But not to know the time when the seed is ripe, or the soul mature, is to misunderstand the total creature.

In the history of great multitudes, these changes of their spirit, and regenerations (for they are nothing less) of their physical power, take place through so subtle gradations of declining and dawning thought, that the effort to distinguish them seems arbitrary, like separating the belts of a rainbow's colour by firmly drawn lines. But, at Venice, the lines are drawn for us by her own hand; and the changes in her temper are indicated by parallel modifications of her policy and constitution, to which historians have always attributed, as to efficient causes, the national fortunes of which they are only the signs and limitation.[1]

42. In this history, the reader will find little importance attached to these external phenomena of political constitution; except as labels, or, it may be, securing seals, of the

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 18 *n.*, 22).]

state of the nation's heart. They are merely shapes of amphora, artful and decorative indeed; tempting to criticism or copy of their form, usefully recordant of different ages of the wine, and having occasionally, by the porousness or perfectness of their clay, effect also on its quality. But it is the grape-juice itself, and the changes in *it*, not in the forms of flask, that we have in reality to study.

Fortunately also, the dates of the great changes are easily remembered; they fall with felicitous precision at the beginning of centuries, and divide the story of the city, as the pillars of her Byzantine courts, the walls of it, with symmetric stability.

She shall also tell you, as I promised,[1] her own story, in her own handwriting, all through. Not a word shall *I* have to say in the matter; or aught to do, except to deepen the letters for you when they are indistinct, and sometimes to hold a blank space of her chart of life to the fire of your heart for a little while, until words, written secretly upon it, are seen;—if, at least, there is fire enough in your own heart to heat them.

43. And first, therefore, I must try what power of reading you have, when the letters are quite clear. We will take to-day, so please you, the same walk we did yesterday; but looking at other things, and reading a wider lesson.

As early as you can (in fact, to get the good of this walk, you must be up with the sun), any bright morning, when the streets are quiet, come with me to the front of St. Mark's, to begin our lesson there.

You see that between the arches of its vaults, there are six oblong panels of bas-relief.

Two of these are the earliest pieces of real Venetian work I know of, to show you; but before beginning with them, you must see a piece done by her Greek masters.

Go round therefore to the side farthest from the sea, where, in the first broad arch, you will see a panel of like shape, set horizontally; the sculpture of which represents

[1] [See above, Preface, p. 203.]

twelve sheep—six on one side, six on the other, of a throne: on which throne is set a cross; and on the top of the cross a circle; and in the circle, a little caprioling creature.[1]

And outside of all, are two palm trees, one on each side; and under each palm tree, two baskets of dates; and over the twelve sheep, is written in delicate Greek letters "The holy Apostles"; and over the little caprioling creature, "The Lamb."

44. Take your glass and study the carving of this bas-relief intently. It is full of sweet care, subtlety, tenderness

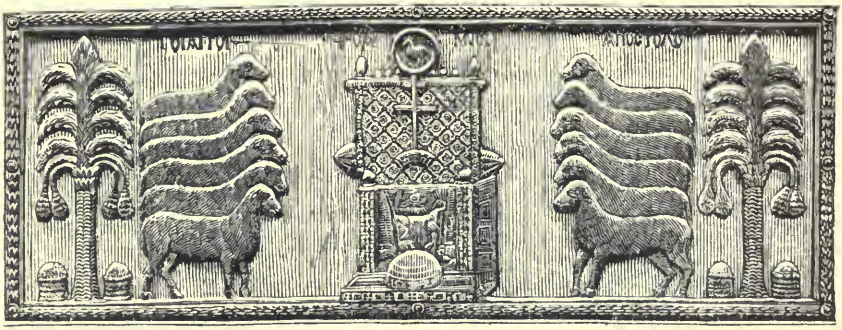

Fig. 3

of touch, and mind; and fine cadence and change of line in the little bowing heads and bending leaves. Decorative in the extreme; a kind of stone-stitching or sampler-work, done with the innocence of a girl's heart, and in a like unlearned fulness. Here is a Christian man, bringing order and loveliness into the mere furrows of stone. Not by any means as learned as a butcher, in the joints of lambs; nor as a grocer, in baskets of dates; nor as a gardener, in endogenous plants: but an artist to the heart's core; and no less true a lover of Christ and His word. Helpless, with his childish art, to carve Christ, he carves a cross, and caprioling little thing in a ring at the top of it. You may try —you—to carve Christ, if you can. Helpless to conceive

[1] [Ruskin procured a cast of this bas-relief in 1852: see his account of it in Vol. X. p. 466.]

the Twelve Apostles, these nevertheless are sacred letters for the bearers of the Gospel of Peace.[1]

Of such men Venice learned to touch the stone;—to become a Lapicida,[2] and furrower of the marble as well as the sea.

Now let us go back to that panel on the left side of the central arch, in front.*

45. This, you see, is no more a symbolical sculpture,[3] but quite distinctly pictorial, and laboriously ardent to express, though in very low relief, a curly-haired personage, handsome, and something like George the Fourth, dressed in richest Roman armour, and sitting in an absurd manner, more or less tailor-fashion, if not cross-legged himself, at least on a conspicuously cross-legged piece of splendid furniture; which, after deciphering the Chinese, or engineer's isometrical, perspective of it, you may perceive to be only a gorgeous pic-nic or drawing stool, apparently of portable character, such as are bought (more for luxury than labour, —for the real working apparatus is your tripod) at Messrs. Newman's, or Winsor and Newton's.

Apparently portable, I say; by no means intended as such by the sculptor. Intended for a most permanent and magnificent throne of state; nothing less than a derived form of that Greek Thronos, in which you have seen set the cross of the Lamb. Yes; and of the Tyrian and Judæan Thronos—Solomon's, which it frightened the Queen

* Generally note, when I say "right" or "left" side of a church or chapel, I mean, either as you enter, or as you look to the altar. It is not safe to say "north and south," for Italian churches stand all round the compass; and besides, the phrase would be false of lateral chapels. Transepts are awkward, because often they have an altar instead of an entrance at their ends; it will be least confusing to treat them always as large lateral chapels, and place them in the series of such chapels at the sides of the nave, calling the sides right and left as you look either from the nave into the chapels, or from the nave's centre to the rose window, or other termination of transept.

[1] [Isaiah lii. 7; Ephesians vi. 15.]
[2] [Compare below, p. 438.]
[3] [See Plate LVI.]

of Sheba to see him sitting on.[1] Yes; and of the Egyptian throne of eternal granite, on which colossal Memnon sits, melodious to morning light,—son of Aurora.[2] Yes; and of the throne of Isis-Madonna, and, mightier yet than she, as we return towards the nativity of queens and kings. We must keep at present to our own poor little modern, practical saint—sitting on his portable throne (as at the side of the opera when extra people are let in who shouldn't be); only seven hundred years old. To this cross-legged apparatus the Egyptian throne had dwindled down; it looks even as if the saint who sits on it might begin to think about getting up, some day or other.

46. All the more when you know who he is. Can you read the letters of his name, written beside him?—

S C̄S GEORGIVS

—Mr. Emerson's purveyor of bacon, no less!* And he *does* look like getting up, when you observe him farther. Unsheathing his sword, is not he?

47. No; sheathing it. That was the difficult thing he had first to do, as you will find on reading the true legend of him, which *this* sculptor thoroughly knew; in whose conception of the saint, one perceives the date of said sculptor, no less than in the stiff work, so dimly yet perceptive of the ordinary laws of the aspect of things. From the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon—through sixteen hundred years of

* See *Fors Clavigera* of February 1873 (Vol. III.),[3] containing the legend of St. George. This, with the other numbers of *Fors* referred to in the text of *St. Mark's Rest*, may be bought at Venice, together with it.

[1] [The reference is not Biblical, but to Veronese's conception of the scene, in his picture at Turin, copied and described by Ruskin. The Queen of Sheba, he says, is "nearly fainting before Solomon" (Vol. XVI. p. xxxvii.); for the picture see Plate III. in the same volume (p. 186).]

[2] [For the Colossus at Thebes, said to emit a musical sound at sunrise, see Strabo (xvii. 816), Pausanias (i. 42, 3), Juvenal (xv. 5), and many other classical writers. The Greeks poetically interpreted the sound as a salutation addressed by Memnon to his mother, the Dawn.]

[3] [*Fors*, Letter 26. For Ruskin's arrangement for the sale of *Fors* at Venice, see above, p. 163 *n.*]

H S Ubinch sc.

St. George

From the Sculpture on the West Front of St. Mark's

effort, and speech-making, and fighting—human intelligence in the Arts has arrived, here in Venice, thus far. But having got so far, we shall come to something fresh soon! We have become distinctly representative again, you see; desiring to show, not a mere symbol of a living man, but the man himself, as truly as the poor stone-cutter can carve him. All bonds of tyrannous tradition broken;—the legend kept, in faith yet; but the symbol become natural; a real armed knight, the best he could form a notion of; curly-haired and handsome; and, his also the boast of Dogberry, everything handsome about him.[1] Thus far has Venice got in her art schools of the early thirteenth century. I can date this sculpture to that time, pretty closely; earlier, it may be,—not later; see afterwards the notes closing this chapter.[2]

And now, if you so please, we will walk under the clock-tower, and down the Merceria, as straight as we can go. There is a little crook to the right, bringing us opposite St. Julian's church (which, please, don't stop to look at just now): then, sharply, to the left again, and we come to the Ponte de' Baratteri,—"Rogue's bridge"[3]—on which, as especially a grateful bridge to English business feelings, let us reverently pause. It has been widened lately,[4] you observe,—the use of such bridge being greatly increased in these times; and in a convenient angle, out of passenger current (may you find such wayside withdrawal in true life!) you may stop to look back at the house immediately above the bridge.

48. In the wall of which you will see a horizontal panel of bas-relief, with two shields on each side, bearing six fleurs-de-lys.[5] And this you need not, I suppose, look for

[1] [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2.]

[2] [Below, p. 253.]

[3] [The bridge, however, is named Ponte dei Baretteri, not from *barattieri*, but from *bareteri* (manufacturers of *berretti*). See G. Tassini, *Curiosità Veneziane*, Venezia, 1882, p. 58.]

[4] [By a decree of the Senate, January 31, 1741.]

[5] [This bas-relief, with its side panels (sculptured with the armorial shields of the Doge Pietro Ziani), was bought in 1884 for the South Kensington Museum for £152, 16s. 2d. (1884—Nos. 53, 53B). Plate LVII. here is a reproduction of the central design. It could be wished that the authorities of the Museum had

letters on, to tell you its subject. Here is St. George indeed!—our own beloved old sign of the George and Dragon, all correct; and, if you know your Seven Champions,[1] Sabra too, on the rock, thrilled witness of the fight. And see what a dainty St. George, too! Here is no mere tailor's enthronement.[2] Eques, ipso melior Bellerophonti,[3]—how he sits!—how he holds his lance!—how brightly youthful the crisp hair under his light cap of helm,—how deftly curled the fringe of his horse's crest,—how vigorous in disciplined career of accustomed conquest, the two noble living creatures! This is Venetian fifteenth-century work of finest style. Outside-of-house work, of course: we compare at present outside work only, panel with panel: but here are three hundred years of art progress written for you, in two pages,—from early thirteenth to late fifteenth century; and in this little bas-relief is all to be seen, that can be, of elementary principle, in the very crest and pride of Venetian sculpture,—of which note these following points.

49. First, the aspirations of the front of St. Mark's have been entirely achieved, and though the figure is still symbolical, it is now a symbol consisting in the most literal realization possible of natural facts. That is the way, if you care to see it, that a young knight rode, in 1480, or thereabouts. So, his foot was set in stirrup,—so his body borne,—so trim and true and orderly everything in his harness and his life: and this rendered, observe, with the most consummate precision of artistic touch. Look at the strap of the stirrup,—at the little delicatest line of the spur,—can you think they are stone? don't they look like

presented a cast for insertion in its original place. A water-colour drawing of it by Ruskin's friend, Professor Angelo Alessandri, is in the Correr Museum (see p. 31 of the Catalogue of 1899). The editor of the Italian translation of *St. Mark's Rest* points out that a very similar bas-relief of the same subject (the date of which is 1508) may be seen on the ancient monastery (now barracks) on the Riva degli Schiavoni.]

[1] [*The Famous Historie of the Seaven Champions of Christendome, Saint George of England,* etc., by Richard Johnson, first published in 1616. For Sabra, see below, §§ 238, 239, p. 397.]

[2] [As in the case of the earlier St. George: see § 45, p. 243.]

[3] [Horace: *Odes,* iii. 12, 8.]

Saint George and the Dragon

leather and steel? His flying mantle,—is it not silk more than marble? That is all in the beautiful doing of it: precision first in exquisite sight of the thing itself, and understanding of the qualities and signs, whether of silk or steel; and then, precision of touch, and cunning in use of material, which it had taken three hundred years to learn. Think what cunning there is in getting such edge to the marble as will represent the spur line, or strap leather, with such solid under-support that, from 1480 till now, it stands rain and frost!

50. And for knowledge of form,—look at the way the little princess's foot comes out under the drapery as she shrinks back. Look at it first from the left, to see how it is foreshortened, flat on the rock; then from the right, to see the curve of dress up the limb:—think of the difference between this and the feet of poor St. George Sartor of St. Mark's, pointed down all their length. Finally, see how studious the whole thing is of beauty in every part,—how it expects *you* also to be studious. Trace the rich tresses of the princess's hair, wrought where the figure melts into shadow;—the sharp edges of the dragon's mail, slipping over each other as he wrings neck and coils tail;—nay, what decorative ordering and symmetry is even in the roughness of the ground and rock! And lastly, see how the whole piece of work, to the simplest frame of it, must be by the sculptor's own hand: see how he breaks the line of his panel moulding with the princess's hair, with St. George's helmet, with the rough ground itself at the base;—the entire tablet varied to its utmost edge, delighted in and ennobled to its extreme limit of substance.

Here, then, as I said, is the top of Venetian sculpture-art. Was there no going beyond this, think you?

Assuredly, much beyond this the Venetian could have gone, had he gone straight forward. But at this point he became perverse, and there is one sign of evil in this piece, which you must carefully discern.

51. In the two earlier sculptures, of the sheep, and the

throned St. George, the artist never meant to say that twelve sheep ever stood in two such rows, and were the twelve apostles; nor that St. George ever sat in that manner in a splendid chair. But he entirely believed in the facts of the lives of the apostles and saints, symbolized by such figuring.

But the fifteenth-century sculptor *does*, partly, mean to assert that St. George did in that manner kill a dragon: does not clearly know whether he did or not; does not care very much whether he did or not;—thinks it will be very nice if, at any rate, people believe that he did;—but is more bent, in the heart of him, on making a pretty bas-relief than on anything else.

Half-way to infidelity, the fine gentleman is, with all his dainty chiselling. We will see, on those terms, what, in another century, this fine chiselling comes to.

So now walk on, down the Merceria di San Salvador. Presently, if it is morning, and the sky clear, you will see, at the end of the narrow little street, the brick apse of St. Saviour's, warm against the blue; and, if you stand close to the right, a solemn piece of old Venetian wall and window on the opposite side of the calle, which you might pass under twenty times without seeing, if set on the study of shops only. Then you must turn to the right; perforce,—to the left again; and now to the left, once more; and you are in the little piazza of St. Salvador, with a building in front of you, now occupied as a furniture store, which you will please look at with attention.[1]

52. It reminds you of many things at home, I suppose? —has a respectable, old-fashioned, city-of-London look about it;—something of Greenwich Hospital, of Temple Bar, of St. Paul's, of Charles the Second and the Constitution, and the Lord Mayor and Mr. Bumble? Truly English, in

[1] [The history of this building—formerly the School of St. Theodore—is given in Tassini's *Curiosità Veneziane*, pp. 621–622. It was erected after 1648; on the suppression of the Confraternity in 1810, it was for a time used to store the State archives.]

many respects, this solidly rich front of Ionic pillars, with the four angels on the top, rapturously directing your attention, by the gracefullest gesticulation, to the higher figure in the centre!

You have advanced another hundred and fifty years, and are in mid-seventeenth century. Here is the "Progresso" of Venice, exhibited to you, in consequence of her wealth, and gay life and advance in anatomical and other sciences.

Of which, note first, the display of her knowledge of angelic anatomy. Sabra, on the rock, just showed her foot beneath her robe, and that only because she was drawing back, frightened; but, here, every angel has his petticoats cut up to his thighs; he is not sufficiently sacred or sublime unless you see his legs so high.

Secondly, you see how expressive are their attitudes,—"What a wonderful personage is this we have got in the middle of us!"

53. That is Raphaelesque art of the finest. Raphael, by this time, had taught the connoisseurs of Europe that whenever you admire anybody, you open your mouth and eyes wide; when you wish to show him to somebody else, you point at him vigorously with one arm, and wave the somebody else on with the other; when you have nothing to do of that sort, you stand on one leg and hold up the other in a graceful line;—these are the methods of true dramatic expression. Your drapery, meanwhile, is to be arranged in "sublime masses," and is not to be suggestive of any particular stuff![1]

If you study the drapery of these four angels thoroughly, you can scarcely fail of knowing, henceforward, what a bad drapery is, to the end of time. Here is drapery supremely, exquisitely bad; it is impossible, by any contrivance, to get it worse. Merely clumsy, ill-cut clothing, you may see any day; but there is skill enough in this to make it exemplarily execrable. That flabby flutter, wrinkled

[1] [A general reference to the fourth of Reynolds's *Discourses:* compare above, p. 40.]

swelling, and puffed pomp of infinite disorder;—the only action of it, being blown up, and away; the only calm of it, collapse;—the resolution of every miserable fold not to fall, if it can help it, into any natural line,—the running of every lump of it into the next, as dough sticks to dough —remaining, not less, evermore incapable of any harmony or following of each other's lead or way;—and the total rejection of all notion of beauty or use in the stuff itself. It is stuff without thickness, without fineness, without warmth, without coolness, without lustre, without texture; not silk,—not linen,—not woollen;—something that wrings, and wrinkles, and gets between legs,—that is all. Worse drapery than this, you cannot see in mortal investiture.

54. Nor worse *want* of drapery, neither—for the legs are as ungraceful as the robes that discover them; and the breast of the central figure, whom all the angels admire, is packed under its corslet like a hamper of tomato apples.

To this type the Venetians have now brought their symbol of divine life in man. For this is also—St. Theodore! And the respectable building below, in the Bumble Style, is the last effort of his school of Venetian gentlemen to house themselves respectably. With Ionic capitals, bare-legged angels, and the Dragon, now square-headed and blunt-nosed, they thus contrive their last club-house, and prepare, for resuscitated Italy, in continued "Progresso," a stately furniture store. Here you may buy cruciform stools, indeed! and patent oilcloths, and other supports of your Venetian worshipful dignity, to heart's content. Here is your God's Gift to the nineteenth century. "Deposito mobili nazionali ed esteri; quadri: libri antichi e moderni, ed oggetti diversi."

Nevertheless, through all this decline in power and idea, there is yet, let us note finally, some wreck of Christian intention, some feeble colouring of Christian faith. A saint is still held to be an admirable person; he is practically still the patron of your fashionable club-house, where you

meet to offer him periodical prayer and alms. This architecture is, seriously, the best you can think of; those angels are handsome, according to your notions of personality; their attitudes really are such as you suppose to be indicative of celestial rapture,—their features, of celestial disposition.

55. We will see what change another fifty years will bring about in these faded feelings of Venetian soul.

The little calle on your right,[1] as you front St. Theodore, will bring you straight to the quay below the Rialto, where your gondola shall be waiting, to take you as far as the bridge over the Cannareggio under the Palazzo Labia.[2] Stay your gondola before passing under it, and look carefully at the sculptured ornaments of the arch, and then at the correspondent ones on the other side.

In these you see the last manner of sculpture, executed by Venetian artists, according to the mind of Venice, for her own pride and pleasure. Much she has done since, of art-work, to sell to strangers, executed as she thinks will please the *stranger* best. But of art produced for *her own* joy and in her own honour, this is a chosen example of the last!

Not representing saintly persons, you see; nor angels in attitudes of admiration. Quite other personages than angelic, and with expressions of anything rather than affection or respect for aught of good, in earth or heaven. Such were the last imaginations of her polluted heart, before death. She had it no more in her power to conceive any other. "Behold thy last gods,"—the Fates compel her thus to gaze, and perish.

56. This last stage of her intellectual death precedes her political one by about a century; during the last half of which, however, she did little more than lay foundations of walls which she could not complete. Virtually, we may close her national history with the seventeenth century; we shall not ourselves follow it even so far.

[1] [Now enlarged and called the Via Mazzini.]
[2] [The Ponte delle Guglie, rebuilt in 1688.]

I have shown you, to-day, pieces of her art-work by which you may easily remember its cardinal divisions.

You saw first the work of her Greek masters, under whom she learned both her faith and art.

Secondly, the beginning of her own childish efforts, in the St. George enthroned.

Thirdly, the culmination of her skill in the St. George combatant.

Fourthly, the languor of her faith and art power, under the advance of her luxury, in the hypocrisy of St. Theodore's Scuola, now a furniture warehouse.

Lastly, her dotage before shameful death.

In the next chapter I will mark, by their natural limits, the epochs of her political history, which correspond to these conditions of her knowledge, hope, and imagination.

57. But as you return home, and again pass before the porches of St. Mark's, I may as well say at once what I can of these six bas-reliefs between them.

On the sides of the great central arch are St. George and St. Demetrius, so inscribed in Latin. Between the next lateral porches, the Virgin and Archangel Gabriel, so inscribed,—the Archangel in Latin, the "Mother of God"[1] in Greek.

And between these and the outer porches, uninscribed, two of the labours of Hercules. I am much doubtful concerning these, myself,—do not know their manner of sculpture, nor understand their meaning. They are fine work; the Venetian antiquaries say, very early (sixth century); types, it may be, of physical human power prevailing over wild nature; the war of the world before Christ.

Then the Madonna and angel of Annunciation express the Advent.

Then the two Christian Warrior Saints express the heart of Venice in her armies.

[1] [M-P ΘY. The Greek *m* and *r* are united, the *theta* and *upsilon* are not. Hence, the monogram should perhaps be translated "Mother of the Divine Son" (μητὴρ Θεοῦ Υἱοῦ) not "Mother of God" (μητὴρ Θεοῦ).]

There is no doubt, therefore, of the purposeful choosing and placing of these bas-reliefs. Where the outer ones were brought from, I know not; the four inner ones, I think, are all contemporary, and carved for their place by the Venetian scholars of the Greek schools, in late twelfth or early thirteenth century.

58. My special reason for assigning this origin to them is the manner of the foliage under the feet of the Gabriel, in which is the origin of all the early foliage in the Gothic of Venice. This bas-relief, however, appears to be by a better master than the others—perhaps later; and is of extreme beauty.

Of the ruder St. George, and successive sculptures of Evangelists on the north side, I cannot yet speak with decision;[1] nor would you, until we have followed the story of Venice farther, probably care to hear.

[1] [Nor, in the published chapters of *St. Mark's Rest*, does Ruskin do so later. In the MS., however, there are the following notes on the sculptures in question:—

"1. The large St. Christopher under arch with very depressed gable above on the narrowly projecting end of transept.

"I am not sure of this. It unites Byzantine with what seems to me later characters in a lovely way; at any rate it is exquisitest work of this Byzantine school; all the proportions of the lateral shafts, leaves of capitals, etc., as fine as can be. You cannot examine it too long or too carefully.

"2. Group of the Evangelists—St. John, St. Matthew, and St. Luke—on wall of transept. All sitting.

"3. St. John the Evangelist standing, above the Arabian door.

"4. St. Mark sitting, on the right-hand side of this Arabian door.

"All these Evangelists are, I think, thirteenth-century transitional work, as also the Arabian door itself and the bas-relief above it.

"5. A small horizontal panel with sacrifice of Isaac, a quaint little piece of late work imitating the Greek symbolical manner; that is to say, the thicket is one small tree, the ram caught in it stands quietly beside its stem, the altar is a slender pillar with fire on the top, and the interference of the Deity represented only by a hand emerging from the foliage.

"6. A goddess of light—what goddess I can do no more than guess, and mean to find out. The orb beneath her is radiated; she shakes flames from the long torches in her hands, and is ascending in a chariot driven by griffins, the wheels put far away on the right and left, merely as signs they are there. Entirely Eastern-Greek in treatment; no doubt an imported sculpture.

"7. St. George standing. The worst . . ."

Here the MS. breaks off.]

CHAPTER V

THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL

59. The history of Venice, then, divides itself into four quite distinct periods.[1]

I. The first, in which the fugitives from many cities on the mainland, gathered themselves into one nation, dependent for existence on its labour upon the sea; and which develops itself, by that labour, into a race distinct in temper from all the other families of Christendom. This process of growth and mental formation is necessarily a long one, the result being so great. It takes, roughly, seven hundred years—from the fifth to the eleventh century, both inclusive. Accurately, from the Annunciation day, March 25th, 421, to the day of St. Nicholas, December 6th, 1100.

At the close of this epoch Venice had fully learned Christianity from the Greeks, chivalry from the Normans, and the laws of human life and toil from the ocean. Prudently and nobly proud, she stood, a helpful and wise princess, highest in council and mightiest in deed, among the knightly powers of the world.

60. II. The second period is that of her great deeds in war, and of the establishment of her reign in justice and truth (the best at least that she knew of either) over, nominally, the fourth part of the former Roman Empire. It includes the whole of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is chiefly characterized by the religious passion of the Crusades. It lasts, in accurate terms, from December 6th, 1100, to February 28th, 1297; but as the event of that day

[1] [For a subdivision of the first period, see the Appendix, below, p. 427.]

was not confirmed till three years afterwards, we get the fortunately precise terminal date of 1301.

III. The third period is that of religious meditation, as distinct, though not withdrawn from, religious action. It is marked by the establishment of schools of kindly civil order, and by its endeavours to express, in word and picture, the thoughts which until then had wrought in silence. The entire body of her noble art-work belongs to this time. It includes the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and twenty years more: from 1301 * to 1520.

IV. The fourth period is that of the luxurious use, and display, of the powers attained by the labour and meditation of former times, but now applied without either labour or meditation: — religion, art, and literature, having become things of custom, and "costume." It spends, in eighty years, the fruits of the toil of a thousand, and terminates, strictly, with the death of Tintoret, in 1594; we will say 1600.

61. From that day the remainder of the record of Venice is only the diary of expiring delirium, and, by those who love her, will be traced no farther. But while you are here within her walls I will endeavour to interpret clearly to you the legends on them, in which she has herself related the passions of her Four Ages.

And see how easily they are to be numbered and remembered. Twelve hundred years in all; divided—if, broadly, we call the third period two centuries, and the fourth, one,—in diminishing proportion, 7, 2, 2, 1: it is like the spiral of a shell, reversed.

I have in this first sketch of them distinguished these four ages by the changes in the chief element of every nation's mind—its religion, with the consequent results upon its art. But you see I have made no mention whatever of all that common historians think it their primal business to discourse of,—policy, government, commercial prosperity!

* Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § 13 [Vol. X. p. 341].

One of my dates however is determined by a crisis of internal policy; and I will at least note, as the material instrumentation of the spiritual song, the metamorphoses of state-order which accompanied, in each transition, the new nativities of the state's heart.

62. I. During the first period, which completes the binding of many tribes into one, and the softening of savage faith into intelligent Christianity, we see the gradual establishment of a more and more distinctly virtuous monarchic authority; continually disputed, and often abused, but purified by every reign into stricter duty, and obeyed by every generation with more sacred regard. At the close of this epoch, the helpful presence of God, and the leading powers of the standard-bearer Saint and sceptre-bearing King, are vitally believed; reverently, and to the death, obeyed. And, in the eleventh century, the Palace of the Duke and lawgiver of the people, and his Chapel, enshrining the body of St. Mark, stand, bright with marble and gold, side by side.

II. In the second period, that of active Christian warfare, there separates itself from the mass of the people, chiefly by pre-eminence in knightly achievement, and persistence in patriotic virtue,—but also, by the intellectual training received in the conduct of great foreign enterprise, and maintenance of legislation among strange people,—an order of aristocracy, raised both in wisdom and valour greatly above the average level of the multitude, and gradually joining to the traditions of Patrician Rome, the domestic refinements, and imaginative sanctities, of the northern and Frankish chivalry, whose chiefs were their battle comrades. At the close of the epoch, this more sternly educated class determines to assume authority in the government of the State, unswayed by the humour, and unhindered by the ignorance, of the lower classes of the people; and the year which I have assigned for the accurate close of the second period is that of the great division between nobles and plebeians, called by the Venetians the "Closing of the

Council,"—the restriction, that is to say, of the powers of the Senate to the lineal aristocracy.

63. III. The third period shows us the advance of this now separate body of Venetian gentlemen in such thought and passion as the privilege of their position admitted, or its temptations provoked. The gradually increasing knowledge of literature, culminating at last in the discovery of printing, and revival of classic formulæ of method, modified by reflection, or dimmed by disbelief, the frank Christian faith of earlier ages; and social position independent of military prowess, developed at once the ingenuity, frivolity, and vanity of the scholar, with the avarice and cunning of the merchant.

Protected and encouraged by a senate thus composed, distinct companies of craftsmen, wholly of the people, gathered into vowed fraternities of social order; and, retaining the illiterate sincerities of their religion, laboured in unambitious peace, under the orders of the philosophic aristocracy;—built for them their great palaces, and overlaid their walls, within and without, with gold and purple of Tyre, precious now in Venetian hands as the colours of heaven more than of the sea. By the hand of one of them, the picture of Venice, with her nobles in her streets,[1] at the end of this epoch, is preserved to you as yet, and I trust will be, by the kind fates, preserved datelessly.

64. IV. In the fourth period, the discovery of printing having confused literature into vociferation, and the delicate skill of the craftsman having provoked splendour into lasciviousness, the jubilant and coruscant passions of the nobles, stately yet in the forms of religion, but scornful of her discipline, exhausted, in their own false honour, at once the treasures of Venice and her skill; reduced at last her people to misery, and her policy to shame, and smoothed for themselves the downward way to the abdication of their might for evermore.

[1] [The picture of Gentile Bellini: see below, §§ 97, 104, and above, p. 163, and Plate XLVI.]

Now these two histories of the religion and policy of Venice are only intense abstracts of the same course of thought and events in every nation of Europe. Throughout the whole of Christendom, the two stories in like manner proceed together. The acceptance of Christianity—the practice of it—the abandonment of it—and moral ruin. The development of kingly authority—the obedience to it—the corruption of it—and social ruin. But there is no evidence that the first of these courses of national fate is vitally connected with the second. That infidel kings may be just, and Christian ones corrupt, was the first lesson Venice learned when she began to be a scholar.

65. And observe there are three quite distinct conditions of feeling and assumptions of theory in which we may approach this matter. The first, that of our numerous cockney friends,—that the dukes of Venice were mostly hypocrites, and if not, fools; that their pious zeal was merely such a cloak for their commercial appetite as modern church-going is for modern swindling; or else a pitiable hallucination and puerility:—that really the attention of the supreme cockney mind would be wasted on such bygone absurdities, and that out of mere respect for the common-sense of monkey-born-and-bred humanity, the less we say of them the better.

The second condition of feeling is, in its full confession, a very rare one;—that of true respect for the Christian faith, and sympathy with the passions and imaginations it excited, while yet, in security of modern enlightenment, the observer regards the faith itself only as an exquisite dream of mortal childhood, and the acts of its votaries as a beautifully deceived heroism of vain hope.

This theory of the splendid mendacity[1] of Heaven, and majestic somnambulism of man, I have only known to be held in the sincere depth of its discomfort, by one of my wisest and dearest friends, under the pressure of uncomprehended sorrow in his own personal experience. But to

[1] [Horace: *Odes*, iii. 11, 35.]

some extent it confuses or undermines the thoughts of nearly all men who have been interested in the material investigations of recent physical science, while retaining yet imagination and understanding enough to enter into the heart of the religious and creative ages.

66. And it necessarily takes possession of the spirit of such men chiefly at the times of personal sorrow, which teach even to the wisest, the hollowness of their best trust, and the vanity of their dearest visions; and when the epitaph of all human virtue, and sum of human peace, seem to be written in the lowly argument,—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep." [1]

The third, the only modest, and therefore the only rational, theory, is, that we are all and always, in these as in former ages, deceived by our own guilty passions, blinded by our own obstinate wills, and misled by the insolence and fantasy of our ungoverned thoughts; but that there is verily a Divinity in nature which has shaped the rough hewn [2] deeds of our weak human effort, and revealed itself in rays of broken, but of eternal light, to the souls which have desired to see the day of the Son of Man.[3]

By the more than miraculous fatality which has been hitherto permitted to rule the course of the kingdoms of this world, the men who are capable of accepting such faith, are rarely able to read the history of nations by its interpretation. They nearly all belong to some one of the passionately egoistic sects of Christianity; and are miserably perverted into the missionary service of their own schism; eager only, in the records of the past, to gather evidence to the advantage of their native persuasion, and to the disgrace of all opponent forms of similar heresy; or, that is

[1] [*Tempest*, iv. 1.]
[2] [*Hamlet*, v. 2.]
[3] [Luke xvii. 22.]

to say, in every case, of nine-tenths of the religion of this world.

67. With no less thankfulness for the lesson, than shame for what it showed, I have myself been forced to recognize the degree in which all my early work on Venetian history was paralyzed by this petulance of sectarian egotism;[1] and it is among the chief advantages I possess for the task now undertaken in my closing years, that there are few of the errors against which I have to warn my readers, into which I have not myself at some time fallen. Of which errors, the chief, and cause of all the rest, is the leaning on our own understanding; the thought that we can measure the hearts of our brethren, and judge of the ways of God. Of the hearts of men, noble, yet "deceitful above all things, who can know them?"[2]—that infinitely perverted scripture is yet infinitely true. And for the ways of God! Oh, my good and gentle reader, how much otherwise would not you and I have made this world?

[1] [See below, § 88, p. 277.]
[2] [Jeremiah xvii. 9.]

CHAPTER VI

RED AND WHITE CLOUDS

68. Not, therefore, to lean on our own sense, but in all the strength it has, to use it; not to be captives to our private thoughts, but to dwell in them, without wandering, until, out of the chambers of our own hearts we begin to conceive what labyrinth is in those of others,—thus we have to prepare ourselves, good reader, for the reading of any history.

If but we may at last succeed in reading a little of our own, and discerning what scene of the world's drama we are set to play in,—drama whose tenor, tragic or other, seemed of old to rest with so few actors; but now, with this pantomimic mob upon the stage, can you make out any of the story?—prove, even in your own heart, how much you believe that there is any Playwright behind the scenes?

69. Such a wild dream as it is!—nay, as it always has been, except in momentary fits of consciousness, and instants of startled spirit,—perceptive of heaven. For many centuries the Knights of Christendom wore their religion gay as their crest, familiar as their gauntlet, shook it high in the summer air, hurled it fiercely in other people's faces, grasped their spear the firmer for it, sat their horses the prouder; but it never entered into their minds for an instant to ask the meaning of it! "Forgive us our sins":—by all means,—yes, and the next garrison that holds out a day longer than is convenient to us, hang them every man to his battlement. "Give us this day our daily bread,"—yes, and our neighbour's also, if we have any luck. "Our Lady and the Saints!" Is there any infidel dog that doubts of them?—in God's name, boot and spur—and

let us have the head off him. It went on so, frankly and bravely, to the twelfth century, at the earliest; when men begin to think in a serious manner; more or less of gentle manners and domestic comfort being also then conceivable and attainable. Rosamond is not any more asked to drink out of her father's skull.[1] Rooms begin to be matted and wainscoted; shops to hold store of marvellous foreign wares; knights and ladies learn to spell, and to read, with pleasure; music is everywhere;—Death, also. Much to enjoy—much to learn, and to endure—with Death always at the gates. "If war fail thee in thine own country, get thee with haste into another," says the faithful old French knight to the boy-chevalier, in early fourteenth-century days.[2]

70. No country stays more than two centuries in this intermediate phase between Faith and Reason. In France it lasted from about 1150 to 1350; in England, 1200 to 1400; in Venice, 1300 to 1500. The course of it is always in the gradual development of Christianity,—till her yoke gets at once too aerial, and too straight, for the mob, who break through it at last as if it were so much gossamer; and at the same fatal time, wealth and luxury, with the vanity of corrupt learning, foul the faith of the upper classes, who now begin to wear their Christianity, not tossed for a crest high over the armour, but stuck as a plaster over their sores, inside of their clothes. Then comes printing, and universal gabble of fools;—gunpowder, and the end of all the noble methods of war;—trade, and universal swindling,—wealth, and universal gambling,—idleness, and universal harlotry; and so at last—Modern Science and Political Economy; and the reign of St. Petroleum instead of St. Peter. Out of which God only knows what is to come next; but He *does* know, whatever the Jew swindlers and apothecaries' 'prentices think about it.

Meantime, with what remainder of belief in Christ may be left in us; and helping that remnant with all the power

[1] [See Vol. XX. p. 360.]

[2] [From "The Book of a Hundred Ballads"; the passage is quoted in French in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 15, § 5.]

we have of imagining what Christianity was, to people who, without understanding its claims or its meaning, did not doubt for an instant its statements of fact, and used the whole of their childish imagination to realize the acts of their Saviour's life, and the presence of His angels, let us draw near to the first sandy thresholds of the Venetian's home.

71. Before you read any of the so-called historical events of the first period, I want you to have some notion of their scene. You will hear of Tribunes—Consuls—Doges:—but what sort of tribes were they tribunes of? what sort of nation were they dukes of? You will hear of brave naval battle,—victory over sons of Emperors: what manner of people were they, then, whose swords lighten thus brightly in the dawn of chivalry?

For the whole of her first seven hundred years of work and war, Venice was in great part a wooden town; the houses of the noble mainland families being for long years chiefly at Heraclea, and on other islands; nor they magnificent, but farm-villas mostly, of which, and their farming, more presently. Far too much stress has been generally laid on the fishing and salt-works of early Venice, as if they were her only businesses; nevertheless at least you may be sure of this much, that for seven hundred years Venice had more likeness in her to old Yarmouth than to new Pall Mall: and that you might come to shrewder guess of what she and her people were like, by living for a year or two lovingly among the herring-catchers of Yarmouth Roads, or the boatmen of Deal or Boscastle, than by reading any lengths of eloquent history.

72. But you are to know also, and remember always, that this amphibious city—this Phocæa, or sea-dog of towns,—looking with soft human eyes at you from the sand, Proteus himself latent in the salt-smelling skin of her,[1]—

[1] [See *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 36, where Ruskin refers to "the multitude of seals then in the Mediterranean indicated by the name and coinage of the city Phocæa"; and to the passage in the *Odyssey* (iv. 403), where Proteus is spoken of as shepherding the flocks of seals.]

had fields, and plots of garden here and there; and, far and near, sweet woods of Calypso,[1] graceful with quivering sprays, for woof of nests—gaunt with forked limbs for ribs of ships; had good milk and butter from familiarly couchant cows; thickets wherein familiar birds could sing;—and finally was observant of clouds and sky, as pleasant and useful phenomena. And she had at due distances among her simple dwellings, stately churches of marble.

These things you may know, if you will, from the following "quite ridiculous" tradition, which, ridiculous as it may be, I will beg you for once to read,[2] since the Doge Andrea Dandolo wrote it for you,[3] with the attention due to the address of a Venetian gentleman, and a King.*

73. "As head and bishop of the islands, the Bishop Magnus of Altinum went from place to place to give them comfort, saying that they ought to thank God for having escaped from these barbarian cruelties. And there appeared to him St. Peter, ordering him that in the head of Venice, or truly of the city of Rivoalto, where he should find oxen and sheep feeding, he was to build a church under his (St. Peter's) name. And thus he did; building St. Peter's

* A more graceful form of this legend has been translated with feeling and care by the Countess Isobel Cholmeley in Bermani, from a MS. in her possession, copied, I believe, from one of the tenth century.[4] But I take the form in which it was written by Andrea Dandolo, that the reader may have more direct associations with the beautiful image of the Doge on his tomb in the Baptistery.

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[1] [Again a reference to the *Odyssey:* see the passage given in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 234, 235).]

[2] [For a shorter reference to the tradition, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 137); and for another reference to it, the Preface to *Cœli Enarrant* (Vol. VI. p. 487).]

[3] [In fact, however, Ruskin translates the following passage (§ 73) not from the Chronicle of Andrea Dandolo, but from Sanuto's *Vite dei Dogi* (see pp. 2–3 of Carducci's edition of Muratori, tomo xxii., parte iv.).]

[4] [Ruskin had made the acquaintance of the Contessa Isobel Curtis-Cholmeley in Bermani at Venice; she must have shown him the translation here mentioned; it does not appear among her few printed works.]

Church in the island of Olivolo,[1] where at present is the seat and cathedral church of Venice.

"Afterwards appeared to him the Angel Raphael, committing it to him, that at another place, where he should find a number of birds together, he should build him a church: and so he did, which is the church of the Angel Raphael in Dorsoduro.

"Afterwards appeared to him Messer Jesus Christ our Lord, and committed to him that in the midst of the city he should build a church, in the place, above which he should see a red cloud rest: and so he did; and it is San Salvador.

"Afterwards appeared to him the most holy Mary the Virgin, very beautiful; and commanded him that where he should see a white cloud rest, he should build a church: which is the church of St. Mary the Beautiful.

"Yet still appeared to him St. John the Baptist, commanding that he should build two churches, one near the other,—the one to be in his name, and the other in the name of his father. Which he did, and they are San Giovanni in Bragola, and San Zaccaria.

"Then appeared to him the apostles of Christ, wishing, they also, to have a church in this new city; and they committed it to him that where he should see twelve cranes in a company, there he should build it. Lastly appeared to him blessed Virgin Giustina, and ordered him that where he should find vines bearing fresh fruit, there he should build her a church."

74. Now this legend is quite one of the most precious things in the story of Venice: preserved for us in this form at the end of the fourteenth century, by one of her most highly educated gentlemen, it shows the very heart of her religious and domestic power, and assures for us, with other evidence, these following facts.

[1] [Afterwards called Castello: see *Stones of Venice*, Vol. IX. p. 419.]

First; that a certain measure of pastoral home-life was mingled with Venice's training of her sailors;—evidence whereof remains to this day, in the unfailing "Campo" round every church; the church "meadow"—not church-"yard." It happened to me, once in my life, to go to church in a state of very great happiness and peace of mind;[1] and this in a very small and secluded country church. And Fors would have it that I should get a seat in the chancel; and the day was sunny, and the little side chancel-door was open opposite into, what I hope was a field. I saw no graves in it; but in the sunshine, sheep feeding. And I never was at so divine a church service before, nor have been since. If you will read the opening of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone,"[2] and can enjoy it, you may learn from it what the look of an old Venetian church would be, with its surrounding field.[3] St. Mark's Place was only the meadow of St. Theodore's church, in those days.

75. Next—you observe the care and watching of animals. That is still a love in the heart of Venice. One of the chief little worries to me in my work here, is that I walk faster than the pigeons are used to have people walk; and am continually like to tread on them; and see story in *Fors*, March of this year,[4] of the gondolier and his dog. Nay, though the other day, I was greatly tormented at the public gardens, in the early morning, when I had counted on a quiet walk, by a cluster of boys who were chasing the first twittering birds of the spring from bush to bush, and throwing sand at them, with wild shouts and whistles, they were not doing it, as I at first thought, in mere mischief, but with hope of getting a penny or two to gamble with, if they could clog the poor little creatures' wings enough to

[1] [Probably August 18, 1872: see Vol. XXII. p. xxix.]

[2] [For other references to this poem (founded on a tradition connected with Bolton Priory), see Vol. IV. p. 392, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 52, § 11.]

[3] [Compare also the description of a Campo, in the *Guide to the Academy*, above, p. 173.]

[4] [Letter 75.]

bring one down—"'Canta bene, signor, quell' uccellino." Such the nineteenth century's reward of Song. Meantime, among the silvery gleams of islet tower on the lagoon horizon, beyond Mazorbo—a white ray flashed from the place where St. Francis preached to the Birds.[1]

76. Then thirdly—note that curious observance of the colour of clouds. That is gone, indeed; and no Venetian, or Italian, or Frenchman, or Englishman, is likely to know or care, more, whether any God-given cloud is white or red; the primal effort of his entire human existence being now to vomit out the biggest black one he can pollute the heavens with. But, in their rough way, there was yet a perception in the old fishermen's eyes of the difference between white "nebbia" on the morning sea, and red clouds in the evening twilight. And the Stella Maris comes in the sea Cloud;—Leucothea:[2] but the Son of Man on the jasper throne.[3]

Thus much of the aspect, and the thoughts of earliest Venice, we may gather from one tradition, carefully read. What historical evidence exists to confirm the gathering, you shall see in a little while; meantime—such being the scene of the opening drama,—we must next consider somewhat of the character of the actors. For though what manner of houses they had, has been too little known, what manner of men they were, has not at all been known, or even the reverse of known,—belied.

[1] [The island of San Francesco del Deserto, two miles south of Burano. St. Francis was at Venice in 1220 (see Sabatier's *Vie de S. François d'Assise*, p. 271). The tradition that the birds came and fluttered around the Saint is recorded in an inscription on the island-church.]

[2] [The reader should here refer to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 78, where Ruskin compares a carving of the Moon on the Ducal Palace ("the Venetian Lady of Moonlight") with the Etruscan Leucothea (the white goddess of sea-foam): compare, below, p. 399.]

[3] [See Revelation iv. 2, 3.]

CHAPTER VII

DIVINE RIGHT[1]

77. ARE you impatient with me? and do you wish me, ceasing preamble, to begin—"In the year this, happened that," and set you down a page of dates and Doges to be learned off by rote? You must be denied such delight a little while longer. If I begin dividing this first period, at present (though it has very distinctly articulated joints of its own[2]), we should get confused between the subdivided and the great epochs. I must keep your thoughts to the Three Times,[3] till we know them clearly; and in this chapter I am only going to tell you the story of a single Doge of the First Time, and gather what we can out of it.

Only since we have been hitherto dwelling on the soft and religiously sentimental parts of early Venetian character, it is needful that I should ask you to notice one condition in their government of a quite contrary nature, which historians usually pass by as if it were of no consequence; namely, that during this first period, five Doges, after being deposed, had their eyes put out.[4]

Pulled out, say some writers, and I think with evidence reaching down as far as the endurance on our English stage of the blinding of Gloucester in *King Lear*.[5]

But at all events the Dukes of Venice, whom her people

[1] [Ruskin in his copy explains the title—Divine Right—"of Poverty": see below, § 84, and, of popular election, § 81.]

[2] [See the Appendix, below, pp. 427 *seq.*]

[3] [Above, §§ 59, 60, p. 254.]

[4] [Compare, below, Appendix, pp. 443–444. Four should be the number, not five; namely, Zuam Fabricio (706), Diodado (707), Galla (720), and Domenico Monacaro (721). See the list of deposed Doges in Sanuto, p. 86.]

[5] [Act iii. sc. 7.]

thought to have failed in their duty, were in that manner incapacitated from reigning more.

78. An Eastern custom, as we know: grave in judgment; in the perfectness of it, joined with infliction of grievous Sight, before the infliction of grievous blindness; that so the last memory of this world's light might remain a grief. "And they slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes; and put out the eyes of Zedekiah."[1]

Custom I know not how ancient. The sons of Eliab, when Judah was young in her Exodus, like Venice, appealed to it in their fury: "Is it a small thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, except thou make thyself altogether a Prince over us; wilt thou put out the eyes of these men?"[2]

The more wild Western races of Christianity, early Irish and the like,—Norman even, in the pirate times,—inflict the penalty with reckless scorn;* but Venice deliberately, as was her constant way; such her practical law against leaders whom she had found spiritually blind: "These, at least, shall guide no more."

Very savage! monstrous! if you will; whether it be not a worse savageness deliberately to follow leaders *without* sight, may be debateable.

79. The Doge whose history I am going to tell you was the last of deposed Kings in the first epoch. Not

* Or sometimes pitifully: "Olaf was by no means an unmerciful man,—much the reverse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King Rærik, for example, one of those five kinglets whom, with their bits of armaments, Olaf, by stratagem, had surrounded one night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose, all of them consenting;—all of them except this Rærik, whom Olaf, as the readiest sure course, took home with him; blinded, and kept in his own house, finding there was no alternative but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who was a kind of distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed"—(Carlyle, *Early Kings of Norway*, p. 121)—conscience, and kin-ship, or "kindliness," declining somewhat in the Norman heart afterwards.

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[1] [Jeremiah lii. 10, 11.]
[2] [Numbers xvi. 13.]

blinded, he, as far as I read: but permitted, I trust peaceably, to become a monk; Venice owing to him much that has been the delight of her own and other people's eyes, ever since. Respecting the occasion of his dethronement, a story remains, however, very notably in connection with this manner of punishment.

Venice, throughout this first period in close alliance with the Greeks, sent her Doge, in the year 1082, with a "valid fleet, terrible in its most ordered disposition,"[1] to defend the Emperor Alexis against the Normans, led by the greatest of all Western captains, Guiscard.[2]

The Doge defeated him in naval battle once; and, on the third day after, once again, and so conclusively, that, thinking the debate ended, he sent his lightest ships home, and anchored on the Albanian coast with the rest, as having done his work.

80. But Guiscard, otherwise minded on that matter, with the remains of his fleet,—and his Norman temper at hottest —attacked him for the third time.[3] The Greek allied ships fled. The Venetian ones, partly disabled, had no advantage in their seamanship:* question only remained, after the battle, how the Venetians should bear themselves as prisoners. Guiscard put out the eyes of some; then, with such penalty impending over the rest, demanded that they should make peace with the Normans, and fight for the Greek Emperor no more.

But the Venetians answered, "Know thou, Duke Robert, that although also *we should see our wives and children slain*, we will not deny our covenants with the autocrat Alexis; neither will we cease to help him, and to fight for him with our whole hearts."

The Norman chief sent them home unransomed.

* Their crews had eaten all their stores, and their ships were flying light, and would not steer well.

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[1] [Anna Comnena, *Alexiad*, lib. iv. p. 85, quoted in Romanin, vol. i. p. 323 *n.*]

[2] [See below, § 85, p. 274.]

[3] [Ruskin in this account follows Romanin, vol. i. pp. 323–324: see below, p. 272 *n.*]

There is a high-water mark for you of the waves of Venetian and Western chivalry in the eleventh century. A very notable scene; the northern leader, without rival the greatest soldier of the sea whom our rocks and icebergs bred: of the Venetian one, and his people, we will now try to learn the character more perfectly,—for all this took place towards the close of the Doge Selvo's life. You shall next hear what I can glean of the former course of it.

81. In the year 1053, the Abbey of St. Nicholas, the protector of mariners, had been built at the entrance of the port of Venice (where, north of the bathing establishment, you now see the little church of St. Nicholas of the Lido); the Doge Domenico Contarini, the Patriarch of Grado, and the Bishop of Venice, chiefly finding the funds for such edifice.

When the Doge Contarini died, the entire multitude of the people of Venice came in armed boats to the Lido, and the Bishop of Venice, and the monks of the new Abbey of St. Nicholas, joined with them in prayer,—the monks in their church, and the people on the shore and in their boats, that God would avert all dangers from their country, and grant to them such a king as should be worthy to reign over it. And as they prayed, with one accord, suddenly there rose up among the multitude the cry, "Domenico Selvo, we will, and we approve," whom a crowd of the nobles brought instantly forward thereupon, and raised him on their own shoulders and carried him to his boat; into which when he had entered, he put off his shoes from his feet, that he might in all humility approach the church of St. Mark.

82. And while the boats began to row from the island towards Venice, the monk who saw this, and tells us of it,[1] himself began to sing the Te Deum. All around, the voices of the people took up the hymn, following it with the Kyrie Eleison, with such litany keeping time to their oars in the bright noonday, and rejoicing on their native sea; all the

[1] [Domenico Tini: see next page.]

towers of the city answering with triumph peals as they drew nearer. They brought their Doge to the Field of St. Mark, and carried him again on their shoulders to the porch of the church; there, entering barefoot, with songs of praise to God around him—"such that it seemed as if the vaults must fall,"—he prostrated himself on the earth, and gave thanks to God and St. Mark, and uttered such vow as was in his heart to offer before them. Rising, he received at the altar the Venetian sceptre, and thence entering the Ducal Palace received there the oath of fealty from the people.*

83. Benighted wretches, all of them, you think, prince and people alike, don't you? They are pleasanter creatures to see, at any rate, than any you will see in St. Mark's field, nowadays. If the pretty ladies, indeed, would walk in the porch like the Doge, barefoot, instead of in boots cloven in two like the devil's hoofs, something might be

* This account of the election of the Doge Selvo is given by Sansovino (*Venetia Descritta*, Lib. xi. 40: Venice, 1663, p. 477)—saying at the close of it, simply, "Thus writes Domenico Rino, who was his chaplain, and who was present at what I have related." Sansovino seems therefore to have seen Rino's manuscript: but Romanin,[1] without referring to Sansovino, gives the relation as if he had seen the MS. himself, but misprints the chronicler's name as Domenico *Tino*, causing no little trouble to my kind friend Mr. Lorenzi[2] and me, in hunting at St. Mark's and the Correr Museum for the unheard-of chronicle, till Mr. Lorenzi traced the passage. And since Sansovino's time nothing has been seen, or further said of the Rino Chronicle.—See Foscarini, *Della Letteratura Veneziana*, Lib. ii.

Romanin has also amplified and inferred somewhat beyond Sansovino's words. The dilapidation of the palace furniture, especially, is not attributed by Sansovino to festive pillage, but to neglect after Contarini's death. Unquestionably however the custom alluded to in the text existed from very early times.[3]

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[1] [Vol. i. p. 309, where the reference is given to "*Dominici Tini narratio de electione Dominici Silvii ducis Venetiarum, anno* 1071." The narrative thus referred to is printed in vol. vi. pp. 124, 125 of Giambattista Gallicciolli's *Delle Memorie Venete Antiche Profane ed Ecclesiastiche*, Venezia, 1795. Gallicciolli discusses (p. 123) whether the true name was Rino or Tino, and decides for the latter. Marco Foscarini (*Della Letteratura Veneziana*, 1752, vol. i. pp. 110, 111 *n.*) calls him Rino.]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 459), and Vol. XXII. p. 89 *n.*]

[3] ["And lasted till 1328," adds Romanin (vol. i. p. 310 *n.*), "as is proved by a Decree of the Great Council, dated January 4."]

said for them; but though they will recklessly drag their dresses through it, I suppose they would scarcely care to walk, like Greek maids, in that mixed mess of dust and spittle with which modern progressive Venice anoints her marble pavement. Pleasanter to look at, I can assure you, this multitude delighting in their God and their Duke, than these, who have no Paradise to trust to with better gifts for them than a gazette, cigar, and pack of cards; and no better governor than their own wills. You will see no especially happy or wise faces produced in St. Mark's Place under these conditions.

84. Nevertheless, the next means that the Doge Selvo took for the pleasure of his people on his coronation day savoured somewhat of modern republican principles. He gave them "the pillage of his palace"—no less! Whatever they could lay their hands on, these faithful ones, they might carry away with them, with the Doge's blessing. At evening he laid down the uneasy crowned head of him to rest in mere dismantled walls; hands dexterous in the practices of profitable warfare having bestirred themselves all the day. Next morning the first Ducal public orders were necessarily to the upholsterers and furnishers for re-adornment of the palace-rooms. Not by any special grace this, or benevolent novelty of idea in the good Doge, but a received custom, hitherto; sacred enough, if one understands it,—a kind of mythical putting off all the burdens of one's former wealth, and entering barefoot, bare-body, bare-soul, into this one duty of Guide and Lord, lightened thus of all regard for his own affairs or properties. "Take all I have, from henceforth; the corporal vestments of me, and all that is in their pockets, I give you to-day; the stripped life of me, is yours for ever." Such, virtually, the King's vow.

85. Frankest largesse thus cast to his electors (modern bribery is quite as costly and not half so merry), the Doge set himself to refit, not his own palace merely, but much more, God's house; for this prince is one who has at once

David's piety, and soldiership, and Solomon's love of fine things; a perfect man, as I read him, capable at once and gentle,—religious, and joyful,—in the extreme: as a warrior the match of Robert Guiscard, who, you will find, was the soldier *par excellence* of the Middle Ages,[1] but not his match in the wild-cat cunning:—both of them alike in knightly honour, word being given. As a soldier, I say, the match of Guiscard, but not holding war for the pastime of life, still less for the duty of Venice or her king. Peaceful affairs;—the justice and the joy of human deeds,—in these he sought his power, by principle and passion equally; religious, as we have seen; royal, as we shall presently see; commercial, as we shall finally see; a perfect man, recognized as such with concurrent applause of people and submission of noble: "Domenico Selvo, we will, and we approve."

No flaw in him, then? Nay; "how bad the best of us!" say *Punch*,* and the modern evangelical. Flaw he had, such as wisest men are not unliable to, with the strongest—Solomon, Samson, Hercules, Merlin the Magician.

86. Liking pretty things, how could he help liking pretty ladies? He married a Greek maid,[2] who came with new and strange light on Venetian eyes, and left wild fame of herself: how, every morning, she sent her handmaidens to gather the dew for her to wash with, waters of earth being not pure enough. So, through lapse of fifteen hundred years, descended into her Greek heart that worship in the Temple of the Dew.[3]

Of this queen's extreme luxury, and the miraculousness of it in the eyes of simple Venice, many traditions are current among later historians; which, nevertheless, I find

* Epitaph on the Bishop of Winchester—(Wilberforce); see *Fors*, XLII. p. 125.[4]

[1] ["Yet twice defeated by Domenico Selvo," notes Ruskin in his copy; for which defeats, see *Pleasures of England*, § 78. For other references to Robert Guiscard, see below, p. 432; Vol. XXIII. p. 36; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 4.]

[2] [Compare *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, Vol. XIV. p. 427.]

[3] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 38 (Vol. XIX. p. 334.]

[4] [The reference is to the first octavo edition. Letter 42, § 9.]

resolve themselves, on closer inquiry, into an appalled record of the fact that she would actually not eat her meat with her fingers, but applied it to her mouth with "certain two-pronged instruments," *—(of gold, indeed, but the luxurious sin, in Venetian eyes, was evidently not in the metal, but the prong); and that she indulged herself greatly in the use of perfumes: especially about her bed, for which whether to praise her, as one would an English housewife for sheets laid up in lavender, or to cry haro upon her, as the "stranger who flattereth," † I know not, until I know better the reason of the creation of perfume itself, and of its use in Eastern religion and delight—"All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby thou hast made me glad"[1]—fading and corrupting at last into the incense of the mass, and the *extrait de Millefleurs* of Bond Street. What I do know is, that there was no more sacred sight to me, in ancient Florence, than the Spezieria of the Monks of Santa Maria Novella,[2] with its precious vials of sweet odours, each illuminated with the little picture of the flower from which it had truly been distilled—and yet, that in its loaded air one remembered that the flowers had grown in the fields of the *Decameron*.[3]

87. But this also I know, and more surely, that the beautiful work done in St. Mark's during the Greek girl's reign in Venice first interpreted to her people's hearts, and made legible to their eyes, the law of Christianity in its eternal harmony with the laws of the Jew and of the

* "Cibos digitis non tangebat, sed quibusdam fuscinulis aureis et bidentibus suo ori applicabat." (Petrus Damianus, quoted by Dandolo.[4])

† Proverbs vii. 5 and 17.

[1] [Psalms xlv. 8.]

[2] [See Ruskin's description of the Spezieria (which still exists) in Vol. IV. p. 352 *n.*; Vol. XII. p. 251; and *Præterita*, ii. § 127.]

[3] [Ruskin in his copy writes in the margin here "Explain." The passage describes the mingled impressions of the place; on the one hand, derived from its exquisite neatness and fragrance, as if the herbs and leaves distilled by the monks "had gathered the sunbeams of Florence into their life" (*Præterita*); on the other hand, reminiscent, in its over-loaded scents, of those fields above Florence in which Boccaccio laid the scene of the *Decameron*.]

[4] [*Andreæ Danduli, Chronicon Venetum*, ch. viii., pt. iii., at vol. xii. p. 247 of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* (Milan, 1728).]

Greek: and gave them the glories of Venetian art in true inheritance from the angels of that Athenian Rock, above which Ion spread his starry tapestry,* and under whose shadow his mother had gathered the crocus in the dew.

* I have myself learned more of the real meaning of Greek myths from Euripides than from any other Greek writer, except Pindar.[1] But I do not at present know of any English rhythm interpreting him rightly—these poor sapless measures must serve my turn (Wodhull's: 1778):—

"The sacred tapestry
Then taking from the treasures of the God,
He cover'd o'er the whole, a wondrous sight
To all beholders: first he o'er the roofs
Threw robes, which Hercules, the son of Jove,
To Phœbus at his temple brought, the spoils
Of vanquished Amazons; a votive gift,
On which these pictures by the loom were wrought;
Heaven in its vast circumference all the stars
Assembling; there his courses too the Sun
Impetuous drove, till ceas'd his waning flame,
And with him drew in his resplendent train,
Vesper's clean light; then clad in sable garb
Night hasten'd; hastening stars accompanied
Their Goddess; through mid-air the Pleiades,
And with his falchion arm'd, Orion mov'd. . . .
But the sides he covered
With yet more tapestry, the Barbaric fleet
To that of Greece opposed, was there display'd;
Follow'd a monstrous brood, half horse, half man,
The Thracian monarch's furious steeds subdu'd,
And lion of Nemæa."

. . . . . .

". . . Underneath those craggy rocks,
North of Minerva's citadel (the kings
Of Athens call them Macra), . . .
Thou cam'st, resplendent with thy golden hair,
As I the crocus gathered, in my robe
Each vivid flower assembling, to compose
Garlands of fragrance."

The composition of fragrant garlands out of crocuses being however Mr. Michael Wodhull's improvement on Euripides. Creusa's words are literally, "Thou camest, thy hair flashing with gold, as I let fall the crocus petals, gleaming gold back again, into my robe at my bosom." Into the folds of it across her breast; as an English girl would have let them fall into her lap.[2]

[1] [So in *Modern Painters*, Ruskin says that in Euripides he found the essence of Greek tragedy (Vol. VII. p. 273 *n.*). His constant reading and his admiration of Pindar appear in many places: see, for instance, *Queen of the Air*, §§ 9, 17, 47 (Vol. XIX. pp. 303, 309, 348); *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 48, 86, 92 (Vol. XX. pp. 232, 257, 262); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 34, § 8.]

[2] [The first passage down to the first dots (here inserted) translates lines 1141–1153 of the *Ion*; the next, lines 1158–1162; the third, lines 11–13; and the fourth, lines 887–890.]

CHAPTER VIII

THE REQUIEM

88. As I re-read the description I gave, thirty years since, of St. Mark's Church;[1]—much more as I remember, forty years since, and before, the first happy hour spent in trying to paint a piece of it, with my six-o'clock breakfast on the little café table beside me on the pavement in the morning shadow,[2] I am struck, almost into silence, by wonder at my own pert little Protestant mind, which never thought for a moment of asking what the Church had been built for!

Tacitly and complacently assuming that I had had the entire truth of God preached to me in Beresford Chapel in the Walworth Road,[3]—recognizing no possible Christian use or propriety in any other sort of chapel elsewhere; and perceiving, in this bright phenomenon before me, nothing of more noble function than might be in some new and radiant sea-shell, thrown up for me on the sand;—nay, never once so much as thinking, of the fair shell itself, "Who built its domed whorls, then?" or "What manner of creature lives in the inside?" Much less ever asking, "Who is lying dead therein?"

89. A marvellous thing—the Protestant mind! Don't think I speak as a Roman Catholic, good reader: I am a mere wandering Arab, if that will less alarm you, seeking

[1] [In the second volume of *Stones of Venice* (Vol. X. pp. 69 *seq.*).]
[2] [Compare the reminiscences in the letter to Count Zorzi, below, pp. 405–406.]
[3] [Where Ruskin sat in his youth, under the Rev. D. Andrews: see *Præterita*, i. § 79.]

but my cup of cold water in the desert; and I speak only as an Arab, or an Indian,—with faint hope of ever seeing the ghost of Laughing Water.[1] A marvellous thing, nevertheless, I repeat,—this Protestant mind! Down in Brixton churchyard, all the fine people lie inside railings, and their relations expect the passers-by to acknowledge reverently who's *there*:—nay, only last year, in my own Cathedral churchyard of Oxford, I saw the new grave of a young girl fenced about duly with carved stone, and overlaid with flowers;[2] and thought no shame to kneel for a minute or two at the foot of it,—though there were several good Protestant persons standing by.

But the old leaven is yet so strong in me that I am very shy of being caught by any of my country people kneeling near St. Mark's grave.

"Because—you know—it's all nonsense: it isn't St. Mark's—and never was,"—say my intellectual English knot of shocked friends.

I suppose one must allow much to modern English zeal for genuineness in all commercial articles. Be it so. Whether God ever gave the Venetians what they thought He had given, does not matter to us; He gave them at least joy and peace in their imagined treasure, more than we have in our real ones.

And He gave them the good heart to build this chapel over the cherished grave, and to write on the walls of it, St. Mark's gospel, for all eyes,—and, so far as their power went, for all time.

90. But it was long before I learned to read that; and even when, with Lord Lindsay's first help, I had begun spelling it out,—the old Protestant palsy still froze my heart, though my eyes were unsealed; and the preface to

[1] [See Part XIX. ("The Ghosts") in *The Song of Hiawatha*, where the spirits of the departed appear to Minnehaha ("Laughing Water") "from the land of the Hereafter." For another reference to Longfellow's poem, see Vol. IV. p. 355.]

[2] [The grave of Miss Edith Liddell, who died on June 26, 1876. A window at the east end of the south choir aisle enshrines her memory: see H. L. Thompson's *Henry George Liddell*, 1899, p. 258.]

the *Stones of Venice*[1] was spoiled, in the very centre of its otherwise good work, by that blunder, which I've left standing in all its shame, and with its hat off—like Dr. Johnson repentant in Lichfield Market,[2]—only putting the note to it "Fool that I was!" (page 11).* I fancied actually that the main function of St. Mark's was no more than of our St. George's at Windsor, to be the private chapel of the king and his knights;—a blessed function that also, but how much lower than the other?

91. "Chiesa Ducale." It never entered my heart once to think that there was a greater Duke than her Doge, for Venice; and that she built, for her two Dukes, each their palace, side by side. The palace of the living, and of the,—Dead,—was he then—the other Duke?

"Viva San Marco."

You wretched little cast-iron gas-pipe of a Cockney that you are, who insist that your soul's your own (see *Punch* for 15th March, 1879, on the duties of Lent[3]), as if anybody else would ever care to have it! is there yet life enough in

* Scott himself (God knows I say it sorrowfully, and not to excuse my own error, but to prevent *his* from doing more mischief) has made just the same mistake, but more grossly and fatally, in the character given to the Venetian Procurator in the *Talisman*. His error is more shameful, because he has confused the institutions of Venice in the fifteenth century with those of the twelfth.

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[1] [That is, the introductory chapter, "The Quarry." The reference "page 11" is to the "Travellers' Edition," and the note of 1879 there added: see now Vol. IX. p. 25 and *n.*]

[2] ["Once," said he, "I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Croker's edition, 1831, vol. v. p. 288).]

[3] [The reference is to some verses criticising a Lenten Pastoral by Ruskin's friend, Cardinal Manning:—

"To the faithful, Lord Cardinal Manning has sent
The Church's instructions how to keep Lent.
How on Monday and Tuesday an egg we may eat,
On Wednesday some butter or lard as a treat . . .
Will the great Lord Cardinal kindly make known
On what day, if any, our souls are our own?"]

the molecules, and plasm, and general mess of the making of you, to feel for an instant what that cry once meant, upon the lips of men?

Viva, Italia! you may still hear that cry sometimes, though she lies dead enough. Viva, Vittor—Pisani!—perhaps also that cry, yet again.

But the answer,—"Not Pisani, but St. Mark,"[1] when will you hear *that* again, nowadays? Yet when those bronze horses were won by the Bosphorus, it was St. Mark's standard, not Henry Dandolo's, that was first planted on the tower of Byzantium,—and men believed—by his own hand.[2] While yet his body lay here at rest: and this, its requiem on the golden scroll, was then already written over it—in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.[3]

In Hebrew, by the words of the prophets of Israel.

In Greek, by every effort of the building labourer's hand, and vision to his eyes.

In Latin, with the rhythmic verse which Virgil had taught,—calm as the flowing of Mincio.

But if you will read it, you must understand now, once for all, the method of utterance in Greek art,—here, and in Greece, and in Ionia, and the isles, from its first days to this very hour.

92. I gave you the bas-relief of the twelve sheep and little caprioling lamb for a general type of all Byzantine art,[4] to fix in your mind at once, respecting it, that its intense first character is symbolism. The thing represented means more than itself,—is a sign, or letter, more than an image.

And this is true, not of Byzantine art only, but of all

[1] [The reference is to Vettor Pisani, one of the heroes of the Chioggian war. After his defeat, through no fault of his own, at Pola in 1379, he had been cast into prison. The subsequent fall of Chioggia brought the danger near to Venice, and the people called for Pisani to take the command. The Senate gave way, and Pisani, on his release from prison, was escorted by an enthusiastic multitude. "Viva Messer Vettor Pisani," they shouted. "Viva San Marco," he bade them say (see Romanin, vol. iii. p. 178).]

[2] [July 17, 1203. See the contemporary account by Villehardouin; cited in F. C. Hodgson's *Early History of Venice*, p. 378.]

[3] [See John xix. 20.]

[4] [See above, Fig. 3, p. 242.]

Greek art, pur sang. Let us leave, to-day, the narrow and degrading word "Byzantine." There is but one Greek school, from Homer's day down to the Doge Selvo's; and these St. Mark's mosaics are as truly wrought in the power of Dædalus, with the Greek constructive instinct, and in the power of Athena, with the Greek religious soul, as ever chest of Cypselus or shaft of Erechtheum.[1] And therefore, whatever is represented here, be it flower or rock, animal or man, means more than it is in itself. Not sheep, these twelve innocent woolly things,—but the twelve voices of the gospel of heaven;—not palm-trees, these shafts of shooting stem and beaded fruit,—but the living grace of God in the heart, springing up in joy at Christ's coming;—not a king, merely, this crowned creature in his sworded state,—but the justice of God in His eternal Law;—not a queen, nor a maid only, this Madonna in her purple shade,—but the love of God poured forth, in the wonderfulness that passes the love of woman. *She* may forget—yet will I not forget thee.[2]

93. And in this function of his art, remember, it does not matter to the Greek how far his image be *perfect* or not. That it should be *understood* is enough,—if it can be beautiful also, well; but its function is not beauty, but instruction. You cannot have purer examples of Greek art than the drawings on any good vase of the Marathonian time. Black figures on a red ground,—a few white scratches through them, marking the joints of their armour or the folds of their robes,—white circles for eyes,—pointed pyramids for beards,—you don't suppose that in these the Greek workman thought he had given the likeness of gods? Yet here, to his imagination, were Athena, Poseidon, and Herakles,—and all the powers that guarded his land, and cleansed his soul, and led him in the way everlasting.[3]

[1] [For the chest of Cypselus at Olympia—"made of cedar-wood, and on it are wrought figures, some of ivory, some of gold, and some of the cedar-wood itself"—see Pausanias, v. 17, 5. For "shaft of Erechtheum," see Vol. IX. p. 390. Ruskin was fond of studying the pieces from the building which are in the British Museum: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 60, § 16.]

[2] [Isaiah xlix. 15.]

[3] [Psalms cxxxix. 24.]

And the wider your knowledge extends over the distant days and homes of sacred art, the more constantly and clearly you will trace the rise of its symbolic function, from the rudest fringe of racing deer, or couchant leopards, scratched on some ill-kneaded piece of clay, when men had yet scarcely left their own cave-couchant life,—up to the throne of Cimabue's Madonna.[1] All forms, and ornaments, and images, have a moral meaning as a natural one. Yet out of all, a restricted number, chosen for an alphabet, are recognized always as given letters, of which the familiar scripture is adopted by generation after generation.

94. You had best begin reading the scripture of St. Mark's on the low cupolas of the baptistery,—entering, as I asked you many a day since,[2] to enter, under the tomb of the Doge Andrea Dandolo.

You see, the little chamber consists essentially of two parts,[3] each with its low cupola: one containing the Font, the other the Altar.

The one is significant of Baptism with water unto repentance.

The other of Resurrection to newness of life.[4]

Burial, in baptism with water, of the lusts of the flesh. Resurrection, in baptism by the Spirit—here, and now, to the beginning of life eternal.

Both the cupolas have Christ for their central figure: surrounded, in that over the font, by the Apostles baptizing with water; in that over the altar, surrounded by the Powers of Heaven, baptizing with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Each of the Apostles, over the font, is seen baptizing in the country to which he is sent.

Their legends, written above them, begin over the door

[1] [The reference is to the richly-wrought throne in Cimabue's picture in S. Maria Novella, Florence.]

[2] [In the second volume (1853) of *The Stones of Venice:* Vol. X. p. 85. For the fuller account of the mosaics of the Baptistery, see below, ch. ix.; and for a summary of Ruskin's references to the mosaics of St. Mark's, see Vol. X. p. 133 *n.*]

[3] [Really of three parts: see the plan on p. 313, and compare § 158, p. 334.]

[4] [Matthew iii. 11; Romans vi. 4.]

of entrance into the church, with St. John the Evangelist, and end with St. Mark—the order of all being as follows:—

St. John the Evangelist baptizes in Ephesus.
St. James ——— Judæa.
St. Philip ——— Phrygia.
St. Matthew ——— Ethiopia.
St. Simon ——— Egypt.
St. Thomas ——— India.
St. Andrew ——— Achaia.
St. Peter ——— Rome.
St. Bartholomew (legend indecipherable).*
St. Thaddeus ——— Mesopotamia.
St. Matthias ——— Palestine.
St. Mark ——— Alexandria.

Over the door is Herod's feast. Herodias' daughter dances with St. John Baptist's head in the charger, on her head, —simply the translation of any Greek maid on a Greek vase, bearing a pitcher of water on her head.

I am not sure, but I believe the picture is meant to represent the two separate times of Herod's dealing with St. John; and that the figure at the end of the table is in the former time, St. John saying to him, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."[1]

95. Pass on now into the farther chapel under the darker dome.

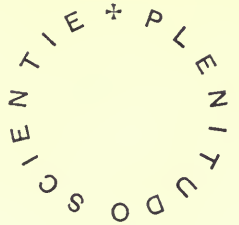
Darker, and very dark;—to my old eyes, scarcely decipherable; to yours, if young and bright, it should be beautiful, for it is indeed the origin of all those golden-domed backgrounds of Bellini, and Cima, and Carpaccio; itself a Greek vase,[2] but with new Gods. That ten-winged cherub

* Quære? See post, § 155 [p. 331, where the legend is given as "India"].

[1] [Matthew xiv. 4.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin similarly says of the Bardi Chapel painted by Giotto; *Mornings in Florence*, § 46 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 341–342).]

in the recess of it, behind the altar, has written on the circle on its breast, "Fulness of Wisdom." It is the type



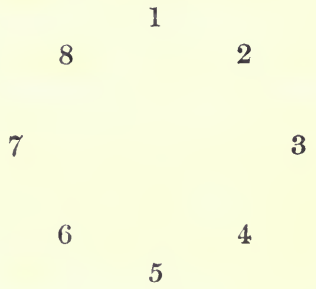
of the Breath of the Spirit. But it was once a Greek Harpy, and its wasted limbs remain, scarcely yet clothed with flesh from the claws of birds that they were.

At the sides of it are the two powers of the Seraphim and Thrones: the Seraphim with sword; the Thrones (TRONIS), with *Fleur-de-lys* sceptre,—lovely.

Opposite, on the arch by which you entered are The Virtues (VIRTUTES).

A dead body lies under a rock, out of which spring two torrents—one of water, one of fire. The Angel of the Virtues calls on the dead to rise.[1]

Then the circle is thus completed:



1, being the Wisdom angel; 8, the Seraphim; 2, the Thrones; and 5, the Virtues. 3. Dominations. 4. Angels. 6. Potentates. 7. Princes: the last with helm and sword.

[1] [Compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 36 *n.*]

Above, Christ Himself ascends, borne in a whirlwind of angels; and, as the vaults of Bellini and Carpaccio are only the amplification of the Harpy-Vault, so the Paradise of Tintoret[1] is only the final fulfilment of the thought in this narrow cupola.

96. At your left hand, as you look towards the altar, is the most beautiful symbolic design of the Baptist's death that I know in Italy. Herodias is enthroned, not merely as queen at Herod's table, but high and alone, the type of the Power of evil in pride of womanhood, through the past and future world, until Time shall be no longer.

On her right hand is St. John's execution; on her left, the Christian disciples, marked by their black crosses, bear his body to the tomb.

It is a four-square canopy, round arched; of the exact type of that in the museum at Perugia, given to the ninth century; but that over Herodias is round-trefoiled, and there is no question but that these mosaics are not earlier than the thirteenth century.

And yet they are still absolutely Greek in all modes of thought, and forms of tradition. The Fountains of fire and water are merely forms of the Chimera and the Peirene; and the maid dancing, though a princess of the thirteenth century in sleeves of ermine, is yet the phantom of some sweet water-carrier from an Arcadian spring.

97. These mosaics are the only ones in the interior of the church which belong to the time (1204)[2] when its façade was completed by the placing of the Greek horses over its central arch, and illumined by the lovely series of mosaics, still represented in Gentile Bellini's picture,[3] of

[1] [See the description in *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret* (Vol. XXII. p. 105).]

[2] ["Closer examination shows that these mosaics of the baptistery are not of the year 1204, but were executed in the reign of Andrea Dandolo (1343–1354), whose tomb is on the right of the font. The Doge is represented in the mosaic of the Crucifixion, kneeling, in company with two magistrates" (note in the Italian edition, p. 110 *n.*). The mosaics have suffered from modern restorations.]

[3] [No. 567 in the Academy: see above, pp. 162, 257, and Plate XLVI. The remaining mosaic of the early time is over the door of St. Alipius, the northern door of the façade.]

which one only now remains. That *one*, left nearly intact—as Fate has willed—represents the church itself so completed; and the bearing of the body of St. Mark into its gates, with all the great kings and queens who have visited his shrine, standing to look on; not conceived, mind you, as present at any actual time, but as always looking on in their hearts.

98. I say it is left *nearly* intact. The three figures on the extreme right are restorations; and if the reader will carefully study the difference between these and the rest; and note how all the faults of the old work are caricatured, and every one of its beauties lost—so that the faces which in the older figures are grave or sweet, are in these three new ones as of staring dolls,—he will know, once for all, what kind of thanks he owes to the tribe of Restorers—here and elsewhere.

Please note, farther, that at this time the church had round arches in the second story (of which the shells exist yet), but no pinnacles or marble fringes. All that terminal filigree is of a far later age. I take the façade as you see it stood—just after 1204—thus perfected. And I will tell you, so far as I know, the meaning of it, and of what it led to, piece by piece.

99. I begin with the horses,—those I saw in my dream in 1871,—"putting on their harness." See *Ariadne Florentina*, § 213.[1]

These are the sign to Europe of the destruction of the Greek Empire by the Latin. They are chariot horses—the horses of the Greek quadriga,—and they were the trophies of Henry Dandolo. That is all you need know of them just now;—more, I hope, hereafter; but you must learn the meaning of a Greek quadriga first. They stand on the great outer archivolt of the façade: its ornaments, to the front, are of leafage closing out of spirals into balls interposed between the figures of eight Prophets (or Patriarchs?)—

[1] [Vol. XXII. p. 446.]

Sculpture on the Central Archivolt, St. Mark's

Christ in their midst on the keystone. No one would believe at first it was thirteenth-century work, so delicate and rich as it looks; nor is there anything else like it that I know, in Europe, of the date:—but pure thirteenth-century work it is, of rarest chiselling. I have cast two of its balls with their surrounding leafage, for St. George's Museum; the most instructive pieces of sculpture of all I can ever show there.[1]

100. Nor can you at all know how good it is, unless you will learn to draw: but some things concerning it may be seen, by attentive eyes, which are worth the dwelling upon.

You see, in the first place, that the outer foliage is all of one kind—pure Greek Acanthus,—not in the least transforming itself into ivy, or kale, or rose: trusting wholly for its beauty to the varied play of its own narrow and pointed lobes.

Narrow and pointed—but not jagged; for the jagged form of Acanthus, look at the two Jean d'Acre columns, and return to this—you will then feel why I call it *pure;* it is as nearly as possible the acanthus of early Corinth, only more flexible, and with more incipient blending of the character of the vine which is used for the central bosses. You see that each leaf of these last touches with its point a stellar knot of inwoven braid (compare the ornament round the low archivolt of the porch on your right below), the outer acanthus folding all in spiral whorls.

101. Now all thirteenth-century ornament of every nation runs much into spirals, and Irish and Scandinavian earlier decoration into little else. But these spirals are different from theirs. The Northern spiral is always elastic—like that of a watch-spring. The Greek spiral, drifted like that of a whirlpool, or whirlwind.[2] It is always an eddy or vortex—not a living rod, like the point of a young fern.

[1] [The casts are on the walls of the Mineral Room in the St. George's Museum. Of one of the subjects Ruskin made a pencil study (at the Museum), here reproduced on Plate LVIII.: compare Fig. 3 on Plate I. in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (Vol. VIII. pp. 52, 121).]

[2] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 9 (Vol. XXIII. p. 190).]

At least, not living its own life—but under another life. It is under the power of the Queen of the Air; the power also that is over the Sea, and over the human mind. The first leaves I ever drew from St. Mark's were those drifted under the breathing of it;* these on its uppermost cornice, far lovelier, are the final perfection of the Ionic spiral, and of the thought in the temple of the Winds.

But perfected under a new influence. I said there was nothing like them (that I knew) in European architecture. But there is, in Eastern. They are only the amplification of the cornice over the arches of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

102. I have been speaking hitherto of the front of the arch only. Underneath it, the sculpture is equally rich, and much more animated. It represents,—What think you, or what would you have, good reader, if you were yourself designing the central archivolt of your native city, to companion, and even partly to sustain, the stones on which those eight Patriarchs were carved—and Christ?

The great men of your city, I suppose,—or the good women of it? or the squires round about it, with the Master of the Hounds in the middle? or the Mayor and Corporation? Well. That last guess comes near the Venetian mind, only it is not my Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, nor the Corporation at their city feast; but the mere Craftsmen of Venice—the Trades, that is to say, depending on handicraft, beginning with the shipwrights, and going on to the givers of wine and bread—ending with the carpenter, the smith, and the fisherman.

Beginning, I say, if read from left to right (north to south), with the shipwrights; but under them is a sitting figure, though sitting, yet supported by crutches. I cannot read this symbol: one may fancy many meanings in it,—but I do not trust fancy in such matters. Unless I know

* See the large plate of two capitals in early folio illustrations.[1]

[1] [Plate 3 in the *Examples of Venetian Architecture* (Vol. XI. p. 322).]

what a symbol means, I do not tell you my own thoughts of it.[1]

103. If, however, we read from right to left, Oriental-wise, the order would be more intelligible. It is then thus:

1. Fishing.
2. Forging.
3. Sawing. Rough carpentry?
4. Cleaving wood with axe. Wheelwright?
5. Cask and tub making.
6. Barber-surgery.
7. Weaving.[2]

Keystone—Christ *the Lamb; i.e.*, in humiliation.

8. Masonry.
9. Pottery.
10. The Butcher.
11. The Baker.
12. The Vintner.
13. The Shipwright. And
14. The rest of old age?[3]

104. But it is not here the place to describe these carvings to you,—there are none others like them in Venice

[1] [Yet he does tell us his conjecture, though he marks it as questionable: see No. 14.]

[2] [Rather, shoemaking. One cobbler is shown sewing pieces of leather, while another fits a boot on a last.]

[3] [Ruskin's conjecture, says the editor of the Italian translation of *St. Mark's Rest*, is "ingenious, as always, and shows how accurately he had penetrated into the old Venetian spirit," in which connexion he quotes from Molmenti's *La Storia di Venezia nella vita privata*, p. 222, a law of 1443 providing occupation for the aged. But the Venetian tradition with regard to this seated figure is that it represents the craft of architecture, in the person of the architect of the church. The laws of the Republic forbade any public monument to a Venetian; but as a special favour, the architect of the church was allowed to leave this stone uncarved until all else was finished, when it might receive his likeness. "When that time came the church seemed perfect, but the architect in an unguarded moment confessed to a friend that in some points he had made mistakes and had failed to realise his ideal. This coming to the ear of the Doge, he ordered that the architect's failure should be made manifest in his portrait. Accordingly it was done, and thus it exhibits wisdom and strength, for the head is noble, but also weakness and disappointment, for he is represented as a cripple, with crutches under his arms, reclining wearily in a chair, biting his finger with chagrin" (*The Bible of St. Mark*, p. 75).]

except the bases of the piazzetta shafts;[1] and there is little work like them elsewhere, pure realistic sculpture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: I may have much to say of them in their day[2]—not now.

Under these labourers you may read, in large letters, a piece of history from the Vienna *Morning Post*—or whatever the paper was—of the year 1815,[3] with which we are not concerned; nor need anybody else be so, to the end of time.

Not with that; nor with the mosaic of the vault beneath —flaunting glare of Venetian art in its ruin.[4] No vestige of old work remains till we come to those steps of stone ascending on each side over the inner archivolt; a strange method of enclosing its curve; but done with special purpose. If you look in the Bellini picture,[5] you will see that these steps formed the rocky midst of a mountain which rose over them for the ground, in the old mosaic; the Mount of the Beatitudes. And on the vault above, stood Christ blessing for ever—not as standing on the Mount, but supported above it by Angels.

105. And on the archivolt itself were carved the Virtues —with, it is said, the Beatitudes; but I am not sure yet of anything in this archivolt except that it is entirely splendid twelfth-century sculpture. I had the separate figures cast for my English museum, and put off the examination of them when I was overworked. The Fortitude, Justice, Faith, and Temperance are clear enough on the right—and the keystone figure is Constancy, but I am sure of nothing

[1] [The carvings on the bases are now much worn away; the bases are favourite seats.]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

[3] [The inscription (which is cut in red marble in large deep letters, painted black) refers to the return of the bronze horses from Paris in that year; Napoleon had removed them in 1797, and placed them on the Triumphal Arch in the Place du Carrousel.]

[4] [The mosaic, of the Last Judgment, made in 1836–1838, from cartoons of the painter Lattanzia Querena, by Laborio Salandri. It displaced one of the same subject by Pietro Spagna, made in 1683–1685, which in turn had displaced the one shown in Bellini's picture.]

[5] [Plate XLVI.: the reader will observe the steps over the inner archivolt of the central door.]

else yet: the less that interpretation partly depended on the scrolls, of which the letters were gilded, not carved:[1] —the figures also gilded, in Bellini's time.

Then the innermost archivolt of all is of mere twelfth-century grotesque, unworthy of its place. But there were so many entrances to the atrium that the builders did not care to trust special teaching to any one, even the central, except as a part of the façade. The atrium, or outer cloister itself, was the real porch of the temple. And *that* they covered with as close scripture as they could—the whole creation and Book of Genesis pictured on it.

106. These are the mosaics usually attributed to the Doge Selvo: I cannot myself date any mosaics securely with precision, never having studied the technical structure of them; and these also are different from the others of St. Mark's in being more Norman than Byzantine in manner; and in an ugly admittance and treatment of nude form, which I find only elsewhere in manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries of the school of Monte Casino and South Italy.[2] On the other hand, they possess some qualities of thought and invention almost in a sublime degree. But I believe Selvo had better work done under him than these. Better work at all events, you shall now see—if you will. You must get hold of the man who keeps sweeping the dust about, in St. Mark's; very thankful he will be, for a lira, to take you up to the gallery on the right-hand side (south, of St. Mark's interior); from which gallery, where it turns into the south transept, you may see, as well as it is possible to see, the mosaic of the central dome.[3]

107. Christ enthroned on a rainbow, in a sphere supported by four flying angels underneath, forming white

[1] [The virtues on the right of the keystone (*i.e.*, on the spectator's left) are Humility, Chastity, Patience, Compunction, Abstinence, Modesty, Love, and Hope; on the spectator's right, a figure unidentified, and then Mercy, Benignity, Prudence, Temperance, Faith, Justice, and Fortitude. For the legends on the scrolls (where still legible), see *The Bible of St. Mark*, pp. 38–40).]

[2] [For other references to the school of Monte Casino, see Vol. XXI. p. 50 (Nos. 198, 199).]

[3] [For another account of them, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 136).]

pillars of caryatid mosaic. Between the windows,[1] the twelve apostles, and the Madonna—alas, the head of this principal figure frightfully "restored," and I think the greater part of the central subject. Round the circle enclosing Christ is written, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye at gaze? This Son of God, Jesus, so taken from you, departs that He may be the arbiter of the earth: in charge of judgment He comes, *and to give the laws that ought to be.*"[2]

108. Such, you see, the central thought of Venetian worship. Not that we shall leave the world, but that our Master will come to it: and such the central hope of Venetian worship, that He shall come to *judge* the world indeed; not in a last and destroying judgment, but in an enduring and saving judgment, in truth and righteousness and peace. Catholic theology of the purest, lasting at all events down to the thirteenth century; or as long as the Byzantines had influence. For these are typical Byzantine conceptions; how far taken up and repeated by Italian workers, one cannot say; but in their gravity of purpose, meagre thinness of form, and rigid drapery lines, to be remembered by you with distinctness as expressing the first school of design in Venice, comparable in an instant with her last school of design, by merely glancing to the end of the north transept, where that rich piece of foliage, full of patriarchs, was designed by Paul Veronese.[3] And what a divine picture it might have been, if he had only minded his own business, and let the mosaic workers mind theirs! —even now it is the only beautiful one of the late mosaics, and shows a new phase of the genius of Veronese. All I want you to feel, however, is the difference of temper from

[1] [Rather, in a circle above the windows; between the windows themselves are figures of the Virtues.]

[2] ["Dicite, quid statis, quid in æthere consideratis?
Filius iste Dei, Christus, cives Galilei,
Sumptus ut a vobis abiit, et sic arbiter orbis
Judicii cura veni et dare debita jura."
Compare below, § 131, p. 307.]

[3] [The large tree, representing the genealogy of Mary, is, however, the work of Bianchini, from a drawing by Salviati; date, 1542–1555.]

the time when people liked the white pillar-like figures of the dome, to that when they liked the dark exuberance of those in the transept.

109. But from this coign of vantage you may see much more. Just opposite you, and above, in the arch crossing the transept between its cupola and the central dome,[1] are mosaics of Christ's Temptation, and of His entrance to Jerusalem. The upper one, of the Temptation, is entirely characteristic of the Byzantine mythic manner of teaching. On the left, Christ sits in the rocky cave which has sheltered Him for the forty days of fasting: out of the rock above issues a spring—meaning that He drank of the waters that spring up to everlasting life, of which whoso drinks shall never thirst; and in His hand is a book—the living Word of God, which is His bread.[2] The Devil holds up the stones in his lap.

Next the temptation on the pinnacle of the Temple, symbolic again, wholly, as you see,—in very deed quite impossible: so also that on the mountain, where the treasures of the world are, I think, represented by the glittering fragments on the mountain top. Finally, the falling Devil, cast down head-foremost in the air, and approaching angels in ministering troops, complete the story.

110. And on the whole, these pictures are entirely representative to you of the food which the Venetian mind had in art, down to the day of the Doge Selvo. Those were the kind of images and shadows[3] they lived on: you may think of them what you please, but the historic fact is, beyond all possible debate, that these thin dry bones of art were nourishing meat to the Venetian race: that they grew and throve on that diet, every day spiritually fatter for it, and more comfortably round in human soul:—no illustrated papers to be had, no Academy Exhibition to be seen. If their eyes were to be entertained at all, such must be their

[1] [That is, in the north vault of the south transept.]

[2] [Matthew iv. 2; John iv. 14, vi. 45–51.]

[3] [The MS. has "pictures" for "images and shadows," the reference being to "the best in this kind are but shadows": see Vol. XX. p. 300.]

lugubrious delectation; pleasure difficult enough to imagine, but real and pure, I doubt not; even passionate. In as quite singularly incomprehensible fidelity of sentiment, my cousin's[1] least baby has fallen in love with a wooden spoon; Paul not more devoted to Virginia.[2] The two are inseparable all about the house, vainly the unimaginative bystanders endeavouring to perceive, for their part, any amiableness in the spoon. But baby thrives in his pacific attachment,—nay, is under the most perfect moral control, pliant as a reed, under the slightest threat of being parted from his spoon. And I am assured that the crescent Venetian imagination did indeed find pleasantness in these figures; more especially,—which is notable—in the extreme emaciation of them,—a type of beauty kept in their hearts down to the Vivarini days;[3] afterwards rapidly changing to a very opposite ideal indeed.

111. Nor even in its most ascetic power, disturbing these conceptions of what was fitting and fair in their own persons, or as a nation of fishermen. They have left us, happily, a picture of themselves, at their greatest time—unnoticed, so far as I can read, by any of their historians, but left for poor little me to discover—and that by chance—like the inscription on St. James's of the Rialto.[4]

But before going on to see this, look behind you where you stand, at the mosaic on the west wall of the south transept.

It is not Byzantine, but rude thirteenth-century, and fortunately left, being the representation of an event of some import to Venice, the recovery of the lost body of St. Mark.[5]

You may find the story told, with proudly polished, or

[1] [Mrs. Arthur Severn.]

[2] [For other references to St. Pierre's romance, see Vol. III. p. 597, and *Præterita*, ii. § 210.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 151.]

[4] [See above, p. 236, and below, p. 308.]

[5] [In the reign of the Doge Vitale Falier, "the sepulchre of S. Mark, whose body had been brought to Venice in the reign of Agnello Particiaco, was no longer known. The great fire in the reign of Candiano IV., and the continual alteration of the Basilica, had completely obliterated all traces of the saint's resting-place.

loudly impudent, incredulity, in any modern guide-book. I will not pause to speak of it here, nor dwell, yet, on this mosaic, which is clearly later than the story it tells by two hundred years. We will go on to the picture which shows us things as they *were*, in its time.

112. You must go round the transept gallery, and get the door opened into the compartment of the eastern aisle, in which is the organ. And going to the other side of the square stone gallery, and looking back from behind the organ, you will see opposite, on the vault, a mosaic of upright figures in dresses of blue, green, purple, and white, variously embroidered with gold.

These represent, as you are told by the inscription above them—the Priests, the Clergy, the Doge, and the people of Venice; and are an abstract, at least, or epitome of those personages, as they were, and felt themselves to be, in those days.

I believe, early twelfth-century—late eleventh it might be—later twelfth it may be,—it does not matter: these were the people of Venice in the central time of her unwearied life, her unsacrificed honour, her unabated power, and sacred faith. Her Doge wears, not the contracted shell-like cap, but the imperial crown. Her priests and clergy are alike mitred—not with the cloven, but simple, cap, like the conical helmet of a knight. Her people are also her soldiers, and their Captain bears his sword, sheathed in black.

So far as features could be rendered in the rude time, the faces are *all* noble—(one horribly restored figure on the right shows what *ig*nobleness, on this large scale, modern brutality and ignorance can reach); for the most part, dark-eyed, but the Doge brown-eyed and fair-haired, the long tresses falling on his shoulders, and his beard braided like that of an Etruscan king.

The Doge ordered a solemn triduan fast and prayer. Then, as the people knelt in silence, S. Mark made known his tomb by thrusting forth his arm from a pillar in whose shaft he had been hid, and by filling the church with a most delicious odour. The sacred body was deposited afresh in the crypt of the Basilica" (H. F. Brown's *Venice*, p. 78). Compare Vol. X. p. 75.]

113. And this is the writing over them.

PONTIFICES. CLERUS. POPULUS. DUX MENTE SERENUS.*

The Priests. the Clergy. the People. the Duke, serene of mind.[1]

Most Serene Highnesses of all the after Time and World, —how many of you knew, or know, what this Venice, first to give the title, meant by her Duke's Serenity! and why she trusted it?

The most precious "historical picture" this, to my mind, of any in worldly gallery, or unworldly cloister, east or west; but for the present, all I care for you to learn of it, is that these were the kind of priests, and people, and kings, who wrote this Requiem of St. Mark, of which, now, we will read what more we may.

114. If you go up in front of the organ, you may see, better than from below, the mosaics of the eastern dome.

This part of the church must necessarily have been first completed, because it is over the altar and shrine. In it, the teaching of the Mosaic legend begins, and in a sort ends;—"Christ, the King," foretold of Prophets—declared of Evangelists—born of a Virgin in due time!

But to understand the course of legend, you must know what the Greek teachers meant by an Evangelion, as distinct from a Prophecy. Prophecy is here thought of in its narrower sense as the foretelling of a good that is to be.

But an Evangelion is the voice of the Messenger, saying, it is *here*.

* The continuing couplet of monkish Latin,

"Laudibus atque choris
Excipiunt dulce canoris,"

may perhaps have been made worse or less efficient Latin by some mistake in restoration.

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[1] [A sketch by Ruskin of these figures is No. 170 in the Reference Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 43); the drawing here reproduced (Plate LIX.) is by Mr. Fairfax Murray, and is in the Sheffield Museum. For other references to the inscription, see above, p. xl., and *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV. p. 416).]

F. Murray Allen & Co. Sc

Pontifices, Clerus, Populus, Dux Mente Serenus

And the four mystic Evangelists, under the figures of living creatures, are not types merely of the men that are to bring the Gospel message, but of the power of that message in all Creation—so far as it was, and is, spoken in all living things, and as the Word of God, which is Christ, was present, and not merely prophesied, in the Creatures of His hand.

115. You will find in your Murray, and other illumined writings of the nineteenth century, various explanations given of the meaning of the Lion of St. Mark—derived, they occasionally mention (nearly as if it had been derived by accident!), from the description of Ezekiel.* Which, perhaps, you may have read once on a time, though even that is doubtful in these blessed days of scientific education;—but, boy or girl, man or woman, of you, not one in a thousand, if one, has ever, I am well assured, asked what was the *use* of Ezekiel's Vision, either to Ezekiel, or to anybody else: any more than I used to think, myself, what St. Mark's was built for.

In case you have not a Bible with you, I must be tedious enough to reprint the essential verses here.

116. "As I was among the Captives by the River of Chebar, the Heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God."

(Fugitive at least,—and all *but* captive,—by the River of the deep stream,—the Venetians perhaps cared yet to hear what he saw.)

"In the fifth year of King Jehoiachin's captivity, the word of the Lord came *expressly* unto Ezekiel the Priest."

(We also—we Venetians—have our Pontifices; we also our King. May we not hear?)

"And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of

* Or, with still more enlightened Scripture research, from "one of the Visions of Daniel"! (*Sketches*, etc., p. 18.[1])

[1] [Smedley's *Sketches of Venetian History*, vol. i.; for another reference to the book, see above, p. 209.]

the north, and a fire infolding itself. Also in the midst thereof was * the likeness of Four living Creatures.

"And this was the aspect of them; the Likeness of a Man was upon them.

"And every one had four faces, and every one four wings. And they had the hands of a Man under their wings. And their wings were stretched upward, two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies. And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, the noise of an Host."

(To us in Venice, is not the noise of the great waters known—and the noise of an Host? May we hear also the voice of the Almighty?)

"And they went every one straight forward. Whither the Spirit was to go, they went. And this was the likeness of their faces: they four had the face of a Man" (to the front), "and the face of a Lion on the right side, and the face of an Ox on the left side, and" (looking back) "the face of an Eagle."

And not of an Ape, then, my beautifully-browed Cockney friend?—the unscientific Prophet! The face of Man; and of the wild beasts of the earth, and of the tame, and of the birds of the air. This was the Vision of the Glory of the Lord.

117. "And as I beheld the living creatures, behold, *one* wheel upon the earth, by the living creatures, with *his* four faces, . . . and their aspect, and their work, was as a wheel in the midst of a wheel."

Crossed, that is, the meridians of the four quarters of the earth. (See Holbein's drawing of it in his Old Testament series.[1])

* What alterations I make are from the Septuagint.[2]

[1] [The series from which a figure is given in *Ariadne Florentina:* see Vol. XXII. p. 402 *n.*]

[2] [The alterations are slight—*e.g.*, "in the midst was" for "out of the midst came"; but Ruskin also abbreviates the passage throughout, omitting altogether verses 7, 11–14, 17–21, and 23, and alters the position of verse 24.]

"And the likeness of the Firmament upon the heads of the living creatures was as the colour of the terrible crystal.

"And there was a voice from the Firmament that was over their heads, when they stood, *and had let down* their wings.

"And above the Firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a Throne; and upon the likeness of the Throne was the likeness of the Aspect of a Man above, upon it.

"And from His loins round about I saw as it were the appearance of fire; and it had brightness round about, as the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain. This was the appearance of the likeness of the Glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face."

Can any of us do the like—or is it worth while?—with only apes' faces to fall upon, and the forehead that refuses to be ashamed?[1] Or is there, nowadays, no more anything for *us* to be afraid of, or to be thankful for, in all the wheels, and flame, and light, of earth and heaven?

And this that follows, after the long rebuke, is their Evangelion. This the sum of the voice that speaks in them (chap. xi. 16).

"Therefore say, Thus saith the Lord. Though I have cast them far off among the heathen, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the places whither they shall come.

"And I will give them one heart; and I will put a new spirit within them; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh. That they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances and do them, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God.

"Then did the Cherubims lift up their wings, and the wheels beside them, and the glory of the God of Israel was over them above."

118. That is the story of the Altar-Vault of St. Mark's,

[1] [Jeremiah iii. 3.]

of which though much was gone, yet, when I was last in Venice, much was left, wholly lovely and mighty. The principal figure of the Throned Christ was indeed for ever destroyed by the restorer; but the surrounding Prophets, and the Virgin in prayer, at least retained so much of their ancient colour and expression as to be entirely noble,—if only one had nobility enough in one's own thoughts to forgive the failure of any other human soul to speak clearly what it had felt of most divine.

My notes have got confused, and many lost; and now I have no time to mend the thread of them: I am not sure even if I have the list of the Prophets complete;[1] but these following at least you will find, and (perhaps with others between) in this order—chosen, each, for his message concerning Christ, which is written on the scroll he bears.

119.

I. On the Madonna's left hand, Isaiah. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive." (Written as far as "Immanuel."[2])

II. Jeremiah. "Hic est inquit Dominus Noster."[3]

III. Daniel. "Cum venerit" as far as to "cessabit unctio."[4]

IV. Obadiah. "Ascendit sanctus in Monte Syon."[5]

V. Habakkuk. "God shall come from the South, and the Holy One from Mount Paran."[6]

[1] [The list was correctly given by Ruskin; but in his day the dome was so blackened by age and from candles that the inscriptions were barely legible. In the inscription to "Jeremiah," Ruskin misread ". . . in quo Deus . . ." for "inquit Dominus." In following notes the inscriptions are given, with references to the passages in the Vulgate from which they are quoted or adapted.]

[2] [The inscription is "Ecce virgo concipiet, et pariet filium, et vocabitur Emmanuel" (Isaiah vii. 14). A drawing of the figures of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel is No. 93 in the Reference Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 37).]

[3] [The inscription continues, "et non æsti [mabitur alius adversus eum]." The mosaicists put into Jeremiah's mouth words adapted from the Book of Baruch (iii. 35): "Hic est Deus noster et . . ." ("This is our God, and there shall none other be accounted of in comparison of him").]

[4] ["Cum venerit Sanctus Sanctorum cessabit unctio" (a summary of Daniel iv. 24–27).]

[5] [The inscription is "Ascendit Salvator in montem Syon et erit regnum Domino" (Obadiah i. 21).]

[6] ["Deus ab austro veniet, et Sanctus de monte Pharan" (Habakkuk iii. 3).]

VI. Hosea. (Undeciphered.[1])
VII. Jonah. (Undeciphered.[2])
VIII. Zephaniah. "Seek ye the Lord, all in the gentle time" (in mansueti tempore).[3]
IX. Haggai. "Behold, the desired of all nations shall come."[4]
X. Zechariah. "Behold a man whose name is the Branch." (*Oriens.*)[5]
XI. Malachi. "Behold, I send my messenger," etc. (angelum meum).[6]
XII. Solomon. "Who is this that ascends as the morning?"[7]
XIII. David. "Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne."[8]

120. The decorative power of the colour in these figures, chiefly blue, purple, and white, on gold, is entirely admirable, —more especially the dark purple of the Virgin's robe, with lines of gold for its folds; and the figures of David and Solomon, both in Persian tiaras, almost Arab, with falling lappets to the shoulder, for shade; David holding a book with Hebrew letters on it and a cross (a pretty sign for the Psalms); and Solomon with rich orbs of lace like involved ornament on his dark robe, cusped in the short hem of it, over gold underneath. And note in all these mosaics that Byzantine "purple,"—the colour at once meaning Kinghood

[1] ["In die tercia susitabit nos et vivemus" (Hosea vi. 3: "In the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight").]
[2] ["Convertatur vir a via sua mala, et ab iniquitate" (Jonah iii. 8: "Let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands").]
[3] [Here Ruskin misread the inscription, and his knowledge of the Bible for once failed. The words are "Quærite Dominum, omnes mansueti terræ" (Zephaniah ii. 3: "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth"). Probably he had in his mind the preceding verses calling for repentance before the day of the Lord's anger.]
[4] ["Ecce veniet desideratus cunctis gentibus" (Haggai ii. 8: "The desire of all nations shall come").]
[5] ["Ecce vir oriens nomen ejus" (Zechariah vi. 12; "Behold the man whose name is The Branch").]
[6] ["Ecce mitto angelum meum ante faciem tuam, qui præparabit viam tuam" (Malachi iii. 1: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me").]
[7] ["Quæ est ista quæ ascendit sicut aurora consurgens" (Canticles vi. 9: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning").]
[8] ["De fructu ventris tui ponam super sedem meam" (Psalms cxxxii. 11).]

and its Sorrow,[1]—is the same as ours—not scarlet, but amethyst, and that deep.

121. Then in the spandrils below, come the figures of the four beasts, with this inscription round, for all of them:

"Quaeque sub obscuris
De Cristo dicta figuris
His aperire datur
Et in his, Deus ipse notatur."

"Whatever things under obscure figures have been said of Christ, it is given to *these*" (creatures) "to open; and in these, Christ Himself is seen."

A grave saying. Not in the least true of mere Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Christ was never seen in them, though told of by them. But, as the Word by which all things were made,[2] He is seen in all things made, and in the Poiesis of them: and therefore, when the vision of Ezekiel is repeated to St. John, changed only in that the four creatures are to him more distinct—each with its single aspect, and not each fourfold,—they are full of eyes within, and rest not day nor night,—saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come."[3]

122. We repeat the words habitually, in our own most solemn religious service; but we repeat without noticing out of whose mouths they come.

"Therefore" (we say in much self-satisfaction), "with Angels and Archangels, and with all the Company of heaven" (meaning each of us, I suppose, the select Company we expect to get into there), "we laud and magnify," etc. But it ought to make a difference in our estimate of ourselves, and of our power to say, with our hearts, that God is Holy, if we remember that we join in saying so, not, for the present, with the Angels,—but with the Beasts.

[1] [On the significance of the colour, purple, compare *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX. p. 384).]

[2] [John i. 1-3.]

[3] [Revelation iv. 8 ("which was, and is, and is to come"). Compare below, p. 334; Vol. VII. p. 206; and Vol. XVII. pp. 60, 225, 287.]

123. Yet not with every manner of Beast; for afterwards, when all the Creatures in Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, join in the giving of praise, it is only these four who can say "Amen."[1]

The Ox that treadeth out the corn; and the Lion that shall eat straw like the Ox, and lie down with the lamb; and the Eagle that fluttereth over her young;[2] and the human creature that loves its mate, and its children. In these four is all the power and all the charity of earthly life; and in such power and charity "Deus ipse notatur."

124. Notable, in that manner, He was, at least, to the men who built this shrine where once was St. Theodore's;[3]—not betraying nor forgetting their first master, but placing his statue, with St. Mark's Lion, as equal powers upon their pillars of justice;—St. Theodore, as you have before heard,[4] being the human spirit in true conquest over the inhuman, because in true sympathy with it—not as St. George in contest with, but being strengthened and pedestalled by, the "Dragons, and all Deeps."[5]

125. But the issue of all these lessons we cannot yet measure; it is only now that we are beginning to be able to read them, in the myths of the past, and natural history of the present world. The animal gods of Egypt and Assyria, the animal cry that there is *no* God, of the passing hour, are, both of them, part of the rudiments of the religion yet to be revealed, in the rule of the Holy Spirit over the venomous dust, when the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp, and the weaned child lay his hand on the cockatrice' den.[6]

126. And now, if you have enough seen, and understood, this eastern dome and its lesson, go down into the

[1] [Revelation v. 13, 14.]
[2] [Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Isaiah xi. 6, lxv. 25; Deuteronomy xxxii. 11.]
[3] [The church of St. Theodore was built about 552, on part of the site now occupied by St. Mark's. When St. Mark's body was brought to Venice in 828, the Doge assigned a place near the chapel of St. Theodore on which to build a church in honour of the Evangelist.]
[4] [See above, § 23, p. 226.]
[5] [Psalms cxlviii. 7.]
[6] [Isaiah xi. 8.]

church under the central one, and consider the story of that.

Under *its* angles[1] are the four Evangelists themselves, drawn as men, and each with his name. And over *them* the inscription is widely different.*

"Sic actus Christi
Describunt quatuor isti
Quod neque natura
Liter nent, nec untrinque figura."

"Thus do these four describe the Acts of Christ. And weave His story, neither by natural knowledge, nor, contrariwise, by any figure."[2]

Compare now the two inscriptions. In the living creatures, Christ Himself is seen by nature and by figure. But these four tell us His Acts, "Not by nature—not by figure." How then?

127. You have had various "lives of Christ," German and other, lately provided among your other severely historical studies. Some, critical; and some, sentimental. But there is only one light by which you can read the life of Christ, —the light of the life you now lead in the flesh; and that not the natural, but the won life. "Nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."[3]

Therefore, round the vault, as the pillars of it, are the Christian virtues; somewhat more in number, and other in

* I give, and construe, this legend as now written, but the five letters "liter" are recently restored, and I suspect them to have been originally either three or six, "cer" or "discer." In all the monkish rhymes I have yet read, I don't remember any so awkward a division as this of natura-liter.

[1] [In the spandrels below the circle of Virtues.]

[2] [Ruskin had, however, misread the inscription, which in his time was much obscured. The last two lines are in reality "quod neque naturas Retinent, nec utrinque figuras" (see Pasini, *Guide de la Basilique de Saint Marc*, 1888, p. 111, and *La Basilica di San Marco*, by Camillo Boito, p. 789). The meaning would seem to be that the Evangelists "so describe Christ's life that they keep back neither substance nor, on the other hand, figure"; *i.e.*, "they describe His acts as realised in life and as foretold in prophecy" (see Dr. Robertson's *Bible of St. Mark*, p. 293, and p. 129 *n.* of the Italian translation of *St. Mark's Rest*).]

[3] [Galatians ii. 20.]

nature, than the swindling-born and business-bred virtues which most Christians nowadays are content in acquiring. But these old Venetian virtues are compliant, also, in a way. They are for sea-life, and there is one for every wind that blows.

128. If you stand in mid-nave, looking to the altar, the first narrow window of the cupola—(I call it first for reasons presently given)—faces you, in the due east. Call the one next it, on your right, the second window; it bears east-south-east. The third, south-east; the fourth, south-south-east; the fifth, south; the ninth, west; the thirteenth, north; and the sixteenth, east-north-east.

The Venetian Virtues stand, one between each window. On the sides of the east window stand Fortitude and Temperance; Temperance the first, Fortitude the last; "he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."[1]

Then their order is as follows: Temperance between the first and second windows,—(quenching fire with water);—between the second and third, Prudence; and then, in sequence,

III. Humility.
IV. Kindness (Benignitas).
V. Compassion.[2]
VI. Abstinence.
VII. Mercy.
VIII. Long-suffering.
IX. Chastity.
X. Modesty.
XI. Constancy.
XII. Charity.
XIII. Hope.
XIV. Faith.
XV. Justice.
XVI. Fortitude.

[1] [Matthew x. 22.]

[2] ["Compulsio"; on her scroll is the text, "Beati qui lugent, quoniam ipsi consolabuntur" (Matthew v. 4), from which it would appear that the virtue is not so much "compassion," as compunction, repentance, sorrow.]

129. I meant to have read all their legends,[1] but "could do it any time," and of course never did!—but these following are the most important. Charity is put twelfth as the last attained of the virtues belonging to human life only: but she is called the "Mother of Virtues"[2]—meaning, of them all, when they become divine; and chiefly of the four last, which relate to the other world. Then Long-suffering (Patientia) has for her legend, "Blessed are the Peacemakers"; Chastity, "Blessed are the pure in Heart"; Modesty, "Blessed are ye when men hate you"; while Constancy (consistency) has the two heads, balanced, one in each hand, which are given to the keystone of the entrance arch:[3] meaning, I believe, the equal balance of a man's being, by which it not only stands, but stands as an arch, with the double strength of the two sides of his intellect and soul. "Qui sibi *constat*."[4] Then note that "Modestia" is here not merely shamefacedness, though it includes whatever is good in that; but it is contentment in being thought little of, or hated,[5] when one thinks one ought to be made much of—a very difficult virtue to acquire indeed, as I know some people who know.

130. Then the order of the circle becomes entirely clear. All strength of character begins in temperance, prudence, and lowliness of thought. Without these, nothing is possible, of noble humanity: on these follow—kindness (simple, as opposed to malice) and compassion (sympathy, a much rarer quality than mere kindness); then, self-*restriction*, a

[1] [They may be read (except in the case of Temperance, for which the inscription is wanting) in Boito, *La Basilica di San Marco* (English translation), pp. 788–789, or in *The Bible of St. Mark*, pp. 282–290. For an earlier reference to them, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 385).]

[2] [On the scroll which she holds in her hand is the text 1 Peter iv. 8; and above the scroll is the inscription, "Mater Virtutum."]

[3] [The figures which Constancy on the archivolt of the central door holds in her hands represent the sun and the moon, and the idea in the present mosaic seems to be the same; the head held in her right hand is that of Christ (the Sun of Righteousness); that in her left is symbolic of the moon (see the illustration at p. 286 of *The Bible of St. Mark*). The idea may thus be that Constancy is to be faithful as long as the sun and moon endure.]

[4] [See Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 127.]

[5] [The text which she holds in her hand is Luke vi. 22: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you."]

quite different and higher condition than temperance,—the first being not painful when rightly practised, but the latter always so—("I held my peace, even from good"[1]—"quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit, ab Dis plura feret"[2]). Then come pity and long-suffering, which have to deal with the sin, and not merely with the sorrow, of those around us. Then the three Trial virtues, through which one has to struggle forward up to the power of Love, the twelfth.

All these relate only to the duties and relations of the life that is now.

But Love is stronger than Death; and through her, we have, first, Hope of life to come; then, surety of it; living by this surety (the Just shall live by Faith[3]), Righteousness, and Strength to the end. Who bears on her scroll, "The Lord shall break the teeth of the Lions."[4]

131. An undeveloped and simial system of human life —you think it—Cockney friend!

Such as it was, the Venetians made shift to brave the war of this world with it, as well as ever you are like to do; and they had, besides, the joy of looking to the peace of another. For, you see, above these narrow windows, stand the Apostles, and the two angels that stood by them on the Mount of the Ascension; and between these the Virgin; and with her, and with the twelve, you are to hear the angels' word, "Why stand ye at gaze? as He departs, so shall He come, to give the Laws that ought to be."[5]

Debita jura,

a form of "debit" little referred to in modern ledgers, but by the Venetian acknowledged for all devoirs of commerce and of war; writing, by his church, of the Rialto's business (the first words these, mind you, that Venice ever speaks

[1] [Psalms xxxix. 2.]
[2] [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 16, 21: quoted also in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 67, § 17 *n.*]
[3] [Romans i. 17.]
[4] [Psalms lviii. 6.]
[5] [Compare, above, § 107, p. 292.]

aloud), "Around this Temple, let the Merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful."[1] And writing thus, in lovelier letters, above the place of St. Mark's Rest,—

> "Brave be the living, who live unto the Lord;
> For Blessed are the dead, that die in Him."[2]

132. NOTE.—The mosaics described in this number of St. Mark's Rest being now liable at any moment to destruction—from causes already enough specified[3]—I have undertaken, at the instance of Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, and with promise of that artist's helpful superintendence, at once to obtain some permanent record of them, the best that may be at present possible: and to that end I have already despatched to Venice an accomplished young draughtsman, who is content to devote himself, as old painters did, to the work before him for the sake of that, and his own honour, at journeyman's wages. The three of us, Mr. Burne-Jones, and he, and I, are alike minded to set our hands and souls hard at this thing: but we can't, unless the public will a little help us. I have given away already all I have to spare, and can't carry on this work at my own cost; and if Mr. Burne-Jones gives his time and care gratis, and without stint, as I know he will, it is all he should be asked for. Therefore, the public must give me enough to maintain my draughtsman at his task: what mode of publication for the drawings may be then possible, is for after-consideration. I ask for subscriptions at present to obtain the copies only. The reader is requested to refer also to the final note appended to the new edition of the *Stones of Venice*,[4] and to send what subscription he may please to my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

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[1] [The Latin text is given below, p. 417; and the inscription is reproduced on Plate LXII. in Vol. XXI. p. 268.]

[2] [Revelation xiv. 13. This is not an inscription actually on the church, but Ruskin uses it symbolically as a summary of the teaching of its carvings and mosaics; compare § 91, p. 280.]

[3] [That is, in the newspapers: see the Introduction, above, pp. lviii. *seq.* The "accomplished young draughtsman" was Mr. T. M. Rooke. See further, below, p. 416.]

[4] [The note appended to the *first* volume of the "Travellers' Edition" (1879): see Vol. X. p. 463.]

CHAPTER IX

(*Edited by J. Ruskin*)

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOSAICS IN THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. MARK'S

"The whole edifice is to be regarded less as a temple wherein to pray than as itself a Book of Common Prayer, a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment." *Stones of Venice*, ii. 4, 46.

"We must take some pains, therefore, when we enter St. Mark's, to read all that is inscribed, or we shall not penetrate into the feeling either of the builder or of his times." *Stones of Venice*, ii. 4, 64.

133. THE following catalogue of the mosaics of the Baptistery of St. Mark's was written in the autumn of 1882, after a first visit to Venice, and was then sent to Mr. Ruskin as a contribution to his collected records of the church. It was not intended for publication, but merely as notes or material for which he might possibly find some use; and if the reader in Venice will further remember that it is the work of no artist or antiquarian, but of a traveller on his holiday, he will, it is hoped, be the more ready to pardon errors and omissions which his own observation can correct and supply.* The mosaics of the Baptistery are, of course, only a small portion of those to be seen throughout the church, but that portion is one complete in itself, and more than enough to illustrate the vast amount of thought contained in the scripture legible on the walls of St. Mark's

* This chapter (now, 1894, revised) was written in ignorance of the book on St. Mark's, *La Chiesa Ducale*, of Giovanni Meschinello (Venice, 1753), and before the issue of the *Guide de la Basilique St. Marc*, by Antoine Pasini (Schio, 1888). Both these works give the inscriptions, and to some extent describe the mosaics throughout the church. The first is,

by every comer who is desirous of taking any real interest in the building.

The reader, then, who proposes to make use of the present guide can, by reference to the following list, see at a glance the subjects with which these mosaics deal, and the order in which his attention will be directed to them. They are, in addition to the altar-piece, these:—

I. The Life of St. John the Baptist.
II. The Infancy of Christ.
III. St. Nicholas.
IV. The Four Evangelists.
V. The Four Saints.
VI. The Greek Fathers.
VII. The Latin Fathers.
VIII. Christ and the Prophets.
IX. Christ and the Apostles.
X. Christ and the Angels.

134. The subject of the altar-piece is the Crucifixion. In the centre is Christ on the cross, with the letters $\overline{\text{IC}}$. $\overline{\text{XC}}$ on either side. Over the cross are two angels, veiling their

however, very rare, but the latter is readily obtainable, and with it the church can be thoroughly read. M. Pasini, however, at least in his account of the Baptistery (pp. 219 *seq.*), does not attempt to classify or connect the subjects of the mosaics, but goes regularly round the walls, taking each as it comes, and thus losing half their real interest.[1]

[1] [Note by Mr. Wedderburn to the edition of 1894. For the full title of Meschinello's book (1753–1754), see Vol. X. p. li. Another, and the most important, publication on the subject must now be added—the sumptuous work published by Signor Ongania of Venice under the direction of Camillo Boito—*La Basilica di San Marco in Venezia, illustrata nella storia e nell' arte da scrittori Veneziani.* The part of the work dealing with mosaics and inscriptions is by Signor Boni. See also P. Saccardo's *Saggio d'uno studio storico artistico sopra i mosaici della Chiesa di San Marco*, Venezia, 1864; *I restauri della Basilica di San Marco nell' ultimo decennio*, Venezia, 1900; and *Les Mosaiques de la Basilique de Saint Marc à Venise*, Venise, 1894. Also, for reproductions of the mosaics, *Mosaici non compresi negli spaccati geometrici nell' interno della Basilica di San Marco in Venezia, disegnati dal vero e pubblicati da Gio. Luigia Kreutz*, Venezia, 1885; and Dr. A. Robertson's *The Bible of St. Mark* (George Allen, 1898).]

faces with their robes; at its foot lies a skull,—Golgotha,—upon which falls the blood from Christ's feet, whilst on each side of the Saviour are five figures, those at the extreme ends of the mosaic being a doge and dogaress, probably the donors.[1]

To the left is St. Mark—S M̄ÆRCVS—with an open book in his hand, showing the words, "In illo tempore Maria mater. . . ." "In that hour Mary his mother. . . ." She stands next the cross, with her hands clasped in grief; above her are the letters M-P ΘV—*μητὴρ Θεοῦ*—Mother of God.[2]

To the right of the cross is St. John the Evangelist—S. IOHES EVG̃—his face covered with his hands, receiving charge of the Virgin: "When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home" (St. John xix. 26, 27).

Lastly, next St. John the Evangelist is St. John the Baptist, bearing a scroll, on which are the words:

"ECCE AGNUS DEI ECE . . ."

"Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccatum mundi."
"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (St. John i. 29).*

* The scriptural references in this appendix are, first, to the Vulgate, which most of the legends in the Baptistery follow, and, secondly, to the English version of the Bible. The visitor will also notice that throughout the chapel the scrolls are constantly treated by the mosaicists literally as scrolls, the text being cut short even in the middle of a word by the curl of the supposed parchment.

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[1] [On Christ's left hand are John the Evangelist and John the Baptist (with a scroll on which is the text John i. 29); at the foot of the cross kneels the Doge, Andrea Dandolo, and at the extreme ends, not a doge and dogaress, but the doge's Grand Chancellor, Rafaino Caresini (Boito, p. 803), and a Senator.]

[2] [See above, § 57, p. 252.]

135. (I.) THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Leaving the altar and turning to the right, we have the first mosaic in the series which gives the life of the Baptist, and consists in all of ten pictures. (See opposite plan.)

a. His birth is announced.
b. He is born and named.
c. He is led into the desert.
d. He receives a cloak from an angel.
e. He preaches to the people.
f. He answers the Pharisees.
g. He baptizes Christ.
h. He is condemned to death.
i. He is beheaded.
j. He is buried.

136. *a. His birth is announced.*—This mosaic has three divisions.

I. To the left is Zacharias at the altar, with the angel appearing to him. He swings a censer, burning incense "in the order of his course." He has heard the angel's message, for his look and gesture show clearly that he is already struck dumb. Above are the words:

INGRESSO ZACHARIA TĒPLV̄ DN̄I
APARVIT EI AG̃LS̄ DN̄I STĀS
A DEXTRIS ALTARIS

"Ingresso Zacharia templum domini apparuit ei angelus domini stans a dextris altaris."

"When Zacharias had entered the temple of the Lord there appeared to him an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar" (St. Luke i. 9–11).

II. "And the people waited for Zacharias, and marvelled that he tarried so long in the temple. And when he came out, he could not speak unto them: and they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple: for he

PLAN OF THE BAPTISTERY.

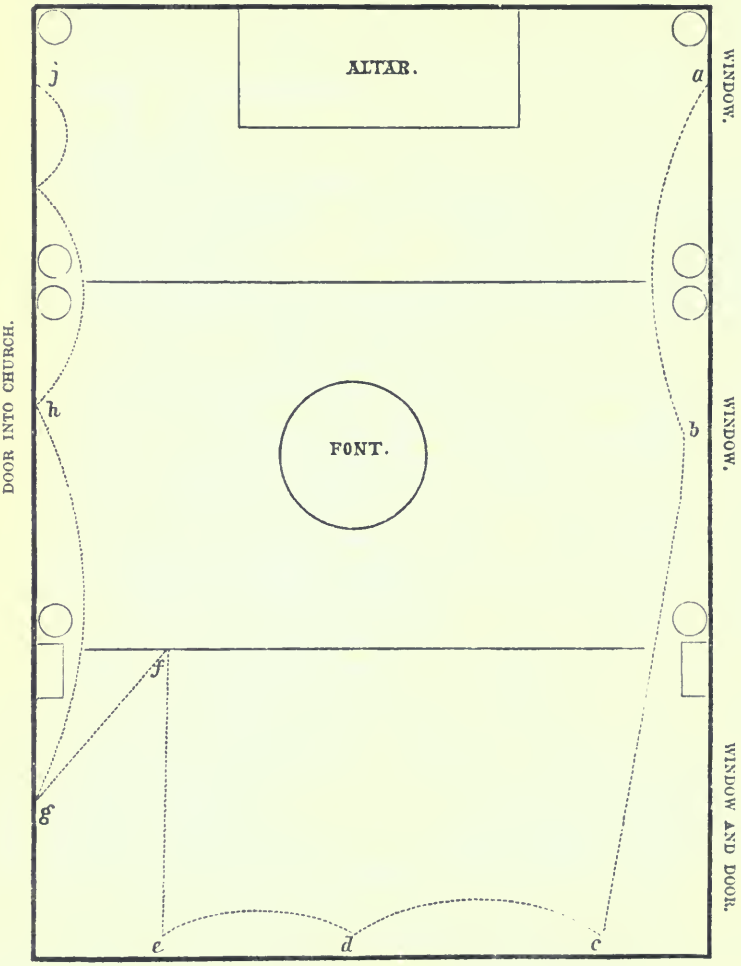


Fig. 4

beckoned unto them, and remained speechless" (St. Luke i. 21, 22).

✠ H. S. ZAHARIAS EXIT
MUTUS AD PPL̄M

"Hic sanctus Zacharias exit mutus ad populum."
"Here saint Zacharias comes out dumb to the people."

III. "He departed to his own house" (St. Luke i. 23). Zacharias embracing his wife Elizabeth.

✠ S̄. ZÆHA
RIAS. S̄. ELI
SABETA

137. *b. He is born and named* (opposite the door into the church).—Zacharias is seated to the left * of the picture, and has a book or "writing table" in front of him, in which he has written "Johannes est nomen ejus"—"His name is John" (Luke i. 63). To the right an aged woman, Elizabeth, points to the child inquiringly, "How would you have him called?" further to the right, another and younger woman kneels, holding out the child to his father. At the back a servant with a basket in her arms looks on. Unlike the other two women, she has no glory about her head. Above is a tablet inscribed:—

NATIVITAS
SANCTI JOHANNIS
BAPTISTÆ

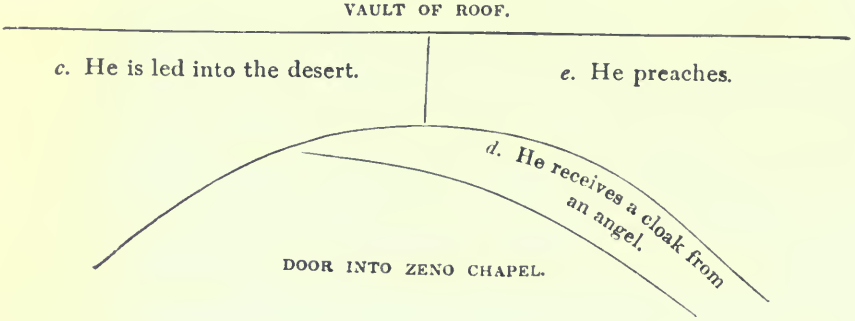
and below another tablet, with the date and artist's name—

FRAN' TURESSIVS V.F. MDCXXVIII.[1]

* By "right" and "left" in this Appendix is meant always the right and left hand of the spectator as he faces his subject.

[1] [The date is exact, but the work was done not by Francis Turresio, but by his uncle, Lorenzo Ceccato (Boito, p. 802).]

138. Turning now to the west wall, and standing with the altar behind us, we have the next three mosaics of the series, thus—



c. He is led into the desert.—The words of the legend are :—

✠ QVOM ANGELV' SEDOVXAT S. IOHAN.
I. DESERTUM.

"Quomodo angelus seduxit (?) sanctum Johannem in desertum."
"How an angel led away St. John into the desert." *

This is not biblical.[1] "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel" is all St. Luke (i. 80) says. Here the infant Baptist is being led by an angel, who points onward with one hand, and with the other holds that of the child, who, so far from being "strong in spirit," looks troubled, and has one hand placed on his heart in evident fear. His other hand, in the grasp of the angel's, does not in any way hold it, but is held by it; he is literally *being led* into the desert somewhat against his will. The word sedouxat (? mediæval for seduxit) may here well have this

* Parini has "secum duxit," "had led with him." [And so Boito, p. 802.]

[1] [It is from the *Protevangelium of St. James*, which describes how the child's mother fled with him for fear of Herod, and how angels took him under their care.]

meaning of persuasive leading. It should also be noted that the child and his guide are already far on their way; they have left all vegetation behind them; only a stony rock and rough ground, with one or two tufts of grass and a leafless tree, are visible.

139. *d. He receives a cloak from an angel.*—This is also not biblical.[1] The words above the mosaic are—

HC ĀGELUS REPRESĒTAT VESTĒ BTO IOHI

"Hic angelus representat vestem beato Johanni."
"Here the angel gives (back?) a garment to the blessed John."

MT NO ET E St. John wears his cloak of camel's hair, and holds in one hand a scroll, on which is written an abbreviation of the Greek "μετανοεῖτε"—"Repent ye."

e. He preaches to the people.

HIC PREDICAT.*

"Here he preaches" [or "predicts the Christ"].

The Baptist is gaunt and thin; he wears his garment of camel's hair, and has in his hand a staff with a cross at the top of it. He stands in a sort of pulpit, behind which is a building, presumably a church; whilst in front of him listen three old men, a woman, and a child. Below are three more women.

140. *f. He answers the Pharisees* (on the wall opposite *e*).—To the right are the priests and Levites sent from Jerusalem, asking, "What says he of himself?" They are four in number, a Rabbi and three Pharisees. To the left is

* The mark of abbreviation over the C shows the omission of an h in the mediæval "predichat."

[1] [But as the Baptist was to "go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias" (Luke i. 17), he receives from the angel Elijah's garment (2 Kings i. 8).]

St. John with two disciples behind him. Between them rolls the Jordan, at the ferry to which (Bethabara) the discussion between the Baptist and the Jews took place, and across the river the Rabbi asks:

QVŌM . ERGO . BP̄T
ZAS . SI NQ̃E . XPS . NE
Q̃. HELIA . NEQ' PH̃A

"Quomodo ergo baptizas si neque Christus, neque Elia, neque Propheta?" *

"Why baptizest thou, then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?" (John i. 25).

St. John does not, however, give the answer recorded of him in the Gospel, but another written above his head thus:—

✠ EGO BAPTIZO IÑO
MĪE PATRIS
ET . FILII . 7 . S̄P'
SC̄I

"Ego baptizo in nomine patris et filii et Spiritus sancti."
"I baptize in the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit."

141. *g. He baptizes Christ.*[1]

HICE BAPTISMV' XTI

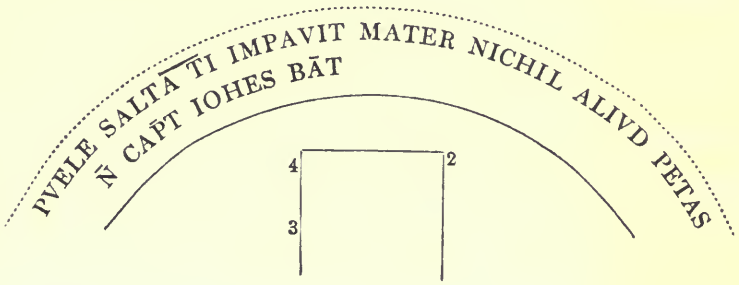
On the left is a tree with an axe laid to its root. In the centre stands St. John, with his hand on the head of Christ, who stands in the midst of the river. Three angels look down from the right bank into the water; and in it are five fishes, over one of which Christ's hand is raised in blessing. Below is a child with a golden vase in one hand, probably the river god of the Jordan, who is sometimes introduced into these pictures. From above a ray of light, with a star and a dove in it, descends on the head of Christ:—"And Jesus when he was baptized, went up

* The Vulgate has "Quid ergo baptizas si tu non es," etc.

[1] [This is opposite the door opening on to the Piazzetta.]

straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 16, 17).

142. *h. His death is commanded by Herod* (over the door into the main body of the church).



The mosaic is (according to the sacristan) entirely restored, and the letters of the legend appear to have been incorrectly treated. The words are "Puellæ saltanti imperavit mater nihil (? nichil) aliud petas nisi caput Johannis Baptistæ"—"And as the girl danced her mother commanded her, saying, Ask for nothing else, but only for the head of John the Baptist."

Five figures are seen in the mosaic:—

I. Herod with his hand raised in horror and distress, "exceeding sorry" (Mark vi. 26).

II. Herodias, pointing at him, with a smile of triumph.

III. Herodias' daughter dancing, with the charger on her head.

IV. Another figure, with regard to which see *ante*, § 94, where it is suggested that the figure is St. John at a former time, saying to Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." If this is not so, it may be that the figure represents the "lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee" (Mark vi. 21) who were at the feast.

V. A servant in attendance.

143. *i. He is beheaded.*[1]

✠ DECHOLACIO SCI IOHIS BAT.

"The beheading of St. John the Baptist."

To the left is the headless body of St. John, still in prison. "And immediately the king sent an executioner (or 'one of his guard'), and he went and beheaded him in prison." The Baptist has leant forward, and his hands are stretched out, as if to save himself in falling. A Roman soldier is sheathing his sword, and looks somewhat disgusted at the daughter of Herodias as she carries the head to her mother, who sits enthroned near. (See *ante*, § 96.)

144. *j. He is buried.*—"And when his disciples heard of it they came and took up his corpse and laid it in a tomb" (Mark vi. 29).

H. SEPELITVR . CO RPVS . S . IOHIS . BAT (See *ante*, § 96.)	"Hic sepelitur corpus sancti Johannis Baptistæ"—"Here is being buried the body of St. John the Baptist."

The headless body of the Baptist is being laid in the grave by two disciples, whilst a third swings a censer over it.

145. (II.) The Infancy of Christ.—Going back now to the west end of the chapel, we have four mosaics representing scenes in the infancy of Christ.

I. The wise men before Herod. II. The wise men adoring Christ.	Above *c* and *e* in the Life of St. John.
III. The flight into Egypt. IV. The Holy Innocents.	Opposite 1 and 2.

I. *The wise men before Herod.*[2]

Herod is seated on his throne, attended by a Roman soldier; he looks puzzled and anxious. Before him are the

[1] [Opposite to the first of the series. No. *j* ("He is buried") is in the same mosaic.]

[2] [Above the door into the Zeno Chapel.]

three kings in attitudes of supplication; and above are the words—

✠ VBIE . QVINATU' . EST . REX . JUDÆORUM.

"Ubi est qui natus est rex Judæorum?"
"Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" } St. Matt. ii. 2.

II. *The wise men adoring Christ.*

✠ ADORABVT EV ŌNS REGES TERE ET ŌMS GĒTES SERVIENT EI

"Adorabunt eum omnes reges terræ, (et) omnes gentes servient ei."
"Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him" (Psalm lxxii. 10, 11).

In the centre is the Madonna seated on a throne, which is also part of the stable of the inn. On her knees is the infant Christ, with two fingers of his right hand raised in benediction. The Madonna holds out her hand, as if showing the Child to the kings, who approach Him with gifts and in attitudes of devout worship. To the left is a man leading a camel out of a building; whilst to the right of the stable lies Joseph asleep, with an angel descending to him: "Arise and take the young child." (See the next mosaic.) The rays from the central figure of the vaulted roof fall, one on the second of the three kings, and another, the most brilliant of them,—upon which, where it breaks into triple glory, the star of Bethlehem is set,—upon the Madonna and the Christ.

III. *The flight into Egypt.*

✠ SVRGE ET ACCIPE PUERVM ET MATREM EU' ET FUGE IN EGYPTUM . ET ESTO IBI USQ' DVM DICAM TIBI

"Surge et accipe puerum et matrem ejus et fuge in Egyptum et esto ibi usque dum dicam tibi."
"Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be there until I bring thee word" (St. Matt. ii. 13).

A youth carrying a gourd leads into a building with a mosque-like dome a white ass, on which is seated the

Madonna, holding the infant Christ. Joseph walks behind, carrying a staff and cloak. The fact of the journey being sudden and hasty is shown by the very few things which the fugitives have taken with them—only a cloak and a gourd; they have left the presents of the three kings behind.

iv. *The Holy Innocents.*

✠ TUNC . HERODE' VIDE' Q'M ILVSV' ẼẼT A MAGI' IRATV'E . RE.
DE . a . MIT
TẼS OCCIDIT . OMS PUERO' QVI . ERANT . BETHLEEM ŌM . OBIUS
FINIBUS . EIVS *

"Tunc Herodes videns quoniam illusus esset a magis iratus est valde, et mittens occidit omnes pueros qui erant in Bethlehem et in omnibus finibus ejus."

"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof" (Matt. ii. 16).

Three Roman soldiers are killing the children, some of whom already lie dead and bleeding on the rocky ground. To the right is a mother with her child in her arms, and near her another woman is holding up her hands in grief.

146. (III.) St. Nicholas.

Just below the mosaic of the Holy Innocents is one of S. NICOLAU'—St. Nicholas—with one hand raised in benediction whilst the other holds a book. He is here, close to the small door that opens on to the Piazzetta, the nearest to the sea of all the saints in St. Mark's, because he is the sea saint, the patron of all ports, and especially of Venice. He was, it is well known, with St. George and St. Mark, one of the three saints who saved Venice from the demon ship in the storm when St. Mark gave to the fisherman the famous ring.

There now remain for the traveller's examination the three vaults of the Baptistery, the arches leading from one

* The letters underlined are unintelligible, as otherwise the legend follows the Vulgate. Possibly the words have been retouched, and the letters incorrectly restored.

division of the chapel to another, and the spandrils which support the font and altar domes. In the arch leading from the west end of the chapel to the font are the four evangelists; in that leading from the dome over the font to that over the altar are four saints, whilst in the spandrils of the two last-named domes are, over the font, the four Greek, and over the altar the four Latin fathers.

147. (IV.) The Four Evangelists.

S. LUCAS EVG.

St. Luke is writing in a book, and has written a letter and a half, possibly QV, the first two letters of Quoniam—"Forasmuch"—which is the opening word of his Gospel.

S. MARCVS EVG.

St. Mark is sharpening his pencil, and has a pair of pincers on his desk.

S. IOHES EVG.

St. John is represented as very old,—alluding of course to his having written his Gospel late in life.

S. MATHEV' EVG.

St. Matthew is writing, and just dipping his pen in the ink.

148. (V.) Four Saints—*St. Anthony, St. Pietro Urseolo, St. Isidore, St. Theodore.*[1]

a. St. Anthony (on the left at the bottom of the arch).

IL B EA
TO AN
TON IO "Il beato Antonio di Bresa."
DI BR
E SA

St. Anthony is the hermit saint. He stands here with clasped hands, and at his side is a skull, the sign of penitence.

[1] [On the arch between the font and the altar.]

He wears, as in many other pictures of him, a monk's dress, in allusion to his being the founder of ascetic monachism. His "temptations" are well known.[1]

b. St. Pietro Urseolo (above St. Anthony).

✠ BEA TUS
PETR V'VRSI
O DUXS
LO VENED

"Beatus Petrus Ursiolo dux(s) Vened."
"The blessed Pietro Urseolo, Doge of the Venetians."

This Doge turned monk. Influenced by the teaching of the abbot Guarino, when he came to Venice from his convent in Guyenne, Pietro left his ducal palace one September night, fled from Venice, and shut himself up in the monastery of Cusano, where he remained for nineteen years, till his death in 997.

Here he is represented as a monk in a white robe, with a black cloak. He holds in his hand the Doge's cap, which he has doffed for ever, and as he looks upwards, there shines down on him a ray of light, in the centre of which is seen the Holy Dove.

c. St. Isidore (opposite the Doge).

S. ISIDORVS MARTIR (?)

This is St. Isidore of Chios, a martyr saint, who perished during the persecutions of the Christians by the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250. He appears to have been much worshipped at Venice, where he is buried. Here he is seen dressed as a warrior, and bearing a shield and a lily, the symbol of purity.*

d. St. Theodore. S. THEODOR. M.

He is with St. George, St. Demetrius, and St. Mercurius, one of the four Greek warrior saints of Christendom, besides

* See *Stones of Venice* (complete edition), vol. ii. chap. viii. § 127, and vol. iii. chap. ii. § 61. His body was brought to Venice with that of St. Donato in 1126 by the Doge Domenico Michiel. See *ante*, § 11.

[1] [The inscription, however, makes it clear that it is not St. Anthony, the anchorite of the famous temptations and the founder of monachism, but "Anthony of Brescia."]

being, of course, the patron saint of Venice. He is martyr as well as warrior, having fired the temple of Cybele, and perished in the flames, A.D. 300.

The four saints upon this arch thus represent two forms of Christian service; St. Anthony and the Doge being chosen as types of asceticism, and the other two as examples of actual martyrdom.

149. (VI.) THE FOUR GREEK FATHERS—*St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzenus, St. Basil the Great, and St. Athanasius* (on the spandrils of the central dome).

a. S. IOHES CRISOSTOMOS PATKA (patriarch), on the right of the door leading into the church.

He has no mitre, being one of the Greek Fathers, who are thus distinguished from the Latin Fathers, all of whom, except St. Jerome (the cardinal), wear mitres.

He bears a scroll—

✠ REG
NVM.I
NTRA
BIT.Q
VĒ.FON
S.PVR
VS ANT
E.LAV
ABIT

"Regnum intrabit, quem fons purus ante lavabit."
"He, whom a pure fount shall first wash, shall enter the kingdom."

b. S. GREGORIVS NAZIANZENUS (to the right of St. John Chrysostom). He is represented, as he usually is, as old and worn with fasting. On his scroll is written—

✠ QVO
DNA
TURA
TULI
T XPS
BAPTI
SMAT
ECV
RAT

"Quod natura tulit Christus baptismate curat."
"What nature has brought, Christ by baptism cures."

c. S. BASIL (to the right of his friend St. Gregory). St. Basil the Great, the founder of monachism in the East, began his life of devotion in early youth, and is here represented as a young man. The order of the Basilicans is still the only order in the Greek Church. His scroll has—

✠ UT SO
LE EST
PRIMUM
LUX(MŪ
DI FIDE
BAT̄IS
MUM)

"Ut sole est primum lux mundi, fide baptismum."
"As by the sun we first have the light of the world, so by faith we have baptism."

d. S. ATHANASIUS, old and white haired. His scroll runs—

✠ UT UN
UM EST
NUM
EN SI
C SACR
OMU
NERE
FLV
MEN

"Ut unum est numen, sic sacro munere flumen."
"As the Godhead is one, so by divine ordinance is the river (of God?)" (?).

150. (VII.) THE FOUR LATIN FATHERS—*St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory the Great* (on the spandrils of the altar dome).

The light here is very bad; and even after accustoming himself to it, the reader will hardly be able to do more than see that all four figures have books before them, in which they are writing, apparently in Greek characters. What they have written—in no case more than a few letters—it is impossible to decipher from the floor of the chapel. St. Jerome wears his cardinal's hat and robes, and St. Ambrose has his bee-hive near him, in allusion to the

story that when in his cradle a swarm of bees once lighted on his lips and did not sting him.

The visitor has thus examined all the mosaics except those of the three domes. He must now, therefore, return from near the altar to the further end of the chapel, and take first the vaulting (for accurately this is not a dome) of that part of the roof.

151. (VIII.) Christ and the Prophets.

In the centre is Christ, surrounded by the prophets and patriarchs of the Old Testament, each of whom unfolds a scroll and displays on it a portion of his own prophecy.

Standing with his back to the altar, the visitor will thus see to the left of the Christ, Zephaniah and Elisha, and to his right Isaiah and Hosea.

I. *ZEPHANIAH.* SOPHONIAS P̃HA (propheta).

His scroll runs thus:—

EXPE
TA ME
IN DIE
RESU
RECT
IONIS
MEE
QUO
NIAM
IU

"Expecta me in die resurrectionis meæ quoniam ju(dicium meum ut congregem gentes)."

See Zeph. iii. 8. This legend is shortened, and not quite accurately quoted, from the Vulgate. Our version is:—

"Wait ye upon me until the day that I rise up . . . for my determination is to gather the nations. . . ."

II. *ELISHA.* ELISEAS P̃HA

Scroll:—PATER
MI PA
TER MI
CURRU'
ISRAEL
ETAU
RIGA
EIVS

"Pater mi, pater mi, currus Israel et auriga ejus."

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

2 Kings ii. 12.

III. *ISAIAH.* ISAIAS
PH̃A

Scroll:—ECCE V
IRGO^e
CIPIET
ET PAR
IET FILI
UM ET V
OCABIT
UR NOM̄

"Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium et vocabitur nom(en ejus Emmanuel)."
"Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." *
Isa. vii. 14.

IV. *HOSEA.* OSIA
PH̃A

Scroll:—VENIT
EET RE
VERTA
MURAD
DOMINŪ
QVIA
IPSE CE
PIT ET
SANA

"Venite et revertamur ad dominum quia ipse cepit et sana(bit nos)."
"Come and let us return unto the Lord, for he has torn and he will heal us."
Hosea vi. 1.

152. Then turning round and facing the altar, we have, to the left of the Christ, Jeremiah and Elijah; to the right, Abraham and Joel.

V. *JEREMIAH.* JEREMIAS
PH̃A

Scroll:—HIC EST
DEVS
NOSTER
ET NON
EXTIMA
BITUR
ALIVS

"Hic est Deus noster et non extimabitur alius."
"This is our God, and none other shall be feared."

* Isaiah is constantly represented with these words on his scroll, as, for example, on the roof of the Arena Chapel at Padua, and on the western porches of the cathedral of Verona.

vi. *ELIJAH.* ELIA
PHA

Scroll:—DOMIN
ESICO
NUER
SUS
AVEN
IT PO
PVLVS
TV
VS

"Domine si(c) conversus avenit populus tuus."
"Lord, thus are thy people come against thee."
This is not biblical. It is noticeable that Elijah, unlike the other prophets, who look at the spectator, is turning to the Christ, whom he addresses.

vii. *ABRAHAM.* ABRAN
PHA

Scroll:—VISITA
VIT DO
MINUS
SARAM
SICUT
PROMI
SERAT

"Visitavit (autem) dominus Saram sicut promiserat."
"The Lord visited Sarah as he had said."
Gen. xxi. 1.

viii. *JOEL.* JOEL
PHA

Scroll:—SUPER
SERVO(S)
MEOSET
SUPERA
NCILAS
ERUNDA
MDES
PVMEO

"Super servos meos et super ancillas effundam de spiritu meo." *
"Upon my men servants and handmaids will I pour out (of) my spirit."
Joel ii. 29.

153. Then, still facing the altar, there are, on the wall to the right, David and Solomon; on that to the left, above the Baptism of Christ, Obadiah and Jonah.

ix. *DAVID.* DAVID
PHA

Scroll:—FILIUS
MEV.E
STU.E
GO.H
ODIE.
GEN
UI.T
E

"Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te."
"Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee."
Psalm ii. 7.

* The mosaic has apparently "erundam" for "effundam," possibly a restorer's error. The Vulgate has "spiritum neum," for "de spiritu meo."

x. *SOLOMON.* SALOMON
PHA

Scroll:—QVESI
VI.ILLV
M.ETNO
NINVEN
I.IŪENE
RUT.IN
ME.VIGI
LE.QVI
CUTO
DIUT
CIUI
TA
TEM.

"Quæsivi illum et non inveni. Invenerunt in me vigiles qui custodiunt civitatem."
"I sought him, but I found him not. The watchmen that go about the city found (or 'came upon') me."
Song of Solomon, iii. 2, 3.

xi. *OBADIAH.* ABDIAS
PHA

Scroll:—ECCE
PARV
ULVM
DEDI
TTE
INGE
NTI
BV
S

"Ecce parvulum dedit te in gentibus."
"Behold he has made thee small among the heathen."
Obadiah 2.
(Vulgate has "dedi": and so has our Bible "I have.")

xii. *JONAH.* JONAS
PHA

Scroll:—CLAMA
VIADD
OMINU
MEEX
AUDI
VITME
DETR
IBULA
TIO
N
MEA.

"Clamavi ad dominum et exaudivit me de tribulatione mea."
"I cried by reason of my affliction to the Lord, and he heard me."
Jonah ii. 2.

154. (IX.) CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES. (See *ante*, § 94.) Passing now to under the central dome, Christ is again seen enthroned in the midst, no longer, however, of the prophets, but of his own disciples. He is no longer the Messiah, but the risen Christ. He wears gold and red, the

emblems of royalty; his right hand is raised in blessing; his left holds the resurrection banner and a scroll. The marks of the nails are visible in his hands and feet here only; they are not to be seen, of course, in the previous vaulting, nor are they in the third or altar dome, where he sits enthroned triumphant as the Heavenly King.

Scroll:—EVNTES
INMV̄DV̄
UNIVES
VM.PRE
DICHAT
EEVAN
GELIV
MOM̄IC
REATU
REQI
CRE̅DI
DERI
TEBA
PTIS
ATU

"Euntes in mundum universum prædicate evangelium omni creaturæ. Qui crediderit et baptizatu(s fuerit salvus erit)."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

St. Mark xvi. 15, 16.

Below, right round the dome, are the twelve Apostles, baptizing each in the country with which his ministry is actually or by tradition most associated. A list of them has been already given (*ante*, § 94), with their countries, except that of St. Bartholomew, which is there noted as "indecipherable." It is, however, legible as India.

155. Each Apostle is the centre of a similar group, consisting of the Apostle himself, his convert, in the moment of baptism, and a third figure whose position is doubtful.[1] He may be awaiting baptism, already baptized, or merely an attendant: in the group of St. James the Less, he holds a towel; in that of St. Thomas, a cross; and in every case he wears the costume of the country where the baptism is taking place. Thus, to take the most striking instances, St. Philip's Phrygian has the red Phrygian cap; St. Peter's Roman is a Roman soldier; the Indians of St. Thomas and

[1] [The figure is that of the *padrino*, or sponsor.]

St. Bartholomew are (except for some slight variety of colour) both dressed alike, and wear turbans. Behind the figures is in each group a building, also characteristic architecturally of the given country. In two instances there is seen a tree growing out of this building, namely, in the case of Palestine and in that of Achaia; but whether or no with any special meaning or allusion may be doubtful.

The inscriptions are as follows (see *ante*, § 94):—

SCS IOHES EVG BAPTIZA . .	I EFESO
S. IACOB MINOR	I JUDEA
S. PHVLIP	I FRIGIA
S. MATHEV'	I ETIOPIA
S. SIMEON	I EGIPTV̄
S. TOMAS	IN INDIA
S. ANDRE	I ACHAIA
S. PETRV'	IN ROMA
S. BARTOLOMEV'	I INDIA
S. TADEV'	I MESOPOTAMIA
S. MATIAS	I PALESTIN
SCS MARCUS EVS	I ALESANDRIA

156. In this list, most careful reference is made, as has been said, to the various traditions concerning the places of each Apostle's special ministry, the main tradition being always followed in cases of doubt. Thus, St. John was bishop of Ephesus; St. James the Less bishop of Jerusalem, where he received St. Paul, and introduced him to the Church; St. Philip laboured in Phrygia, and is said to have died at Hierapolis; St. Matthew chiefly in Ethiopia; St. Simeon in Egypt; and St. Thomas (though this may be by confusion with another Thomas) is said to have preached in India and founded the Church at Malabar, where his tomb is shown, and "Christians of St. Thomas" is still a name for the Church. So, again, St. Andrew preached in Achaia, and was there crucified at Patræ; the connection of St. Peter with Rome needs no comment; both Jerome and Eusebius assign India to St. Bartholomew; St. Thaddæus or Jude preached in Syria and Arabia, and died at Edessa;

the first fifteen years of the ministry of St. Matias were spent in Palestine; and lastly, St. Mark is reported to have been sent by St. Peter to Egypt, and there founded the Church at Alexandria.

157. (X.) Christ and the Angels.

We pass lastly to the altar-dome, already partly described in the "Requiem" chapter of this book (§ 95).

In the centre is Christ triumphant, enthroned on the stars, with the letters $\overline{\text{IC}}$ $\overline{\text{XC}}$ once more on either side of him. In the circle with him are two angels, whose wings veil all but their faces; round it are nine other angels, ruby-coloured for love, and bearing flaming torches. "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire."[1]

Lower down round the dome are the "angels and archangels and all the company of heaven," who "laud and magnify his glorious name." These heavenly agencies are divided into three hierarchies, each of three choirs, and these nine choirs are given round this vault.

Hierarchy I. . . .	Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.
Hierarchy II. . . .	Dominations, Virtues, Powers.
Hierarchy III. . . .	Princedoms, Archangels, Angels.

"The first three choirs receive their glory immediately from God, and transmit it to the second; the second illuminate the third; the third are placed in relation to the created universe and man. The first hierarchy are as councillors; the second as governors; the third as ministers. The Seraphim are absorbed in perpetual love and adoration immediately round the throne of God; the Cherubim know and worship; the Thrones sustain the seat of the Most High. The Dominations, Virtues, Powers, are the regents of the stars and elements. The three last orders—Princedoms, Archangels, and Angels—are the protectors of the great monarchies on

[1] [Psalms civ. 4: see above, p. 102.]

earth, and the executors of the will of God throughout the universe." *

The visitor can see for himself how accurately this statement is borne out by the mosaics of the altar-dome. Immediately over the altar, and nearest therefore to the presence of God, is the Cherubim, "the Lords of those that know," [1] with the words "fulness of knowledge," "plenitudo scientiæ," on his heart; to the left is the Seraphim; to the right the Thrones, "sustaining the seat of the Most High." Further to the right come the Dominations—an armed angel, holding in one hand a balance, in the other a spear. In one scale of the balance is a man, in the other the book of the law; and this latter scale is being just snatched at by a winged demon, who, grovelling on the ground, turns round to meet the spear of the angel. Opposite the Dominations are the Princedoms or Principalities, another armed angel, wearing a helmet and calmly seated among the stars; and the Powers ("potestates") with a black devil chained at his feet. The Virtues come next, with a skeleton in a grave below, and at the back a pillar of fire; and, lastly, the Angels and Archangels, "the executors of the will of God throughout the universe," are seen nearest to the gospel-dome, standing above a rocky cave, in which are three figures. They appear to have various functions in the resurrection; the angel holds out a swathed man to the archangel, who holds a man (perhaps the same man), from whom the grave-clothes are falling. Between them they thus complete the resurrection of the dead.

158. It remains only for the visitor to observe, before leaving the chapel, the manner in which its different parts are related to each other. Upon the arch at the entrance to the gospel-dome are the Four Evangelists; on that which prefaces the altar-dome, with its display of heavenly triumph,

* Mrs. Jameson's *Legendary Art*, p. 45.

[1] [See Mrs. Jameson, ch. i., from which the quotations here are taken.]

are four saints "militant here on earth." But it is the domes themselves whose meaning is most evidently connected. In all, the same Figure is seen in the centre, surrounded in the first by the prophets of the Old Testament, in the second by the Apostles, in the third by the heavenly choirs, the three together thus proclaiming the promise, the ministry, and the triumph of the prophesied, crucified, and glorified Christ.

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS,
DOMINUS, DEUS, OMNIPOTENS,
QUI ERAT, QUI EST, ET QUI VENTURUS EST.

Rev. iv. 8.

CHAPTER X

THE SHRINE OF THE SLAVES*

159. Counting the canals which, entering the city from the open lagoon, must be crossed as you walk from the Piazzetta towards the Public Gardens, the fourth, called the "Rio della Pietà," from the unfinished church of the Pietà, facing the quay before you reach it, will presently, if you go down it in gondola, and pass the Campo di S. Antonin, permit your landing at some steps on the right, in front of a little chapel of indescribable architecture, chiefly made up of foolish spiral flourishes, which yet, by their careful execution and shallow mouldings, are seen to belong to a time of refined temper. Over its door are two bas-reliefs. That of St. Catherine leaning on her wheel seems to me anterior in date to the other, and is very lovely; the second is contemporary with the cinque-cento building, and fine also; but notable chiefly for the conception of the dragon as a creature formidable rather by its gluttony than its malice, and degraded beneath the level of all other spirits of

* [Preface (*now printed as a footnote*).—The following (too imperfect) account of the pictures by Carpaccio in the chapel of San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, is properly a supplement to the part of *St. Mark's Rest* in which I propose to examine the religious mind of Venice in the fifteenth century; but I publish these notes prematurely that they may the sooner become helpful, according to their power, to the English traveller.

The next chapter contains the analysis by my fellow-worker, Mr. James Reddie Anderson, of the mythological purport of the pictures here described. I separate Mr. Anderson's work thus distinctly from my own, that he may have the entire credit of it; but the reader will soon perceive that it is altogether necessary, both for the completion and the proof of my tentative statements; and that without the certificate of his scholarly investigation, it would have been lost time to prolong the account of my own conjectures or impressions.]

prey; its wings having wasted away into mere paddles or flappers, having in them no faculty or memory of flight; its throat stretched into the flaccidity of a sack, its tail swollen into a molluscous encumbrance, like an enormous worm; and the human head beneath its paw symbolizing therefore the subjection of the human nature to the most brutal desires.

160. When I came to Venice last year,[1] it was with resolute purpose of finding out everything that could be known of the circumstances which led to the building, and determined style, of this chapel—or, more strictly, sacred hall—of the School of the Schiavoni. But day after day the task was delayed by some more pressing subject of inquiry; and, at this moment—resolved at last to put what notes I have on the contents of it at once together,—I find myself reduced to copy, without any additional illustration, the statement of Flaminio Corner.*

161. "In the year 1451, some charitable men of the Illyrian or Sclavonic nation, many of whom were sailors, moved by praiseworthy compassion, in that they saw many of their fellow-countrymen, though deserving well of the republic, perish miserably, either of hard life or hunger, nor have enough to pay the expenses of church burial, determined to establish a charitable brotherhood under the invocation of the holy martyrs St. George and St. Trifon —brotherhood whose pledge was to succour poor sailors, and others of their nation, in their grave need, whether by reason of sickness or old age, and to conduct their bodies, after death, religiously to burial. Which design was approved by the Council of Ten, in a decree dated 19th May, 1451; after which, they obtained from the pity of the Prior of the Monastery of St. John of Jerusalem, Lorenzo Marcello, the convenience of a hospice in the

* *Notizie Storiche*, Venice, 1758, p. 167.[2]

[1] [In 1876: see above, Introduction, pp. xxxiv. *seq.*]

[2] [Flaminio Cornaro: *Notizie Storiche delle Chiese e Monasteri di Venezia*, published at Padua.]

buildings of the Priory, with rooms such as were needful for their meetings; and the privilege of building an altar in the church, under the title of St. George and Trifon, the martyrs; with the adjudgment of an annual rent of four zecchins, two loaves, and a pound of wax, to be offered to the Priory on the feast of St. George. Such were the beginnings of the brotherhood, called that of St. George of the Sclavonians.

"Towards the close of the fifteenth century, the old hospice being ruinous, the fraternity took counsel to raise from the foundations a more splendid new one, under the title of the Martyr St. George, which was brought to completion, with its façade of marble, in the year 1501."

162. The hospice granted by the pity of the Prior of St. John cannot have been very magnificent, if this little chapel be indeed much more splendid; nor do I yet know what rank the school of the Sclavonians held, in power or number, among the other minor fraternities of Venice.[1] The relation of the national character of the Dalmatians and Illyrians, not only to Venice, but to Europe, I find to be of far more deep and curious interest than is commonly supposed; and in the case of the Venetians, traceable back at least to the days of Herodotus; for the festival of the Brides of Venice, and its interruption by the Illyrian pirates, is one of the curious proofs of the grounds he had for naming the Venetians as one of the tribes of the Illyrians, and ascribing to them, alone among European races, the same practice as that of the Babylonians with respect to the dowries of their marriageable girls.

163. How it chanced that while the entire Riva,—the chief quay in Venice—was named from the Sclavonians, they were yet obliged to build their school on this narrow canal,

[1] ["The confraternity," says Molmenti, "was one of the most flourishing in Venice. It was instituted to unite, by means of religious bonds, the Dalmatians resident in Venice, but also in other ways to favour their interests. The confraternity obtained special privileges from the Republic, and, in 1640, Pope Urban VIII. accorded them particular indulgences" (*Carpaccio, son Temps et son Œuvre*, Venezia, 1893, cap. x. p. 117).]

and prided themselves on the magnificence of so small a building, I have not ascertained, nor who the builder was;[1] —his style, differing considerably from all the Venetian practice of the same date, by its refusal at once of purely classic forms, and of elaborate ornament, becoming insipidly grotesque, and chastely barbarous, in a quite unexampled degree, is noticeable enough, if we had not better things to notice within the unpretending doorway. Entering, we find ourselves in a little room about the size of the commercial parlour in an old-fashioned English inn; perhaps an inch or two higher in the ceiling, which is of good horizontal beams, narrow and many, for effect of richness; painted and gilded, also now, tawdrily enough, but always in some such patterns as you see. At the end of the low room, is an altar, with doors on the right and left of it in the sides of the room, opening the one into the sacristy, the other to the stairs leading to the upper chapel. All the rest mere flat wall, wainscoted two-thirds up, eight feet or so, leaving a third of the height, say four feet, claiming some kind of decent decoration. Which modest demand you perceive to be modestly supplied, by pictures, fitting that measure in height, and running long or short as suits their subjects; ten altogether (or with the altar-piece,[2] eleven), of which nine are worth your looking at.

164. Not as very successfully decorative work, I admit. A modern Parisian upholsterer, or clever Kensington student, would have done for you a far surpassing splendour in a few hours: all that we can say here, at the utmost, is that the place looks comfortable, and, especially, warm,— the pictures having the effect, you will feel presently, of a soft evening sunshine on the walls, or glow from embers on some peaceful hearth, cast up into the room where one sits waiting for dear friends, in twilight.

165. In a little while, if you still look with general

[1] [He was Giovanni da Zen, the chief builder of the Arsenal.]

[2] [A "Virgin and Child," the work of Vincenzo Catena, but much restored. The remaining picture (on the left wall) is "The Resurrection," by Aliense (1556–1629), a scholar of Paolo Veronese.]

glance, yet patiently, this warmth will resolve itself into a kind of chequering, as of an Eastern carpet, or old-fashioned English sampler, of more than usually broken and sudden variegation; nay, suggestive here and there of a wayward patchwork, verging into grotesqueness, or even, with some touch of fantasy in masque, into harlequinade,—like a tapestry for a Christmas night in a home a thousand years old, to adorn a carol of honoured knights with honouring queens.

166. Thus far sentient of the piece, for all is indeed here but one,—go forward a little, please, to the second picture on the left, wherein, central, is our now accustomed friend, St. George: stiff and grotesque, even to humorousness, you will most likely think him, with his dragon in a singularly depressed and, as it were, water-logged, state. Never mind him, or the dragon, just now: but take a good opera-glass, and look therewith steadily and long at the heads of the two princely riders on the left—the Saracen king and his daughter—he in high white turban, she beyond him in the crimson cap, high, like a castle tower.

Look well and long. For truly,—and with hard-earned and secure knowledge of such matters, I tell you, through all this round world of ours, searching what the best life of it has done of brightest in all its times and years,—you shall not find another piece quite the like of that little piece of work, for supreme, serene, unassuming, unfaltering sweetness of painter's perfect art. Over every other precious thing, of such things known to me, it rises, in the compass of its simplicity; in being able to gather the perfections of the joy of extreme childhood, and the joy of a hermit's age, with the strength and sunshine of mid-life, all in one.

Which is indeed more or less true of all Carpaccio's work and mind; but in this piece you have it set in close jewellery, radiant, inestimable.

167. Extreme joy of childhood, I say. No little lady in her first red shoes,—no soldier's baby seeing himself in the glass beneath his father's helmet, is happier in laugh

than Carpaccio, as he heaps and heaps his Sultan's snowy crest, and crowns his pretty lady with her ruby tower. No desert hermit is more temperate; no ambassador on perilous policy more subtle; no preacher of first Christian gospel to a primitive race more earnest or tender. The wonderfullest of Venetian Harlequins this,—variegated, like Geryon, to the innermost mind of him—to the lightest gleam of his pencil: "Con più color sommesse e sopraposte Non fer mai in drappo Tartari nè Turchi";[1] and all for good.

Of course you will not believe me at first,—nor indeed, till you have unwoven many a fibre of his silk and gold. I had no idea of the make of it myself, till this last year, when I happily had beguiled to Venice one of my best young Oxford men, eager as myself to understand this historic tapestry, and finer fingered than I, who once getting hold of the fringes of it, has followed them thread by thread through all the gleaming damask, and read it clear; whose account of the real meaning of all these pictures you shall have presently in full.

168. But first, we will go round the room to know what is here to read, and take inventory of our treasures; and I will tell you only the little I made out myself, which is all that, without more hard work than can be got through to-day, you are likely either to see in them or believe of them.

First, on the left, then, St. George and the Dragon—combatant both, to the best of their powers; perfect each in their natures of dragon and knight. No dragon that I know of, pictured among mortal worms; no knight I know of, pictured in immortal chivalry, so perfect, each in his kind, as these two. What else is visible on the battle-ground, of living creature,—frog, newt, or viper,—no less admirable in their kind. The small black viper, central, I have painted carefully for the schools of Oxford as a Natural

[1] [Dante's description of Geryon (*Inferno*, xvii. 16, 17): "Colours variegated more Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state With interchangeable embroidery wove" (Cary); quoted also in Vol. VII. p. 400.]

Saint George and the Dragon

Photo Alinari

The Triumph of St. George
The Baptism of the Sultan
St. Tryphonius and the Basilisk

History study, such as Oxford schools prefer.[1] St. George, for my own satisfaction, also as well as I could, in the year 1872; and hope to get him some day better done, for an example to Sheffield in iron-armour, and several other things.[2]

169. Picture second, the one I first took you to see, is of the Dragon led into the market-place of the Sultan's capital[3]—submissive: the piece of St. George's spear, which has gone through the back of his head, being used as a bridle: but the creature indeed now little needing one, being otherwise subdued enough; an entirely collapsed and confounded dragon, all his bones dissolved away; prince and people gazing as he returns to his dust.

170. Picture third, on the left side of the altar.*

The Sultan and his daughter are baptized by St. George.[4]

Triumphant festival of baptism, as at the new birthday of two kingly spirits. Trumpets and shawms[5] high in resounding transport; yet something of comic no less than rapturous in the piece; a beautiful scarlet—"parrot" (must we call him?) conspicuously mumbling at a violet flower under the steps;[6] him also—finding him the scarletest and mumblingest parrot I had ever seen—I tried to paint in 1872 for the Natural History Schools of Oxford[7]—perhaps a new species, or extinct old one, to immortalize Carpaccio's name and mind. When all the imaginative arts shall be known no more, perhaps, in Darwinian Museum, this scarlet "Epops Carpaccii" may preserve our fame.

* The intermediate oblong on the lateral wall is not Carpaccio's, and is good for nothing.[8]

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[1] [The drawing of the viper was at the time No. 171 in the Educational Series, but Ruskin afterwards removed it: see Vol. XXI. p. 90.]

[2] [There are in the Ruskin Museum two studies by him of the picture—one, a sepia sketch of the whole picture (Plate LX.); the other, a water-colour drawing of the upper part of the figure of St. George (Plate LXIX., below, p. 384).]

[3] [The upper subject on Plate LXI. There is a design for this picture in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.]

[4] [The middle subject on Plate LXI.]

[5] [Psalms xcviii. 7 (Prayer-book version).]

[6] [Compare § 28 (above, p. 230).]

[7] [No. 161 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 89); here reproduced, Plate LXII. Compare *Love's Meinie*, § 37 (Vol. XXV. p. 42).]

[8] [See above, p. 333 *n.*]

But the quaintest thing of all is St. George's own attitude in baptizing. He has taken a good platterful of water to pour on the Sultan's head. The font of inlaid bronze below is quite flat, and the splash is likely to be spreading. St. George—carefullest of saints, it seems, in the smallest matters—is holding his mantle back well out of the way. I suppose, really and truly, the instinctive action would have been this, pouring at the same time so that the splash might be towards himself, and not over the Sultan.

With its head close to St. George's foot, you see a sharp-eared white dog, with a red collar round his neck. Not a greyhound, by any means; but an awkward animal; stupid-looking, and not much like a saint's dog. Nor is it in the least interested in the baptism, which a saint's dog would certainly have been.[1] The mumbling parrot, and he —what *can* they have to do with the proceedings? A very comic picture!

171. But this next,—for a piece of sacred art, what can we say of it?[2]

St. Tryphonius and the Basilisk—was ever so simple a saint, ever so absurd a beast? as if the absurdity of all heraldic beasts that ever were, had been hatched into one perfect absurdity—prancing there on the steps of the throne, self-satisfied;—*this* the beast whose glance is mortal! And little St. Tryphonius, with nothing remarkable about him more than is in every good little boy, for all I can see.

And the worst of it is that I don't happen to know anything about St. Tryphonius, whom I mix up a little with Trophonius,[3] and his cave; also I am not very clear about the difference between basilisks and cockatrices; and on the whole find myself reduced, in this picture, to admiring the carpets with the crosses on them hung out of the

[1] [The Arundel Society's notice, issued with a chromo-lithograph of this picture, says: "A kneeling attendant bears the royal turban, keeping his foot on the leash of a hound, which belongs, by the way, to the King, and not to the Saint."]

[2] [The lower subject on Plate LXI.]

[3] [Of St. Tryphonius, martyred in A.D. 250, the legend is that by his fervent prayers he obtained grace to calm the fury of a basilisk which was devastating Albania. For Trophonius, the architect of Apollo's temple at Delphi, who was swallowed up alive in the earth, and gave oracles in a cave, see Pausanias, ix. 37.]

"Epops Carpaccii"

window,[1] which, if you will examine with opera-glass, you will be convinced, I think, that nobody can do the like of them by rules, at Kensington; and that if you really care to have carpets as good as they can be, you must get somebody to design them who can draw saints and basilisks too.

Note, also, the group under the loggia which the staircase leads up to, high on the left. It is a picture in itself; far more lovely as a composition than the finest Titian or Veronese, simple and pleasant this as the summer air, and lucent as morning cloud.

On the other side also there are wonderful things, only there's a black figure there that frightens me; I can't make it out at all; and would rather go on to the next picture, please.

Stay—I forgot the arabesque on the steps, with the living plants taking part in the ornament, like voices chanting here and there a note, as some pretty tune follows its melodious way, on constant instruments. Nature and art at play with each other—graceful and gay alike, yet all the while conscious that they are at play round the steps of a throne, and under the paws of a basilisk.

172. The fifth picture is in the darkest recess of all the room; and of darkest theme,—the Agony in the garden. I have never seen it rightly, nor need you pause at it, unless to note the extreme naturalness of the action in the sleeping figures—their dresses drawn tight under them as they have turned, restlessly. But the principal figure is hopelessly invisible.

173. The sixth picture is of the calling of Matthew;[2] visible, this, in a bright day, and worth waiting for one, to see it in, through any stress of weather.

For, indeed, the Gospel which the publican wrote for us, with its perfect Sermon on the Mount, and mostly more

[1] [Ruskin notes elsewhere that "Carpaccio trusts for the chief splendour of any festa in cities to the patterns of the draperies hung out of windows (*Bible of Amiens*, ch. i. § 2 *n.*)]

[2] [Plate LXIII.; the picture has been published in chromo-lithography by the Arundel Society. For a reference to it, see "The Story of Edwige" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (in a later volume).]

harmonious and gentle fulness, in places where St. Luke is formal, St. John mysterious, and St. Mark brief,—this Gospel, according to St. Matthew, I should think, if we had to choose one out of all the books in the Bible for a prison or desert friend, would be the one we should keep.

And we do not enough think how much that leaving the receipt of custom meant, as a sign of the man's nature, who was to leave us such a notable piece of literature.

174. Yet observe, Carpaccio does not mean to express the fact, or anything like the fact, of the literal calling of Matthew. What the actual character of the publicans of Jerusalem was at that time, in its general aspect, its admitted degradation, and yet power of believing, with the harlot,[1] what the masters and the mothers in Israel could not believe, it is not his purpose to teach you. This call from receipt of custom, he takes for the symbol of the universal call to leave all that we have, and are doing. "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple."[2] For the other calls were easily obeyed in comparison of this. To leave one's often empty nets and nightly toil on sea, and become fishers of men,[3] probably you might find pescatori enough on the Riva there, within a hundred paces of you, who would take the chance at once, if any gentle person offered it them. James and Jude —Christ's cousins—no thanks to them for following Him; their own home conceivably no richer than His. Thomas and Philip, I suppose, somewhat thoughtful persons on spiritual matters, questioning of them long since; going out to hear St. John preach, and to see whom he had seen. But *this* man, busy in the place of business—engaged in the interests of foreign governments—thinking no more of an Israelite Messiah than Mr. Goschen,[4] but only of Egyptian finance, and the like—suddenly the Messiah, passing by, says "Follow me!" and he rises up, gives Him his hand.

[1] [John viii. 2–11.]
[2] [Luke xiv. 33.]
[3] [Matthew iv. 19.]
[4] [In 1876 Mr. Goschen undertook, on behalf of the Foreign Bondholders, a mission to Cairo to reorganise the public debt of Egypt.]

Photo Alinari Allen & Co Sc

The Calling of St. Matthew

From the picture by Carpaccio

"Yea! to the death;" and absconds from his desk in that electric manner on the instant, leaving his cash-box unlocked, and his books for whoso list to balance!—a very remarkable kind of person indeed, it seems to me.

Carpaccio takes him, as I said, for a type of such sacrifice at its best. Everything (observe in passing) is here given you of the best. Dragon deadliest—knight purest—parrot scarletest—basilisk absurdest—publican publicanest;—a perfect type of the life spent in taxing one's neighbour, exacting duties, per-centages, profits in general, in a due and virtuous manner.

175. For do not think Christ would have called a bad or corrupt publican—much less that a bad or corrupt publican would have obeyed the call. Your modern English evangelical doctrine that Christ has a special liking for the souls of rascals is the absurdest basilisk of a doctrine that ever pranced on judgment steps. That which is *lost* He comes to save,[1]—yes; but not that which is defiantly going the way He has forbidden. He showed you plainly enough what kind of publican He would call, having chosen two, both of the best: "Behold, Lord, if I have taken anything from any man, I restore it fourfold!"[2]—a beautiful manner of trade. Carpaccio knows well that there were no defalcations from Levi's chest — no oppressions in his tax-gathering. This whom he has painted is a true merchant of Venice, uprightest and gentlest of the merchant race; yet with a glorious pride in him. What merchant but one of Venice would have ventured to take Christ's hand, as his friend's—as one man takes another's? Not repentant, he, of anything he has done; not crushed or terrified by Christ's call; but rejoicing in it, as meaning Christ's praise and love. "Come up higher then, for there are nobler treasures than these to count, and a nobler King than this to render account to. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."[3]

[1] [See Matthew xviii. 11.]
[2] [Luke xix. 8.]
[3] [See Luke xiv. 10; Matthew xxv. 21.]

A lovely picture, in every sense and power of painting; natural, and graceful, and quiet, and pathetic;—divinely religious, yet as decorative and dainty as a bank of violets in spring.

176. But the next picture![1] How was ever such a thing allowed to be put in a church? Nothing surely could be more perfect in comic art. St. Jerome, forsooth, introducing his novice lion to monastic life, with the resulting effect on the vulgar monastic mind.

Do not imagine for an instant that Carpaccio does not see the jest in all this, as well as you do,—perhaps even a little better. "Ask for him to-morrow, indeed, and you shall find him a grave man;"[2] but, to-day, Mercutio himself is not more fanciful, nor Shakespeare himself more gay in his fancy of "the gentle beast and of a good conscience," than here the painter as he drew his delicately smiling lion with his head on one side like a Perugino's saint, and his left paw raised, partly to show the thorn wound, partly in deprecation,—

> "For if I should, as lion, come in strife
> Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."[3]

The flying monks are scarcely at first intelligible but as white and blue oblique masses; and there was much debate between Mr. Murray and me, as he sketched the picture for the Sheffield Museum,[4] whether the actions of flight were indeed well given or not; he maintaining that the monks were really running like Olympic archers, and that the fine drawing was only lost under the quartering of the dresses:—I on the contrary believe that Carpaccio had failed, having no gift for representing swift motion. We are probably both right; I doubt not that the running action, if Mr. Murray says so, is rightly drawn; but at this

[1] [The upper subject on Plate LXIV.]
[2] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. sc. 1.]
[3] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. sc. 1.]
[4] [See above, Introduction, p. lv.]

Photo Alinari

St. Jerome and the Lion,
Death of St. Jerome

From the pictures by Carpaccio

time, every Venetian painter had been trained to represent only slow and dignified motion, and not till fifty years later, under classic influence, came the floating and rushing force of Veronese and Tintoret.

And I am confirmed in this impression by the figure of the stag in the distance, which does not run freely, and by the imperfect gallop of St. George's horse in the first subject.

177. But there are many deeper questions respecting this St. Jerome subject than those of artistic skill. The picture is a jest indeed; but is it a jest only? Is the tradition itself a jest? or only by our own fault, and perhaps Carpaccio's, do we make it so?

In the first place, then, you will please to remember, as I have often told you, Carpaccio is not answerable for himself in this matter. He begins to think of his subject, intending, doubtless, to execute it quite seriously. But his mind no sooner fastens on it than the vision of it comes to him as a jest, and he is forced to paint it. Forced by the fates,—dealing with the fate of Venice and Christendom. We must ask of Atropos, not of Carpaccio, why this picture makes us laugh; and why the tradition it records has become to us a dream and a scorn. No day of my life passes now to its sunset, without leaving me more doubtful of all our cherished contempts, and more earnest to discover what root there was for the stories of good men, which are now the mocker's treasure.

178. And I want to read a good "Life of St. Jerome." And if I go to Mr. Ongania's I shall find, I suppose, the autobiography of George Sand, and the life of—Mr. Sterling, perhaps; and Mr. Werner, written by my own master,[1] and which indeed I've read, but forget now who either Mr. Sterling or Mr. Werner was; and perhaps, in religious literature, the life of Mr. Wilberforce and of Mrs. Fry; but not the smallest scrap of information about St. Jerome.

[1] [Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* (1851) and Essay on the *Life and Writings of Werner* (1828), now included in the first volume of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*.]

To whom, nevertheless, all the charity of George Sand, and all the ingenuity of Mr. Sterling, and all the benevolence of Mr. Wilberforce, and a great quantity, if we knew it, of the daily comfort and peace of our own little lives every day, are verily owing; as to a lovely old pair of spiritual spectacles, without whom we never had read a word of the "Protestant Bible." It is of no use, however, to begin a life of St. Jerome now—and of little use to look at these pictures without a life of St. Jerome; but only thus much you should be clear in knowing about him, as not in the least doubtful or mythical, but wholly true, and the beginning of facts quite limitlessly important to all modern Europe—namely, that he was born of good, or at least rich family, in Dalmatia,[1] virtually midway between the east and the west; that he made the great Eastern book, the Bible, legible in the west; that he was the first great teacher of the nobleness of ascetic scholarship and courtesy, as opposed to ascetic savageness: the founder, properly, of the ordered cell and tended garden, where before was but the desert and the wild wood; and that he died in the monastery he had founded at Bethlehem.

179. It is this union of gentleness and refinement with noble continence,—this love and imagination illuminating the mountain cave into a frescoed cloister, and winning its savage beasts into domestic friends, which Carpaccio has been ordered to paint for you; which, with ceaseless exquisiteness of fancy, he fills these three canvases with the incidents of,—meaning, as I believe, the story of all monastic life, and death, and spiritual life for evermore: the power of this great and wise and kind spirit, ruling in the perpetual future over all household scholarship; and the help rendered by the companion souls of the lower creatures to the highest intellect and virtue of man.[2]

[1] [At Stridonia (see *Bible of Amiens*, iii. § 34), about 346; died 420.]

[2] [In some notes on St. Jerome among Ruskin's papers, is the following account of the legend of St. Jerome and the lion from the English translation (first printed by Caxton in 1483) of Jacobus de Voragine: "On a daye towarde even Jherome satte with his brethern for to here the holy lesson, and a lyon came haltynge sodaynly in to the monasterye, and when the brethern sawe hym anone they

And if with the last picture of St. Jerome in his study,—his happy white dog watching his face—you will mentally compare a hunting piece by Rubens, or Snyders, with the torn dogs rolled along the ground in their blood,—you may perhaps begin to feel that there is something more serious in this kaleidoscope of St. George's Chapel than you at first believed—which if you now care to follow out with me, let us think over this ludicrous subject more quietly.

180. What account have we here given, voluntarily or involuntarily, of monastic life, by a man of the keenest perception, living in the midst of it? That all the monks who have caught sight of the lion should be terrified out of their wits—what a curious witness to the *timidity* of Monasticism! Here are people professing to prefer Heaven to earth—preparing themselves for the change as the reward of all their present self-denial. And this is the way they receive the first chance of it that offers!

181. Evidently Carpaccio's impression of monks[1] must be, not that they were more brave or good than other men; but that they liked books, and gardens, and peace, and were afraid of death—therefore, retiring from the warrior's danger of chivalry somewhat selfishly and meanly. He clearly takes the knight's view of them. What he may afterwards tell us of good concerning them, will not be from a witness prejudiced in their favour. Some good he tells us, however, even here. The pleasant order in wildness of the trees; the buildings for agricultural and religious use, set down as if in an American clearing, here and there, as the

fledde, and Jherome came agaynst hym as he sholde come agaynst his ghest. And thenne the lyon shewed to hym his foote beynge hurte. Thenne he called his brethern, and comanded them to weishe his feete, and dylygently to leche and serche for the wonde, and that done the plante of the foote of the lyon was sore hurte and pryked with a thorne. Then this holy man put thereto dylyngente cure and helyd him, and he abode ever after as a tame best with them. Then saynt Jherome sawe that God had sente hym to theym, not only for the helth of his foot, but also for theyre prouffyte, and joyned to the lyon an offyce by th' accorde of his brethern, and that offyce was that he sholde conduyte and lede an asse to his pasture, which brought home wood, and should kepe hym goynge and comynge": see vol. iii. pp. 881–882 in the Kelmscott Press edition of *The Golden Legend*.]

[1] [Compare with this passage "The School of Florence" in Vol. XX. p. 365.]

ground was got ready for them; the perfect grace of cheerful, pure, illuminating art, filling every little cornice-cusp of the chapel with its jewel-picture of a saint,*—last, and chiefly, the perfect kindness to, and fondness for, all sorts of animals. Cannot you better conceive, as you gaze upon the happy scene, what manner of men they were who first secured from noise of war the sweet nooks of meadow beside your own mountain streams at Bolton, and Fountains, Furness and Tintern? But of the saint himself Carpaccio has all good to tell you. Common monks were, at least, harmless creatures; but here is a strong and beneficent one. "Calm, before the Lion!" say C. C.[1] with their usual perspicacity, as if the story were that the saint alone had courage to confront the raging beast—a Daniel in the lions' den! They might as well say of Carpaccio's Venetian beauty that she is "calm before the lapdog." The saint is leading in his new pet, as he would a lamb, and vainly expostulating with his brethren for being ridiculous. The grass on which they have dropped their books is beset with flowers; there is no sign of trouble or asceticism on the old man's face, he is evidently altogether happy, his life being complete, and the entire scene one of the ideal simplicity and security of heavenly wisdom: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."[2]

182. And now pass to the second picture.[3] At first you will perhaps see principally its weak monks—looking more foolish in their sorrow than ever they did in their fear. Portraits these, evidently, every soul of them—chiefly the one in spectacles,[4] reading the funeral service so perfunctorily,

* See the piece of distant monastery in the lion picture, with its fragments of fresco on wall, its ivy-covered door, and illuminated cornice.

[1] [Crowe and Cavalcaselle: *History of Painting in North Italy,* 1871, vol. i. p. 205 *n.*]

[2] [Proverbs iii. 17; words very often quoted by Ruskin (see, for instance, Vol. XVI. p. 103).]

[3] [The lower subject on Plate LXIV.]

[4] [Pince-nez rather.]

—types, throughout, of the supreme commonplace alike in action and expression, except those quiet ones in purple on the right, and the grand old man on crutches, come to see this sight.

But St. Jerome himself in the midst of them, the eager heart of him quiet, to such uttermost quietness,—the body lying—look—absolutely flat like clay, as if it had been beat down, and clung, clogged, all along to the marble. Earth to earth indeed. Level clay and inlaid rock now all one—and the noble head senseless as a stone, with a stone for its pillow.

There they gather and kneel about it—wondering, I think, more than pitying. To see what was yesterday the great Life in the midst of them, laid thus! But, so far as they do not wonder, they pity only, and grieve. There is no looking for his soul in the clouds,—no worship of relics here, implied even in the kneeling figures. All look down, woefully, wistfully, as into a grave. "And so Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."[1]

183. This is Carpaccio's message to us. And lest you should not read it, and carelessly think that he meant only the usual commonplace of the sacredness and blessedness of the death of the righteous,—look into the narrow shadow in the corner of the house at the left-hand side, where, on the strange forked and leafless tree that occupies it, are set the cross and little vessel of holy water beneath, and above, the skull, which are always the signs of St. Jerome's place of prayer in the desert.

The lower jaw has fallen from the skull *into the vessel of holy water*.

It is but a little sign,—but you will soon know how much this painter indicates by such things, and that here he means indeed that for the greatest, as the meanest, of the sons of Adam, death is still the sign of their sin; and that though in Christ all shall be made alive,

[1] [Romans v. 12.]

yet also in Adam all die;[1] and this return to their earth is not in itself the coming of peace, but the infliction of shame.

At the lower edge of the marble pavement is one of Carpaccio's lovely signatures, on a white scroll, held in its mouth by a tiny lizard.[2]

184. And now you will be able to enter into the joy of the last picture, the life of St. Jerome in Heaven.[3]

I had no thought, myself, of this being the meaning of such closing scene; but the evidence for this reading of it, laid before me by my fellow-worker, Mr. Anderson, seems to me, in the concurrence of its many clauses, irresistible; and this at least is certain, that as the opposite St. George represents the perfect Mastery of the body, in contest with the lusts of the Flesh, this of St. Jerome represents the perfect Mastery of the mind, in the fulfilment of the right desires of the Spirit: and all the arts of man,—music (a long passage of melody written clear on one of the fallen scrolls), painting (in the illuminated missal and golden alcove), and sculpture (in all the forms of furniture and the bronze work of scattered ornaments),—these—and the glad fidelity of the lower animals,—all subjected in pleasant service to the more and more perfect reading and teaching of the Word of God;—read, not in written pages chiefly, but with uplifted eyes by the light of Heaven itself, entering and filling the mansions of Immortality.

This interpretation of the picture is made still more probable, by the infinite pains which Carpaccio has given to the working of it. It is quite impossible to find more beautiful and right painting of detail, or more truthful tones of atmosphere and shadow affecting interior colours.

185. Here then are the principal heads of the symbolic

[1] [1 Corinthians xv. 22.]

[2] [Ruskin's drawing of this is No. 189 in the Educational Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 152); here reproduced, Plate LXV.]

[3] [Plate LXVI.; reduced by photogravure from the chromo-lithograph published by the Arundel Society. On the subject of the picture, see above, Introduction, pp. lv.–lvi.]

Carpaccio's signature; exactly under elbow of body of
St Jerome, in burial of St Jerome; two inches beneath d
This real size — but impossible to show it delineated enough.
VR. Venice. 1870

evidence, abstracted for us by Mr. Anderson from his complete account of the whole series, now in preparation.[1]

I. "The position of the picture seems to show that it sums up the whole matter. The St. George series reads from left to right. So, chronologically, the two others of St. Jerome; but this, which should according to the story have been first, appears after the death.

II. "The figure on the altar is—most unusually—our Lord with the Resurrection-banner. The shadow of this figure falls on the wall so as to make a crest for the mitre on the altar—'Helmet of Salvation.'[2] . . . The mitre (by comparison with St. Ursula's arrival in Rome[3] it is a cardinal's mitre), censer, and crosier, are laid aside.

III. "The Communion and Baptismal vessels are also laid aside under this altar, not of the dead but of the Risen Lord. The curtain falling from the altar is drawn aside that we may notice this.

IV. "In the mosaic-covered recess above the altar there is prominently inlaid the figure of a cherub or seraph 'che in Dio più l'occhio ha fisso.'[4]

V. "Comparing the colours of the winged and four-footed parts of the 'animal binato' in the *Purgatory*,[5] it is I believe important to notice that the statue of our Lord is gold, the dress of St. Jerome red and white, and over the shoulders a cape of the brown colour of earth.

VI. "While candles blaze round the dead Jerome in the previous picture, the candlesticks on the altar here are empty —'they need no candle.'[6]

VII. "The two round-topped windows in line behind the square one through which St. Jerome gazes, are the ancient tables bearing the message of light, delivered 'of angels'[7] to

[1] [The account of the whole series was not completed; but see chapter xi.]
[2] [Ephesians vi. 17.]
[3] [No. 577 in the Accademia (above, p. 167).]
[4] [*Paradiso*, xxi. 92.]
[5] [*Purgatorio*, xxxii. 47; xxix. 103–110 (Cary): "the members, far as he was bird, were golden; white the rest, with vermeil intervein'd."]
[6] [Revelation xxii. 5.]
[7] [See Acts vii. 53.]

the faithful, but now put behind, and comparatively dim beside the glory of present and personal vision. Yet the light which comes even through the square window streams through bars like those of a prison.

> 'Through the body's prison-bars
> His soul possessed the sun and stars,'

Dante Rossetti writes of Dante Alighieri;[1] but Carpaccio hangs the wheels of all visible heaven *inside* these bars. St. Jerome's 'possessions' are in a farther country. These bars are another way of putting what is signified by the brown cape.

VIII. "The two great volumes leaning against the wall by the arm-chair are the same thing, the closed testaments.

IX. "The documents hanging in the little chamber behind and lying at the saint's feet, remarkable for their hanging seals, are shown by these seals to be titles to some property, or testaments; but they are now put aside or thrown underfoot. Why, except that possession is gotten, that Christ is risen, and that 'a testament is of no strength at all while the testator liveth'?[2] This I believe is in misuse of Paul's words, but an employment of them in their mystic sense, just as the New Testament writers quoted the Old Testament. There is a very prominent illuminated R on one of the documents under the table (I think you have written of it as Greek in its lines):[3] I cannot but fancy it is the initial letter of 'Resurrectio.' What the music is, Caird[4] has sent me no information about; he was to inquire of some friend who knew about old church music. The prominent bell and shell on the table puzzle me, but I am sure mean something. Is the former the mass-bell?

X. "The statuettes of Venus and the horse, and the various antique fragments on the shelf behind the arm-chair

[1] ["Dante at Verona."]
[2] [Hebrews ix. 17.]
[3] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61, § 9.]
[4] [For Mr. Caird, see Vol. XXIII. p. lxi. The music is set out in Ludwig and Molmenti's *Vittore Carpaccio, La Vita e Le Opere*, 1906, pp. 175–178.]

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St. Jerome in his Study

From the picture by Carpaccio

are, I think, symbols of the world, of the flesh, placed behind even the old Scripture studies. You remember Jerome's early learning, and the vision that awakened him from Pagan thoughts (to read the laws of the True City) with the words, 'Ubi est thesaurus tuus.'[1]

186. "I have put these things down without trying to dress them into an argument, that you may judge them as one would gather them haphazard from the picture. Individually several of them might be weak arguments, but together I do think they are conclusive. The key-note is struck by the empty altar bearing the risen Lord. I do not think Carpaccio thought of immortality in the symbols derived from mortal life, through which the ordinary mind feels after it. Nor surely did Dante (V. esp. *Par.* IV. 27 and following lines). And think of the words in Canto II. 112 :—

> 'Dentro dal ciel della Divina Pace
> Si gira un corpo nella cui virtute
> *L'esser di tutto suo contento* giace.'

But there is no use heaping up passages, as the sense that in using human language he merely uses mystic metaphor is continually present in Dante, and often explicitly stated. And it is surely the error of regarding these picture writings for children who live in the nursery of Time and Space, as if they were the truth itself, which can be discovered only spiritually, that leads to the inconsistencies of thought and foolish talk of even good men.

"St. Jerome, in this picture, is young and brown-haired, not bent and with long white beard, as in the two others. I connect this with the few who have stretched their necks

> 'Per *tempo* al pan degli angeli, del quale
> Vivesi qui, ma non si vien satollo.'[2]

[1] [Matthew vi. 21.]

[2] [*Paradiso*, ii. 10 : "Voi altri pochi, che drizzaste 'l collo . . ." ("Ye other few who have outstretch'd the neck timely for food of angels, on which here they live, yet never know satiety").]

St. Jerome lives here by what *is* really the immortal bread; that shall not here be filled with it so as to hunger no more; and under his earthly cloak comprehends as little perhaps the Great Love he hungers after and is fed by, as his dog comprehends him. I am sure the dog is there with some such purpose of comparison. On that very last quoted passage of Dante, Landino's commentary (it was printed in Venice, 1491) annotates the words 'che drizzaste 'l collo,' with a quotation,

> 'Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,
> Os homini sublime dedit, coelum que tueri
> Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.'"

187. I was myself brought entirely to pause of happy wonder when first my friend showed me the lessons hidden in these pictures; nor do I at all expect the reader at first to believe them. But the condition of his possible belief in them is that he approach them with a pure heart and a meek one; for this Carpaccio teaching is like the talisman of Saladin,[1] which dipped in pure water made it a healing draught, but by itself seemed only a little inwoven web of silk and gold.

188. But to-day, that we may be able to read better to-morrow, we will leave this cell of sweet mysteries, and examine some of the painter's earlier work, in which we may learn his way of writing more completely, and understand the degree in which his own personal character, or prejudices, or imperfections, mingle in the method of his scholarship, and colour or divert the current of his inspiration.

189. Therefore now taking gondola again, you must be carried through the sea-streets to a far-away church, in the part of Venice now wholly abandoned to the poor, though a kingly saint's—St. Louis's:[2] but there are other things in this church to be noted, besides Carpaccio, which will

[1] [For this reference to Scott's *Talisman,* see Vol. VI. p. 449 *n.*]
[2] [St. Alvise=St. Louis.]

be useful in illustration of him; and to see these rightly, you must compare with them things of the same kind in another church where there are no Carpaccios,—namely, St. Pantaleone, to which, being the nearer, you had better first direct your gondolier.

For the ceilings alone of these two churches, St. Pantaleone and St. Alvise, are worth a day's pilgrimage in their sorrowful lesson.

190. All the mischief that Paul Veronese did may be seen in the halting and hollow magnificences of them;—all the absurdities, either of painting or piety, under afflatus of vile ambition. Roof puffed up and broken through, as it were, with breath of the fiend from below, instead of pierced by heaven's light from above; the rags and ruins of Venetian skill, honour, and worship, exploded all together sky-high. Miracles of frantic mistake, of flaunting and thunderous hypocrisy,—universal lie, shouted through speaking-trumpets.

If I could let you stand for a few minutes, first under Giotto's four-square vault at Assisi, only thirty feet from the ground, the four triangles of it written with the word of God close as an illuminated missal,[1] and then suddenly take you under these vast staggering Temples of Folly and Iniquity, you would know what to think of "modern development" thenceforth.

191. The roof of St. Pantaleone is, I suppose, the most curious example in Europe of the vulgar dramatic effects of painting.[2] That of St. Alvise is little more than a caricature of the mean passion for perspective, which was the first effect of "science" joining itself with art. And under it, by strange coincidence, there are also two notable pieces of plausible modern sentiment,—celebrated pieces by Tiepolo.[3] He is virtually the beginner of Modernism: these two pictures of his are exactly like what a first-rate Parisian Academy student would do, setting himself to conceive the

[1] [See Vol. XXIII. p. xlii.]

[2] [Built in 1668. On the roof is an enormous painting of the Glorification of St. Pantaleone by A. Fumiani (1690).]

[3] [Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696–1770).]

sentiment of Christ's flagellation, after having read unlimited quantities of George Sand and Dumas. It is well that they chance to be here: look thoroughly at them and their dramatic chiaroscuros for a little time, observing that no face is without some expression of crime or pain, and that everything is always put dark against light, or light against dark. Then return to the entrance of the church, where under the gallery, frameless and neglected, hang eight old pictures,—bought, the story goes, at a pawnbroker's in the Giudecca for forty sous each,*—to me among the most interesting pieces of art in North Italy, for they are the only examples I know of an entirely great man's work in extreme youth. They are Carpaccio's, when he cannot have been more than eight or ten years old, and painted then half in precocious pride, and half in play. I would give anything to know their real history. "School Pictures," C. C. call them![1] as if they were merely bad imitations, when they are the most unaccountable and unexpected pieces of absurd fancy that ever came into a boy's head, and scrabbled, rather than painted, by a boy's hand,—yet, with the eternal master-touch in them already.

SUBJECTS.—1. Rachel at the Well. 2. Jacob and his Sons before Joseph. 3. Tobias and the Angel. 4. The Three Holy Children. 5. Job. 6. Moses, and Adoration of Golden Calf (C. C.). 7. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 8. Joshua and falling Jericho.

192. In all these pictures the qualities of Carpaccio are already entirely pronounced; the grace, quaintness, simplicity, and deep intentness on the meaning of incidents. I don't know if the grim statue in No. 4 is, as C. C. have it, the statue of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, or that which he erected for the three holy ones to worship,—and already I

* "Originally in St. Maria della Vergine" (C. C.). Why are not the documents on the authority of which these statements are made given clearly?

[1] [*History of Painting in North Italy*, vol. i. p. 213 *n.* These little pictures are figured and discussed in Ludwig and Molmenti's *Vittore Carpaccio, La Vita e Le Opere*, 1906, pp. 26, 27.]

forget how the "worship of the golden calf" according to C. C., and "Moses" according to my note (and I believe the inscription, for most of, if not all, the subjects are inscribed with the names of the persons represented), are relatively pourtrayed. But I have not forgotten, and beg my reader to note specially, the exquisite strangeness of the boy's rendering of the meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. One would have expected the Queen's retinue, and her spice-bearing camels, and Solomon's house and his servants, and his cup-bearers in all their glory; and instead of this, Solomon and the Queen stand at the opposite ends of a little wooden bridge over a ditch, and there is not another soul near them,—and the question seems to be which first shall set foot on it!

193. Now, what can we expect in the future of the man or boy who conceives his subjects, or is liable to conceive them, after this sort? There is clearly something in his head which we cannot at all make out; a ditch must be to him the Rubicon, the Euphrates, the Red Sea,—Heaven only knows what! a wooden bridge must be Rialto in embryo. This unattended King and Queen must mean the pre-eminence of uncounselled royalty, or what not; in a word, there's no saying, and no criticizing him; and the less, because his gift of colour and his enjoyment of all visible things around him are so intense, so instinctive, and so constant, that he is never to be thought of as a responsible person, but only as a kind of magic mirror which flashes back instantly whatever it sees beautifully arranged, but yet will flash back commonplace things often as faithfully as others.

194. I was especially struck with this character of his, as opposed to the grave and balanced design of Luini, when after working six months with Carpaccio, I went back to the St. Stephen at Milan, in the Monastero Maggiore.[1] In

[1] [San Maurizio, or Monastero Maggiore, where Ruskin had spent many weeks in the study of Luini in 1862: see Vol. XIX. p. lxxiii. The figure in the fresco (in the third chapel) which Ruskin identifies as St. Stephen (below, § 198) is generally called St. Laurence.]

order to do justice to either painter, they should be alternately studied for a little while. In one respect, Luini greatly gains, and Carpaccio suffers by this trial; for whatever is in the least flat or hard in the Venetian is felt more violently by contrast with the infinite sweetness of the Lombard's harmonies, while only by contrast with the vivacity of the Venetian can you entirely feel the depth in faintness, and the grace in quietness, of Luini's chiaroscuro. But the principal point of difference is in the command which Luini has over his thoughts, every design of his being concentrated on its main purpose with quite visible art, and all accessories that would in the least have interfered with it withdrawn in merciless asceticism; whereas a subject under Carpaccio's hand is always just as it would or might have occurred in nature; and among a myriad of trivial incidents, you are left, by your own sense and sympathy, to discover the vital one.

195. For instance, there are two small pictures of his in the Brera Gallery at Milan, which may at once be compared with the Luinis there. I find the following notice of them in my diary for 6th September, 1876:—

"Here, in the sweet air, with a whole world in ruin round me. The misery of my walk through the Brera yesterday no tongue can tell; but two curious lessons were given me by Carpaccio. The first, in his preaching of St. Stephen[1]—Stephen up in the corner where nobody would think of him; the doctors, one in lecture throne, the rest in standing groups mostly—Stephen's face radiant with true soul of heaven,—the doctors, not monsters of iniquity at all, but superbly true and quiet studies from the doctors of Carpaccio's time; doctors of this world—not one with that look of heaven, but respectable to the uttermost, able, just, penetrating: a complete assembly of highly trained old Oxford men, but with more intentness. The second, the

[1] [The picture at Milan is one of a series done by Carpaccio between 1511 and 1515 for the Scuola di San Stefano. Others of the series are in the galleries of the Louvre, Berlin, and Stuttgart respectively.]

Virgin going up to the temple; and under the steps of it, a child of ten or twelve with his back to us, dressed in a parti-coloured, square-cut robe, holding a fawn in leash,[1] at his side a rabbit; on the steps under the Virgin's feet a bas-relief of fierce fight of men with horned monsters like rampant snails: one with a conger-eel's body, twining round the limb of the man who strikes it."

196. Now both these pictures are liable to be passed almost without notice; they scarcely claim to be compositions at all; but the one is a confused group of portraits; the other, a quaint piece of grotesque, apparently without any meaning, the principal feature in it, a child in a parti-coloured cloak. It is only when, with more knowledge of what we may expect from the painter, we examine both pictures carefully, that the real sense of either comes upon you. For the heavenly look on the face of Stephen is not set off with raised light, or opposed shade, or principality of place. The master trusts only to what nature herself would have trusted in—expression pure and simple. If you cannot see heaven in the boy's mind, without any turning on of the stage lights, you shall not see it at all.

There is some one else, however, whom you may see, on looking carefully enough. On the opposite side of the group of old doctors is another youth, just of Stephen's age. And as the face of Stephen is full of heavenly rapture, so that of his opposite is full of darkest wrath, —the religious wrath which all the authority of the conscience urges, instead of quenching. The old doctors hear Stephen's speech with doubtful pause of gloom; but this youth has no patience,—no endurance for it. He will be the first to cry, Away with him,—"Whosoever will cast a stone at him, let them lay their mantle at my feet."[2]

Again—looking again and longer at the other picture,

[1] [See below, p. 362.]
[2] [See Acts vii. 58.]

you will first correct my mistake of writing "fawn"—discovering the creature held by the boy to be a unicorn.* Then you will at once know that the whole must be symbolic; and looking for the meaning of the unicorn, you find it signifies chastity; and then you see that the bas-relief on the steps, which the little Virgin ascends, must mean the warring of the old strengths of the world with lust: which theme you will find presently taken up also and completed by the symbols of St. George's Chapel.

197. If now you pass from these pictures to any of the Luini frescoes in the same gallery, you will at once recognize a total difference in conception and treatment. The thing which Luini wishes you to observe is held forth to you with direct and instant proclamation. The saint, angel, or Madonna, is made central or principal; every figure in the surrounding group is subordinate, and every accessory subdued or generalized. All the precepts of conventional art are obeyed, and the invention and originality of the master are only shown by the variety with which he adorns the commonplace,—by the unexpected grace with which he executes what all have done,—and the sudden freshness with which he invests what all have thought.

198. This external difference in the manner of the two painters is connected with a much deeper element in the constitution of their minds. To Carpaccio, whatever he has to represent must be a reality; whether a symbol or not, afterwards, is no matter, the first condition is that it shall be real. A serpent, or a bird, may perhaps mean iniquity or purity; but primarily, they must have real scales and feathers. But with Luini, everything is primarily an idea, and only realized so far as to enable you to understand what is meant. When St. Stephen stands beside Christ at His scourging, and turns to us who look on, asking with unmistakable passion, "Was ever sorrow like this sorrow?"[1]

* Corrected for me by Mr. C. F. Murray.

[1] [See Lamentations i. 12.]

Luini does not mean that St. Stephen really stood there; but only that the thought of the saint who first saw Christ in glory may best lead us to the thought of Christ in pain. But when Carpaccio paints St. Stephen preaching, he means to make us believe that St. Stephen really did preach, and as far as he can, to show us exactly how he did it.

199. And, lastly, to return to the point at which we left him. His own notion of the way things happened may be a very curious one, and the more so that it cannot be regulated even by himself, but is the result of the singular power he has of seeing things in vision as if they were real. So that when, as we have seen, he paints Solomon and the Queen of Sheba standing at opposite ends of a wooden bridge over a ditch, we are not to suppose the two persons are less real to him on that account, though absurd to us; but we are to understand that such a vision of them did indeed appear to the boy who had passed all his dawning life among wooden bridges, over ditches; and had the habit besides of spiritualizing, or reading like a vision, whatever he saw with eyes either of the body or mind.

The delight which he had in this faculty of vision, and the industry with which he cultivated it, can only be justly estimated by close examination of the marvellous picture in the Correr Museum, representing two Venetian ladies with their pets.[1]

200. In the last general statement I have made of the rank of painters, I named two pictures of John Bellini, the Madonna in San Zaccaria, and that in the sacristy of the Frari, as, so far as my knowledge went, the two best pictures in the world.[2] In that estimate of them I of course considered as one chief element, their solemnity of purpose—as another, their unpretending simplicity. Putting aside these higher conditions, and looking only to perfection

[1] [Plate LXVII. The picture is No. 5 in Room XVI., and is known as the portrait of "Due Cortigiane." Compare Ruskin's note of 1877 in the Venetian Index to *Stones of Venice*, Vol. XI. p. 369.]

[2] [See *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 10 (Vol. XXII. p. 83).]

of execution and essentially artistic power of design, I rank this Carpaccio above either of them, and therefore, as in these respects, the best picture in the world. I know no other which unites every nameable quality of painter's art in so intense a degree—breadth with minuteness, brilliancy with quietness, decision with tenderness, colour with light and shade: all that is faithfullest in Holland, fancifullest in Venice, severest in Florence, naturallest in England. Whatever De Hooghe could do in shade, Van Eyck in detail—Giorgione in mass—Titian in colour—Bewick and Landseer in animal life, is here at once; and I know no other picture in the world which can be compared with it.

It is in tempera, however, not oil: and I must note in passing that many of the qualities which I have been in the habit of praising in Tintoret and Carpaccio, as consummate achievements in oil-painting, are, as I have found lately, either in tempera altogether, or tempera with oil above. And I am disposed to think that ultimately tempera will be found the proper material for the greater number of most delightful subjects.

201. The subject, in the present instance, is a simple study of animal life in all its phases. I am quite sure that this is the meaning of the picture in Carpaccio's own mind. I suppose him to have been commissioned to paint the portraits of two Venetian ladies—that he did not altogether like his models, but yet felt himself bound to do his best for them, and contrived to do what perfectly satisfied them and himself too. He has painted their pretty faces and pretty shoulders, their pretty dresses and pretty jewels, their pretty ways and their pretty playmates—and what would they have more?—he himself secretly laughing at them all the time, and intending the spectators of the future to laugh for ever.

It may be, however, that I err in supposing the picture a portrait commission. It may be simply a study for practice, gathering together every kind of thing which he could get to sit to him quietly, persuading the pretty ladies to

Venetian Ladies and their Pets

sit to him in all their finery, and to keep their pets quiet as long as they could, while yet he gave value to this new group of studies in a certain unity of satire against the vices of society in his time.

202. Of this satirical purpose there cannot be question for a moment, with any one who knows the general tone of the painter's mind, and the traditions among which he had been educated. In all the didactic painting of mediæval Christianity, the faultful luxury of the upper classes was symbolized by the knight with his falcon, and lady with her pet dog, both in splendid dress. This picture is only the elaboration of the well-recognized symbol of the lady with her pets; but there are two ladies—mother and daughter, I think—and six pets, a big dog, a little dog, a paroquet, a peahen, a little boy, and a china vase. The youngest of the women sits serene in her pride, her erect head pale against the dark sky—the elder is playing with the two dogs; the least, a white terrier, she is teaching to beg, holding him up by his fore-paws, with her left hand; in her right is a slender riding-whip, which the larger dog has the end of in his mouth, and will not let go—his mistress also having dropped a letter,* he puts his paw on that and will not let her pick it up, looking out of gentlest eyes in arch watchfulness to see how far it will please her that he should carry the jest. Behind him the green paroquet, red-eyed, lifts its little claw as if disliking the marble pavement; then behind the marble balustrade with gilded capitals, the bird and little boy are inlaid with glowing brown and red. Nothing of Hunt or Turner can surpass the plume-painting of the bird; nor can Holbein surpass the precision, while he cannot equal the radiance, of the porcelain and jewellery.

To mark the satirical purpose of the whole, a pair of ladies' shoes are put in the corner (the high-stilted shoe, being, in fact, a slipper on the top of a column), which were the grossest and absurdest means of expressing female pride in the fifteenth and following centuries.

* The painter's signature is on the supposed letter.

In this picture, then, you may discern at once, how Carpaccio learned his business as a painter, and to what consummate point he learned it.*

203. And now, if you have begun to feel the power of these minor pictures, you can return to the Academy and take up the St. Ursula series,[1] on which, however, I find it hopeless to reduce my notes to any available form at present:—the question of the influence of this legend on Venetian life being involved with inquiries belonging properly to what I am trying to do in *St. Mark's Rest.* This only you have to observe generally, that being meant to occupy larger spaces, the St. Ursula pictures are very unequal in interest, and many portions seem to me tired work, while others are maintained by Mr. Murray to be only by the hands of scholars. This, however, I can myself assert, that I never yet began to copy or examine any portion of them without continually increasing admiration; while yet there are certain shortcomings and morbid faults throughout, unaccountable, and rendering the greater part of the work powerless for good to the general public. Taken as a connected series, the varying personality of the saint destroys its interest totally. The girl talking to her father in 572 is not the girl who dreams in 578; and the gentle little dreamer is still less like the severe, stiffly dressed, and not in any supreme degree well favoured, bride, in 575; while the middle-aged woman, without any claim to beauty at all, who occupies the principal place in the final

* Another Carpaccio, in the Correr Museum, of St. Mary and Elizabeth,[2] is entirely lovely, though slighter in work; and the so-called Mantegna, but more probably (according to Mr. Murray) early John Bellini,—the Transfiguration,—full of majesty and earnestness. Note the inscribed "talk" with Moses and Elias,—"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, oh ye my friends."

[1] [He had intended a further and separate account of the series (see above, p. 179), but this was never written.]

[2] [No. 31 in Room II.; dated 1504. Carpaccio's favourite red parrot figures in the picture. The other picture (No. 6 in Room XVI.) is attributed in the catalogue (*Museo Civico e Raccolta Correr, Elenchi degli Oggetti Esposti*, 1899) to Bellini. The inscription reads, "Miseremini mei saltem vos amici mei."]

Gloria [576], cannot by any effort of imagination be connected with the figure of the young girl kneeling for the Pope's blessing in 577.

204. But indeed had the story been as consistently told as the accessories are perfectly painted, there would have been no occasion for me now to be lecturing on the beauties of Carpaccio. The public would long since have discovered them, and adopted him for a favourite. That, precisely in the particulars which would win popular attention, the men whom it would be most profitable for the public to study should so often fail, becomes to me, as I grow older, one of those deepest mysteries of life, which I only can hope to have explained to me when my task of interpretation is ended.

But, for the sake of Christian charity, I would ask every generous Protestant to pause for a while before the meeting under the Castle of St. Angelo (577).

"Nobody knows anything about those old things," said an English paterfamilias to some inquiring member of his family, in the hearing of my assistant, then at work on this picture. Which saying is indeed supremely true of us nationally. But without requiring us to know anything, this picture puts before us some certainties respecting mediæval Catholicism, which we shall do well to remember.

In the first place, you will find that all these bishops and cardinals are evidently portraits. Their faces are too varied—too quiet—too complete—to have been invented by even the mightiest invention. Carpaccio was simply taking the features of the priesthood of his time, throwing aside, doubtless, here and there, matter of offence;—the too settled gloom of one, the evident subtlety of another, the sensuality of a third; but finding beneath all that, what was indeed the constitutional power and pith of their minds,—in the deep of them, rightly thoughtful, tender, and humble.

There is one curious little piece of satire on the fault of the Church in making cardinals of too young persons. The third, in the row of four behind St. Ursula, is a mere boy,

very beautiful, but utterly careless of what is going on, and evidently no more fit to be a cardinal than a young calf would be. The stiffness of his white dress, standing up under his chin as if he had only put it on that day, draws special attention to him.

The one opposite to him also, without this piece of white dress, seems to be a mere man of the world. But the others have all grave and refined faces. That of the Pope himself is quite exquisite in its purity, simple-heartedness, and joyful wonder at the sight of the child kneeling at his feet, in whom he recognizes one whom he is himself to learn of, and follow.

205. The more I looked at this picture, the more I became wonderstruck at the way the faith of the Christian Church has been delivered to us through a series of fables, which, partly meant as such, are over-ruled into expressions of truth—but how much truth, it is only by our own virtuous life that we can know. Only remember always in criticizing such a picture, that it no more means to tell you as a fact* that St. Ursula led this long procession from the sea and knelt thus before the Pope, than Mantegna's St. Sebastian means that the saint ever stood quietly and happily, stuck full of arrows.[1] It is as much a mythic symbol as the circles and crosses of the Carita;[2] but only Carpaccio carries out his symbol into delighted realization, so that it begins to be absurd to us in the perceived impossibility. But it only signifies the essential truth of joy in the Holy Ghost filling the whole body of the Christian Church with visible inspiration,[3] sometimes in old men, sometimes in children; yet never breaking the laws of

* If it *had* been a fact, of course he would have liked it all the better, as in the picture of St. Stephen; but though only an idea, it must be realized to the full.

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[1] [As in the picture at Vienna (see Plate 15 in Maud Cruttwell's *Mantegna*).]

[2] [The reference is to the symbols carved outside the Accademia (the Scuola della Carità): see above, pp. 174–175.]

[3] [On this subject, compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 48.]

The reception of St.Ursula by the Pope

From the picture by Carpaccio

established authority and subordination—the greater saint blessed by the lesser, when the lesser is in the higher place of authority, and all the common and natural glories and delights of the world made holy by its influence: field, and earth, and mountain, and sea, and bright maiden's grace, and old men's quietness,—all in one music of moving peace —the very procession of them in their multitude like a chanted hymn—the purple standards drooping in the light air that yet can lift St. George's gonfalon;* and the angel Michael alighting—himself seen in vision instead of his statue—on the Angel's tower, sheathing his sword.

206. What I have to say respecting the picture that closes the series, the martyrdom and funeral, is partly saddening, partly depreciatory, and shall be reserved for another place.[1] The picture itself has been more injured and repainted than any other (the face of the recumbent figure entirely so); and though it is full of marvellous passages, I hope that the general traveller will seal his memory of Carpaccio in the picture last described.

* It is especially to be noted with Carpaccio, and perhaps more in this than any other of the series, that he represents the beauty of religion always in animating the present world, and never gives the charm to the clear far-away sky which is so constant in Florentine sacred pictures.

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

CHAPTER XI

(By James Reddie Anderson. Edited by J. Ruskin)

THE PLACE OF DRAGONS

I.—EDITOR'S PREFACE

207. Among the many discomforts of advancing age, which no one understands till he feels them, there is one which I seldom have heard complained of, and which, therefore, I find unexpectedly disagreeable. I knew, by report, that when I grew old I should most probably wish to be young again; and, very certainly, be ashamed of much that I had done, or omitted, in the active years of life. I was prepared for sorrow in the loss of friends by death; and for pain, in the loss of myself, by weakness or sickness. These, and many other minor calamities, I have been long accustomed to anticipate; and therefore to read, in preparation for them, the confessions of the weak, and the consolations of the wise.

208. But, as the time of rest, or of departure, approaches me, not only do many of the evils I had heard of, and prepared for, present themselves in more grievous shapes than I had expected; but one which I had scarcely ever heard of, torments me increasingly every hour.

I had understood it to be in the order of things that the aged should lament their vanishing life as an instrument they had never used, now to be taken away from them; but not as an instrument, only then perfectly tempered and sharpened, and snatched out of their hands at the instant they could have done some real service with it. Whereas, my own feeling, now, is that everything which has hitherto happened to me, or been done by me, whether well or ill,

has been fitting me to take greater fortune more prudently, and do better work more thoroughly. And just when I seem to be coming out of school—very sorry to have been such a foolish boy, yet having taken a prize or two, and expecting to enter now upon some more serious business than cricket,—I am dismissed by the Master I hoped to serve, with a—"That's all I want of you, sir."

209. I imagine the sorrowfulness of these feelings must be abated, in the minds of most men, by a pleasant vanity in their hope of being remembered as the discoverers, at least, of some important truth, or the founders of some exclusive system called after their own names. But I have never applied myself to discover anything, being content to praise what had already been discovered; and the only doctrine or system peculiar to me is the abhorrence of all that is doctrinal instead of demonstrable, and of all that is systematic instead of useful: so that *no true* disciple of mine will ever be a "Ruskinian"!—he will follow, not me, but the instincts of his own soul, and the guidance of its Creator.[1] Which, though not a sorrowful subject of contemplation in itself, leaves me none of the common props and crutches of halting pride. I know myself to be a true master, because my pupils are well on the way to do better than I have done; but there is not always a sense of extreme pleasure in watching their advance, where one has no more strength, though more than ever the will, to companion them.

210. Not *always*—be it again confessed; but when I first read the legend of St. George, which here follows, my eyes grew wet with tears of true delight; first, in the knowledge of so many beautiful things, at once given to me; and then in the surety of the wide good that the work thus begun would spring up into, in ways before wholly unconceived by me. It was like coming to the brow of some healthy moorland, where here and there one had watched, or helped, the

[1] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 505.]

reaper of some patch of thinly scattered corn; and seeing suddenly a great plain white to the harvest, far as the horizon. That the first-fruits of it might be given in no manner of self-exaltation—Fors has determined that my young scholar should have his part of mortification as well as I, just in the degree in which either of us may be mortified in the success of others. For we both thought that the tracing of this chain of tradition in the story of St. George was ours alone; and that we had rather to apprehend the doubt of our result, than the dispute of our originality. Nor was it, indeed, without extreme discomfiture and vexation that after I had been hindered from publishing this paper for upwards of ten months from the time it was first put into my hands, I read, on a bright autumn morning at Brantwood, when I expected the author's visit (the first he had made to me in my own house), a paragraph in the *Spectator*, giving abstract of exactly the same historical statements, made by a French antiquary, M. Clermont-Ganneau.[1]

211. I am well assured that Professor Airy was not more grieved, though I hope he was more conscience-stricken, for his delay in the publication of Mr. Adams' calculations,[2] than I was, for some days after seeing this anticipation of my friend's discoveries. He relieved my mind himself, after looking into the matter, by pointing out to me that the original paper had been read by M. Clermont-Ganneau,

[1] [See *Horus et Saint Georges d'après un bas-relief inédit du Louvre: Notes d'archéologie orientale et de mythologie sémitique,* par Ch. Clermont-Ganneau, 1877. The essay was read before the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, on September 8 and 15, 1876, and appeared in the *Revue Archéologique* for October and November in that year, N.S., vol. 32, pp. 196–204, 372–399. The editors have failed to trace the "paragraph in the *Spectator*," and Mr. Anderson does not recollect it. "My conjectures," he writes, "as to how the dragon story might have been transferred to St. George had a curious confirmation a couple of years ago when frescoed tombs were opened at Marissa (in Philistia, south of Joppa), with just the sort of wild inscriptions of names of persons and things which I postulated from the analogy of vases" (see below, p. 380).]

[2] [John Couch Adams (1819–1892) had made observations determining particulars of the planet "Neptune" during 1841 and 1845, and deposited the results at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the latter year. But the Astronomer Royal (Sir George Biddell Airy, 1801–1892) took no action, and the publication of the discovery was anticipated by a French astronomer, Leverrier, in July 1846.]

before the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres of Paris, two months before his own investigations had begun, and that all question of priority was, therefore, at an end. It remained for us only to surrender, both of us, what complacency we should have had in first announcing these facts; and to take a nobler pleasure in the confirmation afforded of their truth by the coincidence, to a degree of accuracy which neither of us had ever known take place before in the work of two entirely independent investigators, between M. Clermont-Ganneau's conclusions and our own. I therefore desired my friend to make no alterations in his paper as it then stood, and to make no reference himself to the French author, but to complete his own course of investigation independently, as it was begun. We shall have some bits all to ourselves, before we have done; and in the meantime give reverent thanks to St. George, for his help, to France as well as to England, in enabling the two nations to read together the truth of his tradition, on the distant clouds of Heaven and time.

212. Mr. Anderson's work remains entirely distinct, in its interpretation of Carpaccio's picture by this tradition, and since at the mouth of two—or *three*, witnesses shall a word be established,[1] Carpaccio himself thus becomes the third, and the chief, witness to its truth; and to the power of it on the farthest race of the Knights of Venice.

The present essay treats only of the first picture in the chapel of St. George. I hope it may now be soon followed by its author's consecutive studies of the other subjects,[2] in which he has certainly no priority of effort to recognize, and has, with the help of the good Saints, and no other persons, done all that we shall need.

J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, 26*th January*, 1878.

[1] [Matthew xviii. 16.]
[2] [These, however, were not published.]

II.—THE PLACE OF DRAGONS

"Ἐννοήσας ὅτι τὸν ποιητὴν δέοι, εἴπερ μέλλοι ποιητὴς εἶναι, ποιεῖν μύθους ἀλλ' οὐ λόγους."—Plat. *Phædo*, 61 B.

213. On the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation, in the year of Christ 1452,[1] the Council of Ten, by decree, permitted certain Dalmatians settled in Venice to establish a Lay Brotherhood, called of St. George and of St. Tryphonius. The brothers caused to be written in illuminated letters on the first pages of their minute book their "memorandum of association." They desired to "hold united in sacred bonds men of Dalmatian blood, to render homage to God and to His saints by charitable endeavours and religious ceremonies, and to help by holy sacrifices the souls of brothers alive and dead." The brotherhood gave, and continues to give, material support to the poor of Dalmatian blood in Venice; money to the old, and education to the young. For prayer and adoration it built the chapel known as St. George's of the Sclavonians. In this chapel, during the first decade of the sixteenth century, Carpaccio painted a series of pictures. First, three from the story of St. Jerome—not that St. Jerome was officially a patron of the brothers, but a fellow-countryman, and therefore, as it were, an ally;—then three from the story of St. George, one from that of St. Tryphonius, and two smaller from the Gospel History. Allowing for doorways, window, and altar, these nine pictures fill the circuit of the chapel walls.

Those representing St. George are placed opposite those of St. Jerome. In the ante-chapel of the Ducal Palace, Tintoret, who studied, not without result otherwise, these pictures of Carpaccio's, has placed the same saints over against each other.[2] To him, as to Carpaccio, they represented the two sides, practical and contemplative, of faithful life. This balance we still, though with less completeness,

[1] [1451. See vol. xiv. 47, in the State Archives (*Archivio Veneto*).]
[2] [For Ruskin's notes on these pictures, see Vol. XI. p. 374.]

signify by the linked names of Martha and Mary; and Plato has expressed it fully by the respective functions assigned in his ideal state to philosophers and guardians. The seer "able to grasp the eternal," "spectator of all time and of all existence,"—you may see him on your right as you enter this chapel,—recognizes and declares God's Law: the guardian obeys, enforces, and, if need be, fights for it.

214. St. George, Husbandman by name, and "Τροπαιοφόρος," Triumphant Warrior by title, secures righteous peace, turning his spear into a pruning-hook for the earthly nature of man. He is also to be known as "Μεγαλομάρτυρ," by his deeds, the great witness for God in the world, and "τῶν ἀθλητῶν ὁ μέγας Ταξιάρχης," marshal and leader of those who strive to obtain an incorruptible crown.* St. Jerome, the seer, learned also in all the wisdom of the heathen, is as Plato tells us such a man should be. Lost in his longing after "the universal law that knits human things with divine," † he shows himself gentle and without fear, having no terror even of death.‡ In the second picture on our right here we may see with how great quiet the old man has laid himself down to die, even such a pillow beneath his head as was under Jacob's upon that night of vision by the place which he thenceforward knew to be the "House of God," though "the name of it was called 'Separation'§ at the first." ‖ The fantastic bilingual interpretation of Jerome's name given in *The Golden Legend*, standard of

* These titles are taken from the earliest (Greek) records of him. The last corresponds to that of Baron Bradwardine's revered "Mareschal-Duke."

† Plat. *Rep.*, VI. 486 A.

‡ *Ibid.*, B.

§ Luz. This word stands also for the almond tree, flourishing when desire fails, and "man goeth to his long home."

‖ In the 21st and 22nd Cantos of the *Paradise*, Dante, too, connects the dream of Jacob with the ascetic, living where "è consecrato un ermo, Che suole esser disposto a sola latria." This is in a sphere of heaven where "la dolce sinfonia del Paradiso" is heard by mortal ears only as overmastering thunder, and where the pilgrim is taught that no created vision, not the seraph's "che in Dio più l'occhio ha fisso," may read that eternal statute by whose appointment spirits of the saints go forth upon their Master's business and return to Him again.

mediæval mythology, speaks to the same effect: "Hieronimus, quod est Sanctum Nemus," Holy Grove, "a nemore ubi aliquando conversatus est," from that one in which he sometime had his walk—"Se dedit et sacri nemoris perpalluit umbra,"* but not beneath the laurels of "l'un giogo de Parnaso,"† to whose inferior summit, only, Dante in that line alludes, nor now under olive boughs—

> "where the Attick bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long,"[1]

but where, once on a winter night, shepherds in their vigil heard other singing, where the palm bearer of burdens, witness of victorious hope, offers to every man, for the gathering, fruit unto everlasting life. "Ad Bethleem oppidum remeavit, ubi, prudens animal, ad præsepe Domini se obtulit permansurum." "He went, as though home, to the town of Bethlehem, and like a wise domestic creature presented himself at his Master's manger to abide there."

215. After the pictures of St. George comes that of St. Tryphonius, telling how the prayer of a little child shall conquer the basilisk of earthly pride, though the soldier's spear cannot overthrow *this* monster, nor maiden's zone bind him. After the picture of St. Jerome we are given the Calling of Matthew, in which Carpaccio endeavours to declare how great joy fills the fugitive servant of Riches when at last he does homage as true man of another Master. Between these two is set the central picture of the nine, small, dark itself, and in a dark corner, in arrangement following pretty closely the simple tradition of earlier Venetian masters. The scene is an untilled garden —the subject, the Agony of our Lord.

The prominent feature of the stories Carpaccio has chosen —setting aside at present the two gospel incidents—is that, though heartily Christian, they are historically drawn quite

* Dante, *Eclogues*, i. 30.
† Dante, *Par.*, i. 16.

[1] [*Paradise Regained*, iv. 244.]

as much from Greek as from mediæval mythology. Even in the scenes from St. Jerome's life, a well-known classical tale, which mingled with his legend, is introduced, and all the paintings contain much ancient religious symbolism. St. Tryphonius' conquest of the basilisk is, as we shall see,[1] almost purely a legend of Apollo. From the Middle Ages onwards it has been often remarked how closely the story of St. George and the Dragon resembles that of Perseus and Andromeda. It does not merely resemble,—it *is* that story.

216. The earliest and central shrine of St. George,—his church, famous during the crusades, at Lydda,—rose by the stream which Pausanias, in the second century, saw running still "red as blood," because Perseus had bathed there after his conquest of the sea monster.[2] From the neighbouring town of Joppa, as Pliny tells us,[3] the skeleton of that monster was brought by M. Scaurus to Rome in the first century B.C. St. Jerome was shown on this very coast a rock known by tradition as that to which Andromeda had been bound. Before his day Josephus had seen in that rock the holes worn by her fetters.

In the place chosen by fate for this, the most famous and finished example of harmony between the old faith and the new, there is a strange double piece of real mythology. Many are offended when told that with the best teaching of the Christian Church Gentile symbolism and story have often mingled. Some still lament vanished dreams of the world's morning, echo the

> "Voice of weeping heard, and loud lament,"[4]

by woodland altar and sacred thicket. But Lydda was the city where St. Peter raised from death to doubly-marvellous service that loved garment-maker, full of good works, whose

[1] [The reference is to an intended further chapter by Mr. Anderson.]

[2] [Pausanias, iv. 35-39: "Red water, red as blood, may be seen in the land of the Hebrews, near the city of Joppa. The water is hard by the sea, and the local legend runs that when Perseus had slain the sea-monster, to which the daughter of Cepheus was exposed, he washed off the blood at this spring."]

[3] [*Nat. Hist.*, ix. 4.]

[4] [Milton: *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 183.]

name was Wild Roe[1]—Greek * type of dawn with its pure visions. And Lydda "was nigh unto Joppa," † where was let down from heaven the mystic sheet, full of every kind of living creature (this, centuries before, a symbol familiar to the farthest east ‡), for lasting witness to the faithful that through His travailing creation God has appointed all things to be helpful and holy to man, has made nothing common or unclean.

217. There is a large body of further evidence proving the origin of the story of St. George and the Dragon from that of Perseus. The names of certain of the persons concerned in both coincide. Secondary, or later variations in the place of the fight appear alike in both legends. For example, the scene of both is sometimes laid in Phœnicia, north of Joppa. But concerning this we may note that a mythologist of the age of Augustus, § recounting this legend, is careful to explain that the name of Joppa has since been changed to Phœnice. The instance of most value, however—because connected with a singular identity of local names—is that account which takes both Perseus and St. George to the Nile delta. The Greek name of Lydda was Diospolis. Now St. Jerome speaks strangely of Alexandria as also called Diospolis, and there certainly was a Diospolis (later Lydda) near Alexandria, where "alone in Egypt," Strabo tells us,[2] "men did not venerate the crocodile, but held it in dishonour as most hateful of living things." One of the "Crocodile towns" of Egypt was close by this. Curiously enough, considering the locality, there

* The Hebrew poets, too, knew "the Hind of the glow of dawn."

† Near Joppa the Moslem (who also reverences St. George) sees the fields of some great final contest between the Evil and the Good, upon whom the ends of the world shall have come—a contest surely that will require the presence of our warrior-marshal.

‡ Compare the illustrations on p. 44 of Didron's *Iconographie Chrétienne* (English translation, p. 41).

§ Conon, *Narrationes*, XL.

[1] [Dorcas. "Hind of the glow of dawn" is Aijeleth Shahar: see heading to Psalm xxii.]

[2] [Lib. xvii. cap. i.]

was also a "Crocodile-town" a short distance north of Joppa. In Thebes, too, the greater Diospolis, there was a shrine of Perseus, and near it another Κροκοδείλων Πόλις. This persistent recurrence of the name Diospolis probably points to Perseus' original identity with the sun—noblest birth of the Father of Lights. In its Greek form that name was, of course, of comparatively late imposition, but we may well conceive it to have had reference * to a local terminology and worship much more ancient. It is not unreasonable to connect too the Diospolis of Cappadocia, a region so frequently and mysteriously referred to as that of St. George's birth.

218. Further, the stories both of Perseus and of St. George are curiously connected with the Persians; but this matter, together with the saint's Cappadocian nationality, will fall to be considered in relation to a figure in the last of Carpaccio's three pictures, which will open up to us the earliest history and deepest meaning of the myth.[1]

219. The stories of the fight given by Greeks and Christians are almost identical. There is scarcely an incident in it told by one set of writers but occurs in the account given by some member or members of the other set, even to the crowd of distant spectators Carpaccio has so dwelt upon, and to the votive altars raised above the body of the monster, with the stream of healing that flowed beside them. And while both accounts say how the saved nations rendered thanks to the Father in heaven, we are told that the heathen placed, beside His altar, altars to the Maiden Wisdom and to Hermes, while the Christians placed altars dedicated to the Maiden Mother and to George. Even Medusa's head did not come amiss to the mediæval artist, but set in the saint's hand became his own, fit indication

* Compare the name Heliopolis given both to Baalbeck and On.

[1] [A reference to the intended, but unwritten, sequel. The figure in question is that of the youth carrying a vase in the picture of St. George baptizing the Sultan. Mr. Anderson meant to connect this with Greek pictures, in which a youth carrying a vase is represented behind St. George on the same horse, and to suggest mythological analogies.]

of the death by which he should afterwards glorify God. And here we may probably trace the original error—if, indeed, to be called an error—by which the myth concerning Perseus was introduced into the story of our soldier-saint of the East. From the fifth century to the fifteenth, mythologists nearly all give, and usually with approval, an interpretation of the word "gorgon" which makes it identical in meaning and derivation with "George." When comparatively learned persons, taught too in this special subject, accepted such an opinion and insisted upon it, we cannot be surprised if their contemporaries, uneducated or educated only in the Christian mysteries, took readily a similar view, especially when we consider the wild confusion in mediæval minds concerning the spelling of classical names. Now just as into the legend of St. Hippolytus there was introduced a long episode manifestly derived from some disarranged and misunderstood series of paintings or sculptures concerning the fate of the Greek Hippolytus, —and this is by no means a singular example, the name inscribed on the work of art being taken as evidence that it referred to the only bearer of that name then thought of—so, in all probability, it came about with St. George. People at Lydda far on into Christian times would know vaguely, and continue to tell the story, how long ago under that familiar cliff the dragon was slain and the royal maid released. Then some ruined fresco or vase painting of the event would exist, half forgotten, with the names of the characters written after Greek fashion near them in the usual superbly errant caligraphy. The Gorgon's name could scarcely fail to be prominent in a series of pictures from Perseus' history, or in this scene as an explanation of the head in his hand. A Christian pilgrim, or hermit, his heart full of the great saint, whose name as "Triumphant" filled the East, would, when he had spelt out the lettering, at once exclaim, "Ah, here is recorded another of my patron's victories." The probability of this is enhanced by the appearance in St. George's story of names whose

introduction seems to require a similar explanation. But we shall find that the battle with the dragon, though not reckoned among St. George's deeds before the eleventh or twelfth century, is entirely appropriate to the earliest sources of his legend.

220. One other important parallel between Perseus and St. George deserves notice, though it does not bear directly upon these pictures. Both are distinguished by their burnished shields. The hero's was given him by Athena, that, watching in it the reflected figure of the Gorgon,* he might strike rightly with his sickle-sword, nor need to meet in face the mortal horror of her look. The saint's bright shield rallied once and again a breaking host of crusaders, as they seemed to see it blaze in their van under Antioch † wall, and by the breaches of desecrated Zion. But his was a magic mirror; work of craftsmen more cunning than might obey the Queen of Air. Turned to visions of terror and death, it threw back by law of diviner optics an altered image—the crimson blazon of its cross.‡ So much for the growth of the dragon legend, fragment of a most ancient faith, widely spread and variously localized, thus made human by Greek, and passionately spiritual by Christian, art.

221. We shall see later that Perseus is not St. George's only blood-relation among the powers of earlier belief; but for Englishmen there may be a linked association, if more difficult to trace through historic descent, yet, in its perfect harmony, even more pleasantly strange. The great heroic poem which remains to us in the tongue of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors—intuitive creation and honourable treasure

* The allegorising Platonists interpret Medusa as a symbol of man's sensual nature. This we shall find to be Carpaccio's view of the dragon of St. George [p. 385].

† Acts xi. 26.

‡ Compare the strange reappearance of the Æginetan Athena as St. John on the Florin.[1] There the arm that bore the shield now with pointed finger gives emphasis and direction to the word "Behold."

[1] [The florin of Florence, described in *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. p. 72), on which the figure of St. John presents some likeness to the Athena from Aegina (at Munich).]

for ever of simple English minds—tells of a warrior whose names, like St. George's, are "Husbandman" and "Glorious," whose crowning deed was done in battle with the poisonous drake. Even a figure very important in St. George's history —one we shall meet in the third of these pictures—is in this legend not without its representative—that young kinsman of the Saxon hero, "among the faithless" earls "faithful only he," who holds before the failing eyes of his lord the long rusted helm and golden standard, "wondrous in the grasp," and mystic vessels of ancient time, treasure redeemed at last by a brave man's blood from the vaulted cavern of the "Twilight Flyer." For Beowulf indeed slays the monster, but wins no princess, and dies of the fiery venom that has scorched his limbs in the contest. Him there awaited such fires alone—seen from their bleak promontory afar over northern seas, as burned once upon the ridge of Œta, his the Heraklean crown of poplar leaves only, blackened without by the smoke of hell, and on the inner side washed white with the sweat of a labourer's brow.* It is a wilder form of the great story told by seers † who knew only the terror of nature and the daily toil of men, and the doom that is over these for each of us. The royal maiden for ever set free, the sprinkling of pure water unto eternal

* There was in his People's long lament for Beowulf one word about the hidden future, "when he must go forth from the body to become . . . ." What to become we shall not know, for fate has struck out just the four letters that would have told us.[1]

† *Beowulf* was probably composed by a poet nearly contemporary with Bede. The dragon victory was not yet added to the glories of St. George. Indeed, Pope Gelasius, in Council, more than a couple of centuries before, had declared him to be one of those saints "whose names are justly revered among men, but whose deeds are known to God only." Accordingly the Saxon teacher invokes him somewhat vaguely thus:—

"Invicto mundum qui sanguine temnis
Infinita refers, Georgi Sancte, trophæa!"

Yet even in these words we see a reverence similar to Carpaccio's for St. George as patron of purity. And the deeds "known to God alone" were in His good time revealed to those to whom it pleased Him.

[1] [The MS. of the poem is among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum: see above, p. 204 *n.*]

life,—this only such eyes may discern as by happier fate have also rested upon tables whose divine blazon is the law of heaven; such hearts alone conceive, as, trained in some holy city of God, have among the spirits of just men made perfect, learned to love His commandment.

222. Such, then, was the venerable belief which Carpaccio set himself to picture in the Chapel of St. George. How far he knew its wide reign and ancient descent, or how far, without recognizing these, he intuitively acted as the knowledge would have led him, and was conscious of lighting up his work by Gentile learning and symbolism, must to us be doubtful. It is not doubtful that, whether with open eyes, or in simple obedience to the traditions of his training, or, as is most likely, loyal as well in wisdom as in humility, he did so illumine it, and very gloriously. But painting this glory, he paints with it the peace that over the king-threatened cradle of another Prince than Perseus, was proclaimed to the heavy-laden.

223. The first picture on the left hand as we enter the chapel shows St. George on horseback, in battle with the Dragon. Other artists, even Tintoret,* are of opinion that the Saint rode a white horse. The champion of Purity must, they hold, have been carried to victory by a charger ethereal and splendid as a summer cloud. Carpaccio believed that his horse was a dark brown. He knew that this colour is generally the mark of greatest strength and endurance; he had no wish to paint here an ascetic's victory over the flesh. St. George's warring is in the world, and for it; he is the enemy of its desolation, the guardian of its peace; and all vital force of the lower Nature he shall have to bear him into battle; submissive indeed to the spur, bitted and bridled for obedience, yet honourably decked with trappings whose studs and bosses are fair carven faces. But though

* In the ante-chapel of the Ducal Palace.[1]

[1] [A small copy of this picture by Mr. Fairfax Murray is in the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. p. 27 *n.*]

of colour prosaically useful, this horse has a deeper kinship with the air. Many of the ancient histories and vase-paintings tell us that Perseus, when he saved Andromeda, was mounted on Pegasus. Look now here at the mane and tail, swept still back upon the wind, though already the passionate onset has been brought to sudden pause in that crash of encounter. Though the flash of an earthly fire be in his eye, its force in his limbs—though the clothing of his neck be Chthonian thunder—this steed is brother, too, to that one, born by furthest ocean wells, whose wild mane and sweeping wings stretch through the firmament as light is breaking over earth. More: these masses of billowy hair tossed upon the breeze of heaven are set here for a sign that this, though but one of the beasts that perish, has the roots of his strong nature in the power of heavenly life, and is now about His business who is Lord of heaven and Father of men. The horse is thus, as we shall see, opposed to certain other signs, meant for our learning, in the dream of horror round this monster's den.*

224. St. George, armed to his throat, sits firmly in the saddle. All the skill gained in a chivalric youth, all the might of a soldier's manhood, he summons for this strange tourney, stooping slightly and gathering his strength as he drives the spear-point straight between his enemy's jaws. His face is very fair, at once delicate and powerful, well-bred in the fullest bearing of the words; a Plantagenet face in general type, but much refined. The lower lip is pressed upwards, the brow knit, in anger and disgust partly, but more in care—and care not so much concerning the fight's ending, as that this thrust in it shall now be rightly dealt. His hair flows in bright golden ripples, strong as those of a great spring whose up-welling waters circle through some clear pool, but it breaks at last to float over brow and

* This cloudlike effect is through surface rubbing perhaps more marked now than Carpaccio intended, but must always have been most noticeable. It produces a very striking resemblance to the Pegasus or the Ram of Phrixus on Greek vases.

The Head of Saint George

shoulders in tendrils of living light.* Had Carpaccio been aware that St. George and Perseus are, in this deed, one; had he even held, as surely as Professor Müller finds reason to do, that at first Perseus was but the sun in his strength —for very name, being called "the Brightly-Burning"—this glorious head could not have been, more completely than it is, made the centre of light in the picture. In Greek works of art, as a rule, Perseus, when he rescues Andromeda, continues to wear the peaked Phrygian cap, dark helmet of Hades,† by whose virtue he moved, invisible, upon Medusa through coiling mists of dawn. Only after victory might he unveil his brightness. But about George from the first is no shadow. Creeping thing of keenest eye shall not see that splendour which is so manifest, nor with guile spring upon it unaware, to its darkening. Such knowledge alone for the dragon—dim sense as of a horse with its rider, moving to the fatal lair, hope, pulseless,—not of heart, but of talon and maw—that here is yet another victim, then only between his teeth that keen lance-point, thrust far before the Holy Apparition at whose rising the Power of the Vision of Death waxes faint and drops those terrible wings that bore under their shadow, not healing, but wounds for men.

225. The spear pierces the base of the dragon's brain, its point penetrating right through and standing out at the back of the head just above its junction with the spine. The shaft breaks in the shock between the dragon's jaws. This shivering of St. George's spear is almost always emphasised in pictures of him—sometimes, as here, in act, oftener by position of the splintered fragments prominent in the foreground. This is no tradition of ancient art, but a purely mediæval incident, yet not, I believe, merely the vacant reproduction of a sight become familiar to the spectator of tournaments. The spear was type of the strength of human wisdom. This checks the enemy in his attack,

* At his martyrdom St. George was hung up by his hair to be scourged.
† Given by Hermes (Chthonios).

subdues him partly, yet is shattered, having done so much, and of no help in perfecting the victory or in reaping its reward of joy. But at the Saint's "loins, girt about with truth," there hangs his holier weapon—the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

226. The Dragon* is bearded like a goat,† and essentially a thorny‡ creature. Every ridge of his body, wings, and head, bristles with long spines, keen, sword-like, of an earthy brown colour or poisonous green. But the most truculent-looking of all is a short, strong, hooked one at the back of his head, close to where the spear-point protrudes.§ These thorns are partly the same vision—though seen with even clearer eyes, dreamed by a heart yet more tender—as Spenser saw in the troop of urchins coming up with the host of other lusts against the Castle of Temperance.[1] They are also symbolic as weeds whose deadly growth brings the power of earth to waste and chokes its good. These our Lord of spiritual husbandmen must for preliminary task destroy. The agricultural process consequent on this first step in tillage we shall see in the next picture, whose subject is the triumph of the ploughshare sword, as the subject of this one is the triumph of the pruning-hook spear.|| To an Italian of Carpaccio's time, further, spines—etymologically connected in Greek and Latin, as in English, with the backbone—were an acknowledged symbol of the lust of the flesh, whose defeat the artist has here set himself to paint. The mighty coiling tail, as of a giant

* It should be noticed that St. George's dragon is never human-headed, as often St. Michael's.

† So the Theban dragon on a vase, to be afterwards referred to [p. 399].

‡ The following are Lucian's words concerning the monster slain by Perseus, "Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἔπειστι πεφρικὸς ταῖς ἀκάνθαις καὶ δεδιττόμενον τῷ χάσματι."[2]

§ I do not know the meaning of this here. It bears a striking resemblance to the crests of the dragon of Triptolemus on vases. These crests signify primarily the springing blade of corn. That, here, has become like iron.

|| For "pruning-hooks" in our version, the Vulgate reads "ligones"—tools for preparatory clearance.

[1] [*Faerie Queene*, ii. xi. 13.]
[2] [*De Domo*, § 22.]

eel,* carries out the portraiture. For this, loathsome as the body is full of horror, takes the place of the snails ranked by Spenser in line beside his urchins. Though the monster, half rampant, rises into air, turning claw and spike and tooth towards St. George, we are taught by this grey abomination twisting in the slime of death that the threatened destruction is to be dreaded not more for its horror than for its shame.

227. Behind the dragon lie, naked, with dead faces turned heavenwards, two corpses—a youth's and a girl's, eaten away from the feet to the middle, the flesh hanging at the waist in loathsome rags torn by the monster's teeth. The man's thigh and upper-arm bones snapped across and sucked empty of marrow, are turned to us for special sign of this destroyer's power. The face, foreshortened, is drawn by death and decay into the ghastly likeness of an ape's.† The girl's face—seen in profile—is quiet and still beautiful; her long hair is heaped as for a pillow under her head. It does not grow like St. George's, in living ripples, but lies in fantastic folds, that have about them a savour, not of death only, but of corruption. For all its pale gold, they at once carry back one's mind to Turner's Python,[1] where the arrow of Apollo strikes him in the midst, and, piercing, reveals his foulness. Round her throat cling a few torn rags, these only remaining of the white garment that clothed her once. Carpaccio was a diligent student of ancient mythology. Boccaccio's very learned book on the

* The eel was Venus' selected beast-shape in the "Flight of the Gods." Boccaccio has enlarged upon the significance of this: *Gen. Deor.*, iv. 68. One learns from other sources that a tail was often symbol of sensuality.

† In the great Botticelli of the National Gallery [No. 915], known as Mars and Venus, but almost identical with the picture drawn afterwards by Spenser of the Bower of Acrasia [*Faerie Queene*, ii. xii. 77], the sleeping youth wears an expression, though less strongly marked, very similar to that of this dead face here. Such brutish paralysis is with scientific accuracy made special to the male. It may be noticed that the power of venomously wounding, expressed by Carpaccio through the dragon's spines, is in the Botticelli signified by the swarm of hornets issuing from the tree-trunk by the young man's head.

[1] [No. 488 in the National Gallery.]

Gods was the standard classical dictionary of those days in Italy. It tells us how the Cyprian Venus—a mortal princess in reality, Boccaccio holds—to cover her own disgrace led the maidens of her country to the sea-sands, and, stripping them there, tempted them to follow her in shame. I suspect Carpaccio had this story in his mind, and meant here to reveal in true dragon aspect the Venus that once seemed fair, to show by this shore the fate of them that follow her. It is to be noticed that the dead man is an addition made by Carpaccio to the old story. Maidens of the people, the legend-writers knew, had been sacrificed before the Princess; but only he, filling the tale—like a cup of his country's fairly fashioned glass—full of the wine of profitable teaching, is aware that men have often come to these yellow sands to join there in the dance of death—not only, nor once for all, this Saint who clasped hands with Victory. Two ships in the distance—one stranded, with rigging rent or fallen, the other moving prosperously with full sails on its course—symbolically repeat this thought.*

228. Frogs clamber about the corpse of the man, lizards about the woman. Indeed, for shells and creeping things this place where strangers lie slain and unburied would have been to the good Palissy a veritable and valued potter's field.[1] But to every one of these cold and scaly creatures a special symbolism was attached by the science—not unwisely dreaming—of Carpaccio's day. They are, each one, painted here to amplify and press home the picture's teaching. These lizards are born of a dead man's flesh, these snakes of his marrow:† and adders, the most venomous, are still only lizards ripened witheringly from loathsome flower into poisonous fruit. The frogs‡—symbols, Pierius tells us,[2]

* "The many fail, the one succeeds" [Tennyson's *The Day Dream*].

† "The silver cord" not "loosed" in God's peace, but thus devilishly quickened.

‡ Compare the "unclean spirits come out of the mouth of the dragon," in Revelation.

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6, § 6.]

[2] [Pierius Valerianus: *Hieroglyphica*, lib. xxix.]

of imperfection and shamelessness—are in transfigured form those Lycian husbandmen whose foul words mocked Latona, whose feet defiled the wells of water she thirsted for,[1] as the veiled mother painfully journeyed with those two babes on her arm, of whom one should be Queen of Maidenhood, the other, Lord of Light, and Guardian of the Ways of Men.* This subtle association between batrachians and love declining to sense lay very deep in the Italian mind. In *Ariadne Florentina* there are two engravings from Botticelli of Venus, as a star floating through heaven and as foam-born rising from the sea.[2] Both pictures are most subtly beautiful, yet in the former the lizard likeness shows itself distinctly in the face, and a lizard's tail appears in manifest form as pendulous crest of the chariot, while in the latter not only contours of profile and back,† but the selected attitude of the goddess, bent and half emergent, with hand resting not over firmly upon the level shore, irresistibly recall a frog.

229. In the foreground, between St. George and the Dragon, a spotted lizard labours at the task set Sisyphus in hell for ever. Sisyphus, the cold-hearted and shifty son of Æolus,‡ stained in life by nameless lust, received his mocking doom of toil, partly for his treachery—winning this only in the end,—partly because he opposed the divine conception of the Æacid race; but above all, as penalty for the attempt to elude the fate of death "that is appointed alike for all," by refusal for his own body of that "sowing in corruption," against which a deeper furrow is prepared by the last of husbandmen with whose labour each of us has on earth to do. Then, finding that Carpaccio has had in his mind one scene of Tartarus, we may believe the corpse in the background, torn by carrion-birds, to be not merely

* Ἀγυιεύς.

† Compare the account of the Frog's hump, *Ariadne Florentina*, § 111 [Vol. XXII. p. 367].

‡ Compare Pindar's use of αἰόλος as a fit adjective for ψεῦδος, *Nem.* viii. 43.

[1] [Ovid, *Metamorphoses* vi. 363 *seq.*]

[2] [See, in this edition, Plate XXVI. in Vol. XXII. (p. 368), and Plate XIV. in Vol. XX. (p. 336).]

a meaningless incident of horror, but a reminiscence of enduring punishment avenging upon Tityus* the insulted purity of Artemis.†

230. The coiled adder is the familiar symbol of eternity, here meant either to seal for the defeated their fate as final, or to hint, with something of Turner's sadness, that this is a battle not gained "once for ever" and "for all," but to be fought anew by every son of man, while, for each, defeat shall be deadly, and victory still most hard, though an armed Angel of the Victory of God be our marshal and leader in the contest. A further comparison with Turner is suggested by the horse's skull between us and Saint George. A similar skeleton is prominent in the corresponding part of the foreground in the "Jason" of the *Liber Studiorum*. But Jason clambers to victory on foot, allows no charger to bear him in the fight. Turner, more an antique‡ Hellene than a Christian prophet, had, as all the greatest among the Greeks, neither vision nor hope of any more perfect union between lower and higher nature by which that inferior creation, groaning now with us in pain, should cease to be type of the mortal element, which seems to shame our soul as basing it in clay, and, with that element, become a temple-platform, lifting man's life towards heaven.§

With Turner's adder, too, springing immortal from the Python's wound,[1] we cannot but connect this other adder of Carpaccio's, issuing from the white skull of a great

* "Terræ omniparentis alumnum" [*Æneid*, vi. 595].

† Or, as the story is otherwise given, of the mother of Artemis, as in the case of the Lycian peasants above [p. 388].

‡ *Hamlet*, v. ii. 352.

§ Pegasus and the immortal horses of Achilles, born like Pegasus by the ocean wells, are always to be recognized as spiritual creatures, not—as St. George's horse here—earthly creatures, though serving and manifesting divine power. Compare too the fate of Argus (Homer, *Od.*, xvii.). In the great Greek philosophies, similarly, we find a realm of formless shadow eternally unconquered by sacred order, offering a contrast to the modern systems which aim at a unity to be reached, if not by reason, at least by what one may not inaccurately call an act of faith.

[1] [See the description of the picture in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 420).]

snake. Adders, according to an old fancy, were born from the jaws of their living mother. Supernatural horror attaches to this symbolic one, writhing out from between the teeth of that ophidian death's-head. And the plague, not yet fully come forth, but already about *its* father's business, venomously fastens on a frog, type of the sinner whose degradation is but the beginning of punishment. So soon the worm that dies not is also upon him—in its fang Circean poison to make the victim one with his plague, as in that terrible circle those, afflicted, whom "vita bestial piacque e non umana."[1]

231. Two spiral shells* lie on the sand, in shape related to each other as frog to lizard, or as Spenser's urchins, spoken of above, to his snails. One is round and short, with smooth viscous-looking lip, turned over, and lying towards the spectator. The other is finer in form, and of a kind noticeable for its rows of delicate spines. But, since the dweller in this one died, the waves of many a long-fallen tide rolling on the shingle have worn it almost smooth, as you may see its fellows to-day by hundreds along Lido shore. Now, such shells were, through heathen ages innumerable and over many lands, holy things, because of their whorls moving from left to right,† in some mysterious sympathy, it seemed, with the sun in his daily course through heaven. Then as the open clam-shell was special symbol of Venus, so these became of the Syrian Venus, Ashtaroth, Ephesian Artemis, queen, not of purity but of abundance, Mylitta, ἥτις ποτ' ἐστὶν,[2] the many-named and widely worshipped.‡ In Syrian figures still existing

* Ovid associates shells with the enemy of Andromeda, but regarding it as a very ancient and fishlike monster, plants them on its back—

"Terga cavis super obsita conchis."

—Ov., *Met.*, iv. 724.

† In India, for the same reason, one of the leading marks of the Buddha's perfection was his hair, thus spiral.

‡ Compare the curious tale about the Echeneis. Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, ix. 25. "De echeneide ejusque naturâ mirabili."

[1] [*Inferno*, xxiv. 124.]

[2] [An adaptation of the first line of the first ode in the *Agamemnon*.]

she bears just such a shell in her hand. Later writers, with whom the source of this symbolism was forgotten, accounted for it, partly by imaginative instinct, partly by fanciful invention concerning the nature and way of life of these creatures. But there is here yet a further reference, since from such shells along the Syrian coast was crushed out, sea-purple and scarlet, the juice of the Tyrian dye. And the power of sensual delight throned in the chief places of each merchant city, decked her "stately bed"[1] with coverings whose tincture was the stain of that baptism.* The shells are empty now, devoured—lizards on land or sea-shore, are ever to such "inimicissimum genus"†—or wasted in the deep. For the ripples‡ that have thrown and left them on the sand are a type of the lusts of men, that leap up from the abyss, surge over the shore of life, and fall in swift ebb, leaving desolation behind.

232. Near the coiled adder is planted a withered human head. The sinews and skin of the neck spread, and clasp the ground—as a zoophyte does its rock—in hideous mimicry of an old tree's knotted roots. Two feet and legs, torn off by the knee, lean on this head, one against the brow and the other behind. The scalp is bare and withered. These things catch one's eye on the first glance at the picture, and though so painful, and made thus prominent as giving the key to a large part of its symbolism. Later Platonists—and among them those of the fifteenth century—developed from certain texts in the *Timæus*§ a doctrine concerning the mystical meaning of hair, which coincides with its significance to the vision of early (pre-Platonic) Greeks. As a tree has its roots in earth, and set thus, must patiently abide, bearing such fruit as the laws of

* The purple of Lydda was famous. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. VI., 1876 [Letter 64, § 1], and *Deucalion*, i. ch. vii. § 39.

† Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, VIII. 39.

‡ Under the name of Salacia and Venilia. See St. August., *Civ. Dei*, VII. 22.

§ Plato, *Tim.*, 75, 76.

[1] [Ezekiel xxiii. 41.]

nature may appoint, so man, being of other family—these dreamers belonged to a very "pre-scientific epoch"—has his roots in heaven, and has the power of moving to and fro over the earth for service to the Law of Heaven, and as sign of his free descent. Of these diviner roots the hair is visible type. Plato tells us,* that of innocent, light-hearted men, "whose thoughts were turned heavenward," but "who imagined in their simplicity that the clearest demonstration of things above was to be obtained by sight," the race of birds had being, by change of external shape into due harmony with the soul ("μετερρύθμίζετο")—such persons growing feathers instead of hair.† We have in Dante,‡ too, an inversion of tree nature parallel to that of the head here. The tree, with roots in air, whose sweet fruit is, in Purgatory, alternately, to gluttonous souls, temptation, and purifying punishment—watered, Landino interprets, by the descending spray of Lethe—signifies that these souls have forgotten the source and limits of earthly pleasure, seeking vainly in it satisfaction for the hungry and immortal spirit. So here, this blackened head of the sensual sinner is rooted to earth, the sign of strength drawn from above is stripped from off it, and beside it on the sand are laid, as in hideous mockery, the feet that might have been beautiful upon the mountains. Think of the woman's body beyond, and then of this head—"instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well-set hair, baldness." The worm's brethren, the Dragon's elect, wear such shameful tonsure, unencircled by the symbolic crown; prodigal of life, "risurgeranno," from no quiet grave, but from this haunt of horror, "co crin mozzi"§—in piteous witness of wealth ruinously cast away. Then compare, in light of the

* Plato, *Tim.*, 91 D, E.

† The most devoid of wisdom were stretched on earth, becoming footless and creeping things, or sunk as fish in the sea. So, we saw Venus' chosen transmigration was into the form of an eel—other authorities say, of a fish.

‡ Dante, *Purg.*, XXII., XXIII.

§ Dante, *Inf.*, VII. 57; *Purg.*, XXII. 46.

quotation from Plato above, the dragon's thorny plumage; compare, too, the charger's mane and tail, and the rippling glory that crown St. George. It is worth while, too, to have in mind the words of the "black cherub" that had overheard the treacherous counsel of Guido de Montefeltro. From the moment it was uttered, to that of the sinner's death, the evil spirit says, "stato gli sono a crini"*—lord of his fate. Further, in a Venetian series of engravings illustrating Dante (published 1491), the fire-breathings of the Dragon on Cacus' shoulders transform themselves into the Centaur's femininely flowing hair, to signify the inspiration of his forceful fraud. This "power on his head" he has because of such an angel.† When we consider the Princess we shall find this symbolism yet further carried, but just now have to notice how the closely connected franchise of graceful motion, lost to those dishonoured ones, is marked by the most carefully-painted bones lying on the left—a thigh-bone dislocated from that of the hip, and then thrust through it. Curiously, too, such dislocation would in life produce a hump, mimicking fairly enough in helpless distortion that one to which the frog's leaping power is due.‡

233. Centrally in the foreground is set the skull, perhaps of an ape, but more probably of an ape-like man, "with forehead villanous low."[1] This lies so that its eye-socket looks out, as it were, through the empty eyehole of a sheep's skull beside it. When man's vision has become ovine merely, it shall at last, even of grass, see only such bitter and dangerous growth as our husbandman must reap with a spear from a dragon's wing.

234. The remaining minor words of this poem in a forgotten tongue I cannot definitely interpret. The single skull with jaw-bone broken off, lying under the dragon's

* Dante, *Inf.*, xxvii.
† Ibid., *Inf.*, xxv.
‡ *Ariadne Florentina*, § 111 [Vol. XXII. p. 367].

[1] [*Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1.]

belly, falls to be mentioned afterwards. The ghastly heap of them, crowned by a human mummy, withered and brown,* beside the coil of the dragon's tail, seem meant merely to add general emphasis to the whole. The mummy (and not this alone in the picture) may be compared with Spenser's description of the Captain of the Army of Lusts :—

> "His body lean and meagre as a rake,
> And skin all withered like a dryed rook,
> Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake.
> . . . . . .
> Upon his head he wore a helmet light,
> Made of a dead man's skull, that seemed a ghastly sight."[1]

235. The row of five palm trees behind the dragon's head perhaps refers to the kinds of temptation over which Victory must be gained, and may thus be illustrated by the five troops that in Spenser assail the several senses, or beside Chaucer's five fingers of the hand of lust.[2] It may be observed that Pliny speaks of the Essenes—preceders of the Christian Hermits—who had given up the world and its joys as "gens socia palmarum." †

236. Behind the dragon, in the far background, is a great city. Its walls and towers are crowded by anxious spectators of the battle. There stands in it, on a lofty pedestal, the equestrian statue of an emperor on horseback, perhaps placed there by Carpaccio for sign of Alexandria, perhaps merely from a Venetian's pride and joy in the great figure of Colleone recently set up in his city.[3] In the background of the opposite (St. George's) side of the picture rises a precipitous hill, crowned by a church. The cliffs are waveworn, an arm of the sea passing between them and the city.

* The venom of the stellio, a spotted species of lizard, emblem of shamelessness, was held to cause blackening of the face.

† Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, v. 17.

[1] [*Faerie Queene*, ii. xi. 21, 22; quoted by Ruskin in Vol. X. p. 383.]

[2] [*The Persones Tale*, § 76 in Skeat's edition.]

[3] [For notices of this statue by Verrocchio, set up in 1496, see Vol. X. p. 8, and Vol. XI. p. 19 and *n.*]

237. Of these hieroglyphics, only the figure of the princess now remains for our reading. The expression on her face, ineffable by descriptive words,* is translated into more tangible symbols by the gesture of her hands and arms. These repeat, with added grace and infinitely deepened meaning, the movement of maidens who encourage Theseus or Cadmus in their battle with monsters on many a Greek vase. They have been clasped in agony and prayer, but are now parting—still just a little doubtfully—into a gesture of joyous gratitude to this captain of the army of salvation and to the captain's Captain. Raphael† has painted her running from the scene of battle. Even with Tintoret‡ she turns away for flight; and if her hands are raised to heaven, and her knees fall to the earth, it is more that she stumbles in a woman's weakness, than that she abides in faith or sweet self-surrender. Tintoret sees the scene as in the first place a matter of fact, and paints accordingly, following his judgment of girl nature.§ Carpaccio sees it as above all things a matter of faith, and paints mythically for our teaching. Indeed, doing this, he repeats the old legend with more literal accuracy. The princess was offered as a sacrifice for her people. If not willing, she was at least submissive; not for herself did she dream of flight. No chains in the rock were required for the Christian Andromeda.

238. "And the king said, . . . 'Daughter, I would you

* Suppose Caliban had conquered Prospero, and fettered him in a fig-tree or elsewhere; that Miranda, after watching the struggle from the cave, had seen him coming triumphantly to seize her; and that the first appearance of Ferdinand is, just at that moment, to her rescue. If we conceive how she would have looked then, it may give some parallel to the expression on the princess's face in this picture, but without a certain light of patient devotion here well marked.

† Louvre.

‡ National Gallery.

§ And perhaps from a certain ascetic feeling, a sense growing with the growing license of Venice, that the soul must rather escape from this monster by flight, than hope to see it subdued and made serviceable (*vide* § 219).

had died long ago rather than that I should lose you thus.' And she fell at his feet, asking of him a father's blessing. And when he had blessed her once and again, with tears she went her way to the shore. Now St. George chanced to pass by that place, and he saw her, and asked why she wept. But she answered, 'Good youth, mount quickly and flee away, that you die not here shamefully with me.' Then St. George said, 'Fear not, maiden, but tell me what it is you wait for here, and all the people stand far off beholding.' And she said, 'I see, good youth, how great of heart you are: but why do you wish to die with me?' And St. George answered, 'Maiden, do not fear: I go not hence till you tell me why you weep.' And when she had told him all, he answered, 'Maiden, have no fear, for in the name of Christ will I save you.' And she said, 'Good soldier, —lest you perish with me! For that I perish alone is enough, and you could not save me; you would perish with me.' Now while she spoke the dragon raised his head from the waters. And the maiden cried out, all trembling, 'Flee, good my lord, flee away swiftly.'"* But our "very loyal chevalier of the faith" saw cause to disobey the lady.

239. Yet Carpaccio means to do much more than just repeat this story. His princess (it is impossible, without undue dividing of its substance, to put into logical words the truth here "embodied in a tale")—but this princess represents the soul of man. And therefore she wears a coronet of seven gems, for the seven virtues; and of these, the midmost that crowns her forehead is shaped into the figure of a cross, signifying faith, the saving virtue.† We shall see[1] that in the picture of Gethsemane also, Carpaccio makes the representative of faith central. Without faith,

* *Legenda Aurea.*

† St. Thomas Aquinas, putting logically the apostle's "substance of things hoped for," defines faith as "a habit of mind by which eternal life is begun in us" (Summa II., III., IV., I).

[1] [A reference to the intended continuation: see above, p. 369.]

men indeed may shun the deepest abyss, yet cannot attain the glory of heavenly hope and love. Dante saw how such men—even the best—may not know the joy that is perfect. Moving in the divided splendour merely of under earth, on sward whose "fresh verdure," eternally changeless, expects neither in patient waiting nor in sacred hope the early and the latter rain,* "Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta."[1]

This maiden, then, is an incarnation of spiritual life, mystically crowned with all the virtues. But their diviner meaning is yet unrevealed, and following the one legible command, she goes down to such a death for her people, vainly. Only by help of the hero who slays monstrous births of nature, to sow and tend in its organic growth the wholesome plant of civil life, may she enter into that liberty with which Christ makes His people free.

240. The coronet of the princess is clasped about a close red cap which hides her hair. Its tresses are not yet cast loose, inasmuch as, till the dragon be subdued, heavenly life is not secure for the soul, nor its marriage with the great Bridegroom complete. In corners even of Western Europe, to this day, a maiden's hair is jealously covered till her wedding. Compare now this head with that of St. George. Carpaccio, painting a divine service of mute prayer and acted prophecy, has followed St. Paul's law concerning vestments. But we shall see how, when prayer is answered and prophecy fulfilled, the long hair—"a glory to her," and given by Nature for a veil—is sufficient covering upon the maiden's head, bent in a more mystic rite.

* Epistle of James, v., Dante selects (and Carpaccio follows him) as heavenly judge of a right hope that apostle who reminds his reader how man's life is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. For the connection—geologically historic—of grass and showers with true human life, compare Genesis ii. 5–8, where the right translation is, "And no plant of the field was yet in the earth, and no herb yet sprung up or grown," etc.

[1] [*Inferno*, iv. 34.]

241. From the cap hangs a long scarf-like veil. It is twisted once about the princess's left arm, and then floats in the air. The effect of this veil strikes one on the first glance at the picture. It gives force to the impression of natural fear, yet strangely, in light fold, adds a secret sense of security, as though the gauze were some sacred ægis. And such indeed it is, nor seen first by Carpaccio, though probably his intuitive invention here. There is a Greek vase-picture* of Cadmus attacking a dragon, Ares-begotten, that guarded the sacred spring of the warrior-god. That fight was thus for the same holy element whose symbolic sprinkling is the end of this one here. A maiden anxiously watches the event; her gesture resembles the princess's; her arm is similarly shielded by a fold of her mantle. But we have a parallel at once more familiar and more instructively perfect than this. Cadmus had a daughter, to whom was given power upon the sea, because in utmost need she had trusted herself to the mercy of its billows. Lady of its foam, in hours when "the blackening wave is edged with white,"[1] she is a holier and more helpful Aphrodite,—a "water-sprite" whose voice foretells that not "wreck" but salvation "is nigh." In the last and most terrible crisis of that long battle with the Power of Ocean, who denied him a return to his Fatherland, Ulysses would have perished in the waters without the veil of Leucothea wrapped about his breast as divine life-buoy. And that veil, the "immortal" κρήδεμνον,† was just such a scarf attached to the head-dress as this one of the princess's here.‡ Curiously, too, we shall see that Leucothea (at first called Ino), of Thebes' and Cadmus' line, daughter of Harmonia, is closely connected

* Inghirami gives this (No. 239).

† In pursuance of the same symbolism, Troy walls were once literally called "salvation," this word, with, for certain historical reasons, the added epithet of "holy," being applied to them. With the κρήδεμνα, Penelope shielded her "tender" cheeks in presence of the suitors.

‡ Vide *Nitsch ad Od.*, v. 346.

[1] [*Lay of the Last Minstrel,* canto vi. 23.]

with certain sources of the story of St. George.* But we have first to consider the dragon's service.

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242. The Editor had hope of publishing this book a full year ago. He now in all humility, yet not in uncertainty, can sum the causes of its delay, both with respect to his friend and to himself, in the words of St Paul,

καὶ ἐνέκοψεν ἡμᾶς ὁ Σατανᾶς.[1]

BRANTWOOD,
6th March, 1879.

* λέγοντι δ' ἐν καὶ θαλάσσᾳ
. . . βίοτον ἄφθιτον
Ἰνοῖ τετάχθαι τὸν ὅλον ἀμφὶ χρόνον.
—Pind. *Ol.*, II. 51.

[1] [1 Thessalonians ii. 18 ("and Satan hindered us"). "A year ago" Ruskin had been taken seriously ill.]

V

ST. MARK'S, VENICE

I. A LETTER TO COUNT ZORZI (1877)

II. CIRCULAR RESPECTING MEMORIAL STUDIES (1879–1880)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This part of the volume contains two pieces from Ruskin's pen on Restorations at St. Mark's, of which the bibliography is here successively given—(I.) the letter to Count Zorzi; (II.) a Circular.

I

The letter to Count Zorzi first appeared, in 1877, in a volume, with the following title-page :—

> Osservazioni | intorno ai ristauri interni ed esterni | Della Basilica di San Marco | Con Tavole illustrative di alcune Inscrizioni Armene | essistenti nella medesima | di | Alvise Piero Zorzi fu Giovanni Carlo | Venezia | 1877 | Vendibile presso F. Ongania successore Munster.

Ruskin's letter (in English) occupies pp. 11–22, and an Italian translation of it (for which the author renders thanks "alla nobile giovinetta Eugenia Szczepanowska"), pp. 25–34. The book is dedicated "in esteem and friendship" to Ruskin.

The letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, May 1890, vol. i. pp. 169–173, and thence in the privately issued *Ruskiniana*, 1890, Part I. pp. 17–21.

The paragraphs are here numbered for convenience of reference.

II

The Circular (1879–1880) appeared in the following editions :—

First Edition (1879).—The title-page (with blank reverse) is as follows :—

> Circular | respecting | Memorial Studies | of | St. Mark's, Venice, | now in progress | under Mr. Ruskin's direction. | This Circular will be given to Visitors to the Old Water-Colour | Society's Exhibition, Pall Mall East, or on application to | The Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street.

Small 8vo, pp. 8. Text (here pp. 412–416), pp. 3–8. In the last words "S. Allen" was misprinted for "G. Allen." The imprint at the foot of the last page is "London: | Printed by Strangeways & Sons, Tower Street, Upper St. Martin's Lane." There are no headlines, the pages being numbered centrally. Issued stitched and without wrappers.

This first edition (a description here applied to the Circular in its eight-page form) was twice issued. In the later issue of it, some alterations were made in the text (see below).

The Circular (in the first edition) was reprinted under the heading "Mr. Ruskin and St. Mark's, Venice" in the *Art Journal*, 1880, vol. 19 (N.S.), pp. 47, 48.

Second Edition (1880).—To this a Postscript (here pp. 416–423) was added, pp. 9–15. Page 16 was headed "Present State of Subscription List," but otherwise left blank—a printer's error, mistaken by some readers for a piece of dry humour. Ruskin made a few more alterations in the text (see below).

Third Edition (1880).—This was a reprint of the Second, the error on p. 16 being corrected, and the page being blank, with the exception of the imprint at the foot.

The Circular in its complete form was reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 237–251.

Variæ Lectiones.—§ 3, line 5, see p. 413 *n.*; line 25, "Pan-droseion" was misprinted "Pan-choreion" in the first issue of ed. 1; § 5, line 3, for "state," ed. 1 (both issues) reads "mind"; and for "have become, in some measure, able," "have qualified myself"; line 6, for "am at this moment aided," ed. 1 (both issues) reads "am asked, and enabled to do so." In § 13, line 23, "on paper" has here been corrected to "in paper."

The paragraphs are here numbered for convenience of reference.]

I

A LETTER TO COUNT ZORZI

1. My dear Friend,[1]—I have no words in my rough English, nor with any less passionate than Dante's could I tell you with what thankfulness of heart I see a Venetian noble at last rising to defend the beauty of his native city, and the divinity of her monuments, from the ruin of attempted restoration.

In this effort of yours—the first, as far as I know, made with earnestness and on basis of sure knowledge, to show the error of our modern systems of reconstruction—I recognize indeed the revival of the spirit of the Past; the spirit of reverence for the great Dead, of love for the places which their fame illumined and their virtue hallowed, and of care for all things which once they had care for, which their living eyes beheld, and on which yet, perhaps, they look sometimes back with unchanged affection. In this I indeed acknowledge the heart of the Venetian noble. What emotion so strongly moved the lords of ancient Venice, as their reverence for the dead!

2. How much, also, may I thank you for permitting me to be your companion in this noble enterprise! Yet I partly do indeed deserve to be your accepted ally, being in truth a foster-child of Venice. She has taught me all that I have rightly learned of the arts which are my joy; and of all the happy and ardent days which, in my earlier life, it was granted me to spend in this Holy land of Italy, none were so precious as those which I used to pass in

[1] [The letter, as printed, is undated. It was written during Ruskin's residence in Venice in the winter of 1876–1877. The year is fixed as 1877 by a remark in § 6: see also the Introduction, above, p. lx.]

the bright recess of your Piazzetta, by the pillars of Acre; looking sometimes to the glimmering mosaics in the vaults of the Church; sometimes to the Square, thinking of its immortal memories; sometimes to the Palace and the Sea.

No such scene existed elsewhere in Europe,—in the world; so bright, so magically visionary,—a temple radiant as the flowers of nature, venerable and enduring as her rocks, arched above the rugged pillars which then stood simply on the marble pavement, where the triumphant Venetian conquerors had set them.

I pass the same place now with averted eyes. There is only the ghost,—nay, the corpse,—of all that I so loved.

3. During thirty years of constant labour in our English schools of art, I have been striving to convince our students of the eternal difference between the sculpture of men who worked in the joy of their art, for the honour of their religion, and the mechanical labour of those who work, at the best, in imitation, and, too often, only for gain. In my own country, now given up wholly to the love of money, I do not wonder when I prevail little. But here in Venice your hearts are not yet hardened; above all, not the heart of the workman. The Venetian has still all the genius, the conscience, the ingenuity of his race; and a master who loved his men, and sought to develop their intelligence and to rouse their imagination, might be certain of rivalling, by their aid, the best art of former ages. And the chief purpose with which, twenty years ago, I undertook my task of the history of Venetian architecture was to show the dependence of its beauty on the happiness and fancy of the workman, and to show also that no architect could claim the title to authority of "magister" unless he himself wrought at the head of his men, Captain of manual skill, as the best knight is Captain of armies.

4. But the modern system of superintendence from a higher social position renders good work impossible; for, with double fatality, it places at the head of operations men unacquainted with the handling of the chisel, and sure to

think the mechanical regularity meritorious[1] (which a true artist hates as a musician does a grinding organ); and makes it the interest of the superintendent to employ rather numbers of men educated in a common routine—so as to be directed with little trouble, yet whose collective labour will involve larger profit—than the few whose skill could be trusted, but whose genius would demand sympathy, and claim thoughtful guidance, regarding not the quantity of their work, but its excellence.

While, therefore, it is impossible to speak with too much sorrow of the destruction brought upon St. Mark's, it must always be kept in mind that this is not the fault of the Venetian workman, but of the modern system by which, throughout Europe, the money-profit resulting from the extensive employment of mechanical labour, becomes a motive for persons who have no real art-faculty to occupy themselves in the direction of imitative work, for which, of course, no genius in design is required. Thus the nations are made to pay for the ruin of their ancient monuments, instead of the raising of new ones. And in France and England, during the last twenty years, the destruction wrought by this cause alone has an hundredfold exceeded all the ruin of former time, neglect, and revolution.

5. But this catastrophe in Venice surpasses all in its miserableness. St. Mark's was the most rich in associations, the most marvellous in beauty, the most perfect in preservation, of all the eleventh-century buildings in Europe; and of St. Mark's, precisely the most lovely portions were those which have been now destroyed.

Their mosaics especially were of such exquisite intricacy of deep golden glow between the courses of small pillars, that those two upper arches[2] had an effect as of peacock's feathers in the sun, when their green and purple glitters through and through with light. But now they have the

[1] [See below, p. 421.]
[2] [Of the south side, which had then been "restored": see Introduction, p. lx.]

look of a peacock's feather that has been dipped in white paint. I cannot guess where the sandy or muddy brown stone has been brought from (the commonest kinds of Verona marble being brighter), nor can I understand how the Venetian people can bear to look at such colour, while the pictures of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini show the beautiful warm red which, as you so rightly observe,[1] was everywhere used on house fronts in those days of perfect art, giving the name of "Venetian" red to that colour, all over Europe.

6. What changes have been made in the other stones, or what damage done to the surfaces of those which remain, I do not know: but this I know, that in old time I looked every day at this side of St. Mark's, wondering whether I ever should be able to paint anything so lovely; and that now, not only would any good colourist refuse to paint it as a principal subject, but he would feel that he could not introduce that portion of the building into any picture without spoiling it. It would not, indeed, have been possible, unless with Aladdin's lamp, to make a new St. Mark's as beautiful as the old, for the like of the old marbles cannot, I believe, be obtained from any now known quarry. So that last year, lecturing in my schools at Oxford on the geology of architecture, I took these very marbles of St. Mark's for principal illustration,[2] and, to my bitter sorrow, was able to hold in my hand, and show to my scholars, pieces of the white and purple veined alabasters, more than a foot square, bought here in Venice out of the wrecks of restoration.

7. I cannot enough thank you for the admirable care and completeness with which you have exposed the folly of thus throwing away the priceless marbles of the original structure, and explained to your readers every point relating to the beauty and durability of such materials. Your

[1] [See p. 174 of Count Zorzi's pamphlet.]

[2] [Not at Oxford, but at the London Institution: see *Deucalion*, i. ("The Iris of the Earth"), and compare below, p. 420.]

analysis of the value of colours produced by age,[1] is new in art literature, and cannot possibly be better done. It may be interesting to you to know with reference to this subject that the Gothic palace at San Severo[2] next to the Renaissance Lombard palace (both, I think, belonging once to your own ancient family) was radiant with the same veined purple alabasters as St. Mark's; I was then a youth, and, in my love of geology, I painted them literally vein for vein—and, fortunately, have preserved the drawing. That palace is now stripped into a defaced wall: I have the drawing now here from England, and by the time your book is published all those true Venetians who love their city may compare it with the existing ruin.

And if any question is made of your statement of the destruction of the colours of the south side of St. Mark's, I can produce an exact coloured drawing of that also, in old time—but it belongs to the schools of Oxford,[3] to which I presented it as the most beautiful example of Byzantine colours I could give; but I cannot obtain this without formalities which would lose time, nor do I like to risk the carriage of the drawing, now become invaluable to my pupils in keeping record not only of the effect of the former façade but also of the columns of Acre, beside the door of the Baptistery, as the ancient Venetians set them, without those two horrible plinths beneath—which are as if you gave the Greek Pallas high-heeled boots.[4]

8. I will not take upon me to add anything, here, to what you have said of the wanton and inconsiderate changes made in the mouldings which it was pretended to reproduce; but in the little history of Venice[5] which I am now

[1] [See pp. 62, 65–66, 73 of Count Zorzi's pamphlet.]

[2] [See the description of it in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 308).]

[3] [See the frontispiece to this volume. The drawing is No. 209 in the Educational Series.]

[4] [Only one of the pillars, however, stands on any sort of plinth.]

[5] [*St. Mark's Rest.* The chapter here foreshadowed was, however, not written. Ruskin again referred to his intention in a note (1881) to the "Travellers' Edition" of *Stones of Venice:* see Vol. XI. p. 18 *n.* For other references to the two restored porticoes, see Vol. X. p. 115 *n.*; and *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 78, § 8.]

writing, illustrated by her monuments, I am going to give an account of the façade of St. Mark's to my English pupils, and there will be an entire chapter devoted to the explanation of the difference between dead and living work, with no other illustration than these new and old mouldings. But all these questions of less or more beautiful are irrelevant to the ground of chief regret. Though the new building were in all points fairer than the old, the fact would remain the same that it was *not* the old church, but a model of it. Is this, to the people of the lagoons, no loss? To us foreigners, it is *total* loss. We can build models of St. Mark's for ourselves, in England, or in America. We came to Venice to see *that* St. Mark's whose pillars had trembled with Crusaders' shouts, seven hundred years ago. We came to bow ourselves beneath the vaults where Barbarossa bowed;[1] and we find them squalid with neglect, and shattered by the rudest hands. We came to kneel on the pavement where the Doge Selvo walked barefoot to receive his crown:[2] and we find it torn up to be replaced by the vile advertisement of a mosaic manufactory!

9. But now I must be mute, for shame, knowing as I do that English influence and example are at the root of many of these mischiefs; unless, indeed, I venture partly to answer the question which will occur to the readers whom you convince,—what means of preservation ought to be used for a building which it is impossible to restore. The single principle is, that after any operation whatsoever necessary for the safety of the building, every external stone should be set back in its actual place: if any are added to strengthen the walls, the new stones, instead of being made to resemble the old ones, should be left blank of sculpture, and every one have the date of its insertion engraved upon it. The future antiquary would then still

[1] [See the passage from Rogers's *Italy* quoted in *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 28): compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 90.]

[2] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 81 (above, p. 271).]

be able to study the history of architecture on the authentic building; in my own work it now takes me at least half the time I have to study a building, to find out first what pieces of it are genuine.

The use of sculptured and gilded wood for permanent interior support would often rather enhance than diminish the picturesque effect of the building: iron bands may be used externally for the support of walls whose decay does not admit of repair without danger. Many ruined abbeys in England which are fortunately situated in the private grounds of noblemen, have been thus retained in beauty and strength for any period; and the retention in their position of the highest arches of the Amphitheatre at Verona is an admirable instance of similar care in Italy.

10. And now I leave the cause in your hands, dear Count. If, by your intercession, the façade to the Square, and mosaics of the porch, can yet be saved, every true artist in Europe will bring you tribute of honour, and future Venice, of never-ending gratitude. Whatever be the issue, your protest cannot be in vain, and I do not doubt but that all your future life will be stronger in the sense of having now accomplished your duty in sincerity so fearless and so earnest. Once more, farewell. I have written in haste, and have not said anything that I would, in praise of your essay, because it may perhaps seem to you desirable (as to me it would be gracious) to publish this stranger's testimony for such support as it may bring to your own. But I must at least in closing be permitted to express the deep respect in which I accept the name you have given me of friend: respect for your faithful love for art, your no less faithful love for truth, and your most faithful love for your country, in whose days of trouble and rebuke, you bear your ancient name in its unblemished honour.

Indeed so[1] I remain, your affectionate friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [So in the original pamphlet. *Quære* "And so . . ."]

II

CIRCULAR RESPECTING MEMORIAL STUDIES OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, NOW IN PROGRESS UNDER MR. RUSKIN'S DIRECTION[1]

1. My friends have expressed much surprise at my absence from the public meetings called in defence of St. Mark's. They cannot, however, be too clearly certified that I am now entirely unable to take part in exciting business, or even, without grave danger, to allow my mind to dwell on the subjects which, having once been dearest to it, are now the sources of acutest pain. The illness which all but killed me two years ago[2] was not brought on by overwork, but by grief at the course of public affairs in England, and of affairs, public and private alike, in Venice; the distress of many an old and deeply regarded friend there among the humbler classes of the city being as necessary a consequence of the modern system of centralization, as the destruction of her ancient civil and religious buildings.

How far forces of this national momentum may be arrested by protest, or mollified by petition, I know not; what in either kind I have felt myself able to do has been done two years since, in conjunction with one of the few remaining representatives of the old Venetian noblesse.[3] All that now remains for me is to use what time may be yet granted for such record as hand and heart can make

[1] [Issued in 1879–1880: see above, p. 403. For particulars of the "public meetings," see above, Introduction, p. lxi.]

[2] [In February 1878: see the *Turner Notes* of that year (Vol. XIII. p. liv.), and *Fors Clavigera*, March 1880 (Letter 88, § 1).]

[3] [See above, pp. 405 *seq.*]

of the most precious building in Europe, standing yet in the eyes of men and the sunshine of heaven.

2. The drawing of the first two arches of the west front, now under threat of restoration, which, as an honorary member of the Old Water-Colour Society, I have the privilege of exhibiting in its rooms this year, shows with sufficient accuracy the actual state of the building, and the peculiar qualities of its architecture.[1] The principles of that architecture are analyzed at length in the second volume of the *Stones of Venice*, and the whole façade described there with the best care I could, in hope of directing the attention of English architects to the forms of Greek sculpture which enrich it.[2] The words have been occasionally read for the sound of them; and perhaps, when the building is destroyed, may be some day, with amazement, perceived to have been true.

3. In the meantime, the drawing just referred to, every touch of it made from the building, and left as the colour dried in the spring mornings of 1877, will make clear some of the points chiefly insisted on in the *Stones of Venice*, and which are of yet more importance now.[3] Of these, the first and main ones are the exquisite delicacy of the work and perfection of its preservation to this time. It seems to me that the English visitor never realizes thoroughly what it is that he looks at in the St. Mark's porches: its glittering confusion in a style unexampled, its bright colours, its mingled marbles, produce on him no real impression of age, and its diminutive size scarcely any of grandeur. It looks to him almost like a stage scene, got up solidly for some sudden festa. No mere

[1] [This drawing (No. 28 in the Exhibition) was of a portion of the west front, and is dated "10 May 1877." It is now at Brantwood. Ruskin's copy of part of it (made for Professor Norton) is reproduced as Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

[2] [*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. iv. (Vol. X. pp. 82 *seq.*).]

[3] [In the first issue of the first edition of this circular (see p. 403) this sentence ran as follows:—

"In the meantime, with the aid of the drawing just referred to, every touch of it from the building, and left, as the colour dried in the morning light of the 10th May, 1877, some of the points chiefly insisted on in the *Stones of Venice*, are of importance now."]

guide-book's passing assertion of date—this century or the other—can in the least make him even conceive, and far less feel, that he is actually standing before the very shafts and stones that were set on their foundations here while Harold the Saxon stood by the grave of the Confessor under the fresh-raised vaults of the first Norman Westminster Abbey, of which now a single arch only remains standing. He cannot, by any effort, imagine that those exquisite and lace-like sculptures of twined acanthus,—every leaf-edge as sharp and fine as if they were green weeds fresh springing in the dew, by the Pan-droseion,—were, indeed, cut and finished to their perfect grace while the Norman axes were hewing out rough zigzags and dentils round the aisles of Durham and Lindisfarne. Or nearer, in what is left of our own Canterbury—it is but an hour's journey in pleasant Kent—you may compare, almost as if you looked from one to the other, the grim grotesque of the block capitals in the crypt with the foliage of these flexile ones, and with their marble doves—scarcely distinguishable from the living birds that nestle between them. Or, going down two centuries (for the fillings of the portico arches were not completed till after 1204), what thirteenth-century work among our grey limestone walls can be thought of as wrought in the same hour with that wreath of intertwined white marble, relieved by gold, of which the tenderest and sharpest lines of the pencil cannot finely enough express the surfaces and undulations? For indeed, without and within, St. Mark's is not, in the real nature of it, a piece of architecture, but a jewelled casket and painted reliquary, chief of the treasures in what were once the world's treasuries of sacred things, the kingdoms of Christendom.

A jewelled casket, every jewel of which was itself sacred. Not a slab of it, nor a shaft, but has been brought from the churches descendants of the great Seven of Asia, or from the Christian-Greek of Corinth, Crete, and Thrace, or the Christian-Israelite in Palestine—the central archivolt

copied from that of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the opposing lions or phœnixes of its sculptures from the treasury of Atreus and the citadel of Tyre.

4. Thus, beyond all measure of value as a treasury of art, it is also, beyond all other volumes, venerable as a codex of religion. Just as the white foliage and birds on their golden ground are descendants, in direct line, from the ivory and gold of Phidias, so the Greek pictures and inscriptions, whether in mosaic or sculpture, throughout the building, record the unbroken unity of spiritual influence from the Father of light—or the races whose own poets had said "We also are his offspring"[1]—down to the day when all their gods, not slain, but changed into new creatures, became the types to them of the mightier Christian spirits; and Perseus became St. George, and Mars St. Michael, and Athena the Madonna, and Zeus their revealed Father in Heaven.

In all the history of human mind, there is nothing so wonderful, nothing so eventful, as this spiritual change. So inextricably is it interwoven with the most divine, the most distant threads of human thought and effort, that, while none of the thoughts of St. Paul or the visions of St. John can be understood without our understanding first the imagery familiar to the Pagan worship of the Greeks, on the other hand no understanding of the real purport of Greek religion can be securely reached without watching the translation of its myths into the message of Christianity.

5. Both by the natural temper of my mind, and by the labour of forty years given to this subject in its practical issues on the present state of Christendom, I have become, in some measure, able both to show and to interpret these most precious sculptures; and my health has been so far given back to me that if I am at this moment aided, it will, so far as I can judge, be easily possible for me to complete the work so long in preparation. There will yet, I doubt

[1] [Acts xvii. 28, the references there being to Aratus and Cleanthes.]

not, be time to obtain perfect record of all that is to be destroyed. I have entirely honest and able draughtsmen at my command; my own resignation[1] of my Oxford Professorship has given me leisure; and all that I want from the antiquarian sympathy of England is so much instant help as may permit me, while yet in available vigour of body and mind, to get the records made under my own overseership, and registered for sufficient and true. The casts and drawings which I mean to have made will be preserved in a consistent series in my Museum at Sheffield, where I have freehold ground enough to build a perfectly lighted gallery for their reception. I have used the words "I want," as if praying this thing for myself. It is not so. If only some other person could and would undertake all this, Heaven knows how gladly I would leave the task to him. But there is no one else at present able to do it: if not now by me, it can never be done more. And so I leave it to the reader's grace.

J. Ruskin.

All subscriptions to be sent to Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

POSTSCRIPT[2]

6. By the kindness of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours I am permitted this year, in view of the crisis of the fate of the façade of St. Mark's, to place in the Exhibition Room of the Society ten photographs, illustrative of its past and present state. I have already made use of them, both in my lectures at Oxford and in the parts of *Fors Clavigera* intended for Art-teaching at my Sheffield Museum; and all but the eighth are obtainable from my assistant, Mr. Ward (2, Church Terrace, Richmond),[3] who

[1] [Early in 1879.]
[2] [Not in the first edition.]
[3] [For references to some of them in *Fors Clavigera*, see Letter 78. The use of the photographs in his Oxford lectures must have been in the unpublished lectures of 1877.]

is my general agent for photographs, either taken under my direction (as here, Nos. 4, 9, and 10), or specially chosen by me for purposes of Art Education. The series of views here shown are all perfectly taken, with great clearness, from the most important points, and give, consecutively, complete evidence respecting the façade.

They are arranged in the following order:—

1. The Central Porch.
2. The Two Northern Porches. } *Arranged in one frame.*
3. The Two Southern Porches. }
4. The Northern Portico.
5. The Southern Portico. *Before restoration.*
6. The West Front, in Perspective. *Seen from the North.*
7. The West Front, in Perspective. *Seen from the South.*
8. The South Side. *Before restoration.*
9. Detail of Central Archivolt.
10. The Cross of the Merchants of Venice.

7. This last photograph is not of St. Mark's, but is of the inscription which I discovered, in 1877, on the Church of St. James of the Rialto.[1] It is of the ninth or tenth century (according to the best antiquarians in Venice), and is given in this series, first, to confirm the closing paragraph in my notes on the Prout drawings in Bond Street;[2] and secondly, to show the perfect preservation even of the hair-strokes in letters carved in the Istrian marble used at Venice a thousand years ago. The inscription on the cross is,—

"Sit crux vera salus huic tua Christe loco."

(Be Thy Cross, O Christ, the true safety of this place.)

And on the band beneath,—

"Hoc circa templum sit jus mercantibus æquum,
Pondera nec vergant nec sit conventio prava."

(Around this temple let the merchants' law be just,
Their weights true, and their contracts fair.)

[1] [See Plate LXII. in Vol. XXI. p. 269; and compare above, Introduction, p. xli.]

[2] [The reference is to the closing paragraph of the Preface to the Notes: see Vol. XIV. pp. 403–404.]

The bearing of this inscription on the relations of Antonio to Shylock may perhaps not be perceived by a public which now—consistently and naturally enough, but ominously—considers Shylock a victim to the support of the principles of legitimate trade, and Antonio a "speculator and sentimentalist."

8. From the series of photographs of St. Mark's itself, I cannot but think even the least attentive observer must receive one strong impression—that of the singular preservation of the minutest details in its sculpture. Observe, this is a quite separate question from the *stability* of the fabric. In our northern cathedrals the stone, for the most part, moulders away; and the restorer usually replaces it by fresh sculpture, on the faces of walls of which the mass is perfectly secure. Here, at St. Mark's, on the contrary, the only possible pretence for restoration has been, and is, the alleged insecurity of the masses of inner wall—the external sculptures remaining in faultless perfection, so far as unaffected by direct human violence. Both the Greek and Istrian marbles used at Venice are absolutely defiant of hypæthral influences, and the edges of their delicatest sculpture remain to this day more sharp than if they had been cut in steel—for then they would have rusted away. It is especially for example of this quality that I have painted the ornament of the St. Jean d'Acre pillars, No. 107, which the reader may at once compare with the daguerreotype (No. 108) beside it, which are exhibited, with the Prout and Hunt drawings, at the Fine Art Society's rooms.* These pillars are known to be not later than the sixth century, yet wherever external violence has spared their decoration it is as sharp as a fresh-growing thistle.

* See the *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, p. 78. [Now Vol. XIV. p. 435.[1]]

[1] [Ruskin painted this subject repeatedly, and it is not possible to be sure to which of his drawings he refers in various places. The phrase here, "I have painted," seems to imply that the drawing was a recent one, perhaps the one which is now in the British Museum, and is reproduced as Plate XXI. in Vol. XIV. (p. 426). That drawing (which the editors believe to be of the year 1877) is in purple and blue, picked out with white, on purple paper, and the careful detail of the ornament

Throughout the whole façade of St. Mark's, the capitals have only here and there by casualty lost so much as a volute or an acanthus leaf, and whatever remains is perfect as on the day it was set in its place, mellowed and subdued only in colour by time, but white still, clearly white; and grey still, softly grey; its porphyry purple as an Orleans plum, and the serpentine as green as a greengage.

9. Note also, that in this throughout perfect decorated surface there is not a loose joint. The appearances of dislocation, which here and there look like yielding of masonry, are merely carelessness in the replacing or resetting of the marble armour at the different times when the front has been retouched—in several cases quite wilful freaks of arrangement. The slope of the porphyry shaft, for instance, on the angle at the left of my drawing, looks like dilapidation. Were it really so, the building would be a heap of ruins in twenty-four hours. These porches sustain no weight above,—their pillars carry merely an open gallery; and the inclination of the red marble pilasters at the angle is not yielding at all, but an originally capricious adjustment of the marble armour. It will be seen that the investing marbles between the arch and pilaster are cut to the intended inclination, which brings the latter nearly into contact with the upper archivolt; the appearance of actual contact being caused by the projection of the dripstone. There are, indeed, one or two leaning towers in Venice whose foundations have partly yielded; but if *anything* were in danger on St. Mark's Place, it would be the campanile[1] —three hundred feet high,—and not the little shafts and galleries within reach—too easy reach—of the gaslighter's ladder. And the only dilapidations I have myself seen on this porch, since I first drew it forty-six years ago, have

of the pillars fits the description here. In the *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, however, where "No. 107" is also mentioned (Vol. XIV. p. 427), it is called "my old sketch," and is said to show in their true colours "the marble walls and pavement." There is another drawing of the subject at Oxford, Supplementary Cabinet, No. 174 (Vol. XXI. p. 306), but that, again, is in light and shade only, on a purple ground, resembling the one in the British Museum.]

[1] [A prophecy which was only too true: see Vol. IX. pp. 248–249 *n.*]

been, first, those caused by the insertion of the lamps themselves, and then the breaking away of the marble network of the main capital by the habitual clattering of the said gaslighter's ladder against it. A piece of it which I saw so broken off, and made an oration over to the passers-by in no less broken Italian, is in my mineral cabinet at Brantwood.

10. Before leaving this subject of the inclined angle, let me note—usefully, though not to my present purpose—that the entire beauty of St. Mark's Campanile depends on this structure, there definitely seen to be one of real safety. This grace and apparent strength of the whole mass would be destroyed if the sides of it were made vertical. In Gothic towers, the same effect is obtained by the retiring of the angle buttresses, without actual inclination of any but the coping lines.

In the Photograph No. 5 the slope of the angles in the correspondent portico, as it stood before restoration, is easily visible and measurable, the difference being, even on so small a scale, full the twentieth of an inch between the breadth at base and top, at the angles, while the lines bearing the inner arch are perfectly vertical.

11. There was, indeed, as will be seen at a glance, some displacement of the pillars dividing the great window above, immediately to the right of the portico. But these pillars were exactly the part of the south front which carried no weight. The arch above them is burdened only by its own fringes of sculpture; and the pillars carried only the bit of decorated panelling, which is now bent—not outwards, as it would have been by pressure, but inwards. The arch has not subsided; it was always of the same height as the one to the right of it (the Byzantine builders throwing their arches always in whatever lines they chose); nor is there a single crack or displacement in the sculpture of the investing fringe.

In No. 3 (to the right hand in the frame) there is dilapidation and danger enough certainly; but that is

wholly caused by the savage and brutal carelessness with which the restored parts are joined to the old. The photograph bears deadly and perpetual witness against the system of "making work," too well known now among English as well as Italian operatives; but it bears witness, as deadly, against the alleged accuracy of the restoration itself. The ancient dentils are bold, broad, and cut with the free hand, as all good Greek work is; the new ones, little more than half their size, are cut with the servile and horrible rigidity of the modern mechanic.[1]

12. This quality is what M. Meduna, in the passage quoted from his defence of himself in the *Standard*,[2] has at once the dulness and the audacity actually to boast of as "*plus exacte*"!

Imagine a Kensington student set to copy a picture by Velasquez, and substituting a Nottingham lace pattern, traced with absolute exactness, for the painter's sparkle and flow and flame, and boasting of his improvements as "*plus exacte*"! That is precisely what the Italian restorer does for *his* original; but, alas! he has the inestimable privilege also of destroying the original as he works, and putting his student's caricature in its place! Nor are any words bitter or contemptuous enough to describe the bestial stupidities which have thus already replaced the floor of the church, in my early days the loveliest in Italy, and the most sacred.

13. In the Photograph No. 7 there is, and there only, *one* piece of real dilapidation—the nodding pinnacle propped on the right. Those pinnacles stand over the roof gutters, and their bracket supports are, of course, liable to displacement, if the gutters get choked by frost or otherwise neglected. The pinnacle is not ten feet high, and can be replaced and secured as easily as the cowl on a chimney-pot.

[1] [See above, Introduction, p. lxi.]

[2] [See the *Standard* (December 3, 1879) in an article on "St. Mark's, Venice" from Rome, quoting a letter by Commendatore G. B. Meduna (for whom see above, p. lix.) in the Venetian *Rinnovamento* of November 22. M. Meduna was the architect who carried out the "restoration" of the south façade of the Cathedral.]

The timbers underneath were left there merely to give the wished-for appearance of repairs going on. They defaced the church front through the whole winter of 1876. I copied the bills stuck on them one Sunday, and they are printed in the 78th number of *Fors Clavigera*, the first being the announcement of the Reunited agencies for information on all matters of commercial enterprise and speculation, and the last the announcement of the loss of a cinnamon-coloured little bitch, with rather long ears (*coll' orecchie piùtosto lunghe*). I waited through the winter to see how much the Venetians really cared for the look of their church; but lodged a formal remonstrance in March with one of the more reasonable civic authorities, who presently had them removed. The remonstrance ought, of course, to have come from the clergy; but they contented themselves with cutting flower-wreaths in paper to hang over the central door at Christmas time. For the rest, the pretence of rottenness in the walls is really too gross to be answered. There are brick buildings in Italy by tens of thousands, Roman, Lombardic, Gothic, on all scales and in all exposures. Which of them has rotted or fallen but by violence? Shall the tower of Garisenda stand, and the Campanile of Verona, and the tower of St. Mark's, and, forsooth, this little fifty feet of unweighted wall be rotten and dangerous?

14. Much more I could say, and show; but the certainty of the ruin of poor Bedlamite Venice is in her own evil will, and not to be averted by any human help or pleading. Her *Sabba delle streghe*[1] has truly come; and in her own words (see *Fors*, Letter 77th): "Finalmente la Piazza di S. Marco sarà invasa e completamente illuminata dalle Fiamme di Belzebù. Perchè il *Sabba* possa riuscire più completo, si raccomanda a tutti gli spettatori di fischiare durante le fiamme come anime dannate."

Meantime, in what Saturday pause may be before this

[1] [See the Venetian advertisement ("Great Sabbath of the Witches") printed in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 77.]

Witches' Sabbath, if I have, indeed, any English friends, let them now help me, and my fellow-workers, to get such casts, and colourings, and measurings, as may be of use in time to come. I am not used to the begging tone, and will not say more than that what is given me will go in mere daily bread to the workers, and that next year, if I live, there shall be some exposition of what we have got done, with the best account I can render of its parts and pieces.[1] Fragmentary enough they must be—poor fallen plumes of the winged lion's wings,—yet I think I can plume a true shaft or two with them yet.

[Subscriptions were collected by Mr. G. Allen, as above intimated, and also by Mr. F. W. Pullen, secretary to the Ruskin Society of Manchester, under the authority of the following letter, which was printed and distributed by him:—

"*November* 29, 1879.

"DEAR MR. PULLEN,—I am very glad to have your most satisfactory letter, and as gladly give you authority to receive subscriptions for drawings and sculptures of St. Mark's.[2] Mr. Bunney's large painting of the whole west façade, ordered by me a year and a half ago, and in steady progress ever since, is to be completed this spring. It was a £500 commission for the Guild, but I don't want to have to pay it with Guild capital. I have the power of getting casts also, in places where nobody else can, and have now energy enough to give directions, but can no more pay for them out of my own pocket.

"Ever gratefully yours, J. R.

"As a formal authority, this had better have my full signature —JOHN RUSKIN."

In a further letter to Manchester on the subject, Ruskin wrote as follows:—

"It is wholly impossible for me at present to take any part in the defence—at last, though far too late—undertaken by the true artists and scholars of England—of the most precious Christian building in Europe; . . . nor is there any occasion that I should, if only those who care for me will refer to what I have already written, and will accept from me the full ratification of all that

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

[2] [In the *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, Ruskin notes the amount of them up to November 11 (Vol. XIV. p. 429).]

was said by the various speakers, all without exception men of the most accurate judgment and true feeling, at the meeting held in Oxford. All that I think it necessary for you to lay, directly from myself, before the meeting you are about to hold, is the explicit statement of two facts of which I am more distinctly cognizant from my long residences in Italy at different periods, and in Venice during these last years, than any other person can be:—namely, the Infidel—(malignantly and scornfully Infidel and anti-religionist) aim of Italian 'restoration'—and the totality of the destruction it involves, of whatever it touches."

So again, in a second and despairing letter, he wrote:—

"You cannot be too strongly assured of the total destruction involved, in the restoration of St. Mark's. . . . Then the plague of it all is, What can you do? Nothing would be effectual, but the appointment of a Procurator of St. Mark's, with an enormous salary, dependent on the church's being let alone. What you can do by a meeting at Manchester, I have no notion. The only really practical thing that I can think of would be sending me lots of money to spend in getting all the drawings I can of the old thing before it goes. I don't believe we can save it by any protests."

See the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, November 27, 1879. The letters are here reprinted from *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 251–252.

The meeting in Oxford alluded to above was held in the Sheldonian Theatre on November 15, 1879. Amongst the principal speakers were the Dean of Christ Church (in the chair), Dr. Acland, the Professor of Fine Art (Mr. W. B. Richmond), Mr. Street, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Burne-Jones.]

APPENDIX

A. PASSAGES INTENDED FOR A CONTINUATION OF "ST. MARK'S REST"

I. THE FIRST EPOCH OF VENETIAN HISTORY

II. "SUPER LEONEM ET ASPIDEM": NOTES ON THE SECOND EPOCH

III. "THE MAGPIE'S NEST": SCULPTURE OF THE SECOND EPOCH

IV. NOTES ON LATER VENETIAN SCULPTURE

V. NOTES ON VENETIAN PALACES

VI. THE VINE-TREE ANGLE: DUCAL PALACE

VII. CARPACCIO'S APE

VIII. TYRE: STUDY OF EZEKIEL, CH. XXVIII.

B. NOTES ON CARPACCIO AND VENETIAN ART

IX. FRA FILIPPO LIPPI AND CARPACCIO

X. COLOUR AND THE VENETIAN SCHOOL

I

THE FIRST EPOCH OF VENETIAN HISTORY

1. We must now subdivide our first epoch of seven hundred years[1] into three minor periods:—

1st. The time of the Tribunes, 421–697—two hundred and seventy-six years.

2nd. The time of the Dukes of Malamocco, 697–809—a hundred and twelve years.

3rd. The time of the Dukes of Rialto, 809–1100—two hundred and ninety years.

Now it is of extreme importance that you do not lose hold of your main masses when we begin to subdivide.

Remember that this total first epoch of 680 years is to be thought of always as the foundation of the Venetian Monarchy; the time in which the character of the nation and of the persons who ruled it was every hour becoming more orderly and more noble, every internal discussion securing its greater peace, and every distress of fate its greater strength. Then came the second great epoch of two hundred years, in which the Venetian Noblesse is formed.[2] Then the third great epoch of two hundred years, in which the Venetian Noblesse becomes the governing power.[3] Then the fourth great period of eighty years, in which Noblesse and people are ruined together.[4]

2. Remember, also, that from this broad massing in statement you are to draw no conclusion yet respecting the good or evil of aristocratic government. Without wealth, without printing, and without what Protestants call the Reformation, the Nobles of Venice *might* have ruled as beneficently as her Dukes; nay, possibly, even under the calamities of printing, of wealth, and of the Reformation, much might yet have been possible, if but one Father-law of old Venice had been held sacred—that which she had set her lips so scornfully hard in pronouncing—against the gamester.[5] But our time is not yet come to reason concerning these things. Only keep the four periods massed clearly in your mind, and then, understanding the perfect nature of the first, as the establishment of the power of the Dukes, in firm Christian faith, over a race of warrior-merchants, let us learn next the order of its three minor epochs—the first, I have said,

[1] [See § 59, p. 254.]
[2] [1100–1301 : see § 60, p. 254.]
[3] [1301–1520 : see *ibid.*]
[4] [1520–1600: see *ibid.*]
[5] [See above, § 16, p. 221.]

that of the Tribunes, the second that of the Dukes of Malamocco, the third that of the Dukes of Rialto.

3. [*First Minor Epoch.*] Now in the first of these epochs you are mainly to note that you have the gathering together of a pacifically-minded *Christian* people out of the way of the desolating wars which were ending the Roman Empire. Whatever of orderly and religious human character had been formed in North Italy since the Gospel was first preached there, gathers itself on the islands out of the rage and horror of the mainland invasions—Hun, Visigoth, Lombard. Not at all a wreck of terrified peasantry, but whatever was most sagacious, temperate, hopeful, acceptant of Christian duty draws aside here, not fugitive, but steadily resistant from its sand-rampart; *here* at least we plant the Cross, and it shall abide, whether we live or die.

How came it, then, that they had the Cross to plant; that this unanimity of faith was in them; this force of purpose? You are accustomed to think of all the traditions concerning St. Mark as after the pride of Venice had been founded in his name. Your well-informed modern historian, scornful of monkish legend, explains to you how the wings of the lion meant this and his claws that. He never so much as heard of an evangelist lion;[1] never so much as asks how Venice was got into that humour of inventing legends about St. Mark. "The legend, of course, is a lie." Be it so; but how came Venice to lie in that particular manner, and to be concerned that her people should believe her inventions?[2] Here is, at all events, a whole nation consistently alleging by the mouths of its teachers, consistently accepting in the hearts of its taught, a faith of extreme mystery, purity, practical serviceableness, motive of all mercantile honesty, all soldierly courage. Who invented this faith first for them; who taught?

The only clearly indisputable fact concerning it is that before any migrations to the islands, a great Christian power had been settled in the city of Aquileia,[3] finding there a race capable of comprehending Christianity, and of obeying it.[4]

4. Entirely subject to the influence of this great patriarchate, the populations of the islands first established themselves in the simplicity of Christian communities, each with its own chief, or tribune, chosen annually—already thus a little King or Doge of every island village, but with old Latin idea of swift responsibility, and animating succession of power—too short to tempt the ambitious, but long enough for the full energy to show itself of the wise and brave. Forty years after the first colonization there was appointed a yearly General Assembly of the people of the Lagoons, to which the Tribunes rendered account of their work, and answered for it.*

* Their formal title: "Noi Tribuni delle Isole delle Lagune Marittime, preposti dalla università di quelle" (Romanin, i. 79).

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[1] [See above, § 22 *n.*, p. 225.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XX. p. 382.]

[3] [For Aquileia as "the true mother of Venice," see Vol. X. p. 20 *n.* For particulars of the patriarchate of Aquileia, the English reader may consult Mr. H. F. Brown's *Venice*, 1895, ch. i.]

[4] [Here the MS. has "Insert, the bald Venus. Pagan, yet, therefore, in outward ceremony,—pagan solemnly yet." For the story of an altar erected at Aquileia to Bald Venus, see below, p. 452.]

With such simple policy, bringing every inch of their ground into fruitful husbandry (their wine, fruit, and oil remaining long through the after-state of Venice chief articles of gift and tribute to their bishops and princes), with active fishing and yet more active continuance of what commerce had existed with the East while their cities on the mainland stood, they rapidly formed a naval power for the protection of the Adriatic, first against the Istrian pirates, but soon [became] the acknowledged naval power in the seas of Italy, and the support along the eastern coast of the Greek Empire against the Goths. In 539, while Belisarius was besieged in Rome, they defeated the Gothic fleet before Rimini; and in 551 brought Justinian's troops to Ravenna, and so, in truth, were the founders of the Exarchate.

Entirely useful and honourable in all their aims and conduct; merchants in precious things; true husbandmen by land and sea, fearless soldiers against wrong; faithful maintainers of the Trojan, Roman, and now Byzantine dominion of their fathers,—the blue line of Antenor's land[1] redeemed by them, to the feet of the Euganean hills in peace; and their black ships borne fondly by the old Neptunian foam, between Tenedos and Ida.

5. For two hundred and seventy-six years, while Attila and the Visigoth and the Lombard raged in consuming fire, here the fixed Christian force of soul abode in benediction and unboastful brotherhood, beginners of all things which we most now praise, when they best deserved praising.

Brotherhood; yet which could not be perfect as their power increased under so divided rule. The wonder is only how so long the groups of detached islands could gather their undisputing fleets into one without jealousy or treachery. But the need of more strict unity was at last felt, chiefly in consequence of the more and more redoubtable attacks of the Istrian pirates on the increasingly wealthy islanders, and of the steady hostility of the Lombards which necessitated a more perfect system of military fortification. It is easy to understand how the accusations of too slowly rendered succour, or supported enterprise, would gradually undermine the relations of the island chiefs, and in 697 the Patriarch of Grado, inheritor of all the sacred authority of Aquileia, summoned them to assembly; and, as true shepherd and bishop, counselled them to choose a single leader, and form themselves under him into one state. The Latin name for a leader, Dux, was then the common one for the head of military power in all the chief cities of Italy, under remains of Roman discipline. It became naturally, therefore, the title of the chief chosen in this assembly —Paul Luke Anafesto of Heraclea. And thus the reigns of the Dukes of Venetia are begun.

6. [*Second Minor Epoch.*] The Dukedom in Malamocco. I write "the Dukes of Venetia," of all Antenor's country, not yet of any city of Venice; question being hitherto, and for a hundred years yet to come, wholly undetermined which should be the capital city. Grado was the metropolitan, as the seat of the Bishop; Malamocco the most important in position, as commanding the main channel from the open sea; while yet, in appeasing

[1] [According to the legend, Antenor, a prince of Troy, led a colony, after the destruction of his country, into Italy near the mouth of the Po, where, expelling the Euganei from their possessions, he settled in them and founded Padua (see Livy, i. 1).]

the strife between the Venetians and Paduans for its possession, Narses[1] had already indicated the existence of some instinct among the islanders of the pre-eminence of Rialto, by visiting it as a sacred place, and vowing to build there two churches, to St. Theodore and St. Geminiano.*

Whether by building of higher foundations, or by some slight eminence in the sands themselves, the sense had already been attached to the name which ever afterwards became the practically effective one in the minds of the Venetians themselves, so that though the Grand Canal is the true Rialto, the island is really signified by the word in use; and the idea of *its* height, rather than of the stream's depth, is vaguely (sometimes figuratively) but habitually adopted from the earliest to the latest times. Thus Sagornino writes in the fifth century: "OCTAVA QUIDEM INSULA RIVOALTUS SUBSISTIT, AD QUAM AD EXTREMUM LICET POPULI AD HABITANDUM CONFLUERENT, TAMEN DITISSIMA ET *SUBLIMATA* PRÆ OMNIBUS MANET";[2] and Tosi in his *Cronaca Veneta*, 1793: "Rivalta però come lungo piu elevato e sicuro dall' escrescenza, e nel tempo stesso di terreno piu sodo, veniva piu degli altri frequentato." Nevertheless, up to this date of 697, and for a hundred years more, the buildings and population on Rialto gave it no claim to be the seat of Ducal Residence.

[Here the notes on the early history of Venice break off. The next appendix resumes at the date 1100.]

* *Altinat Chronicle*, quoted by Romanin, i. 79.

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[1] [The Imperial General in succession to Belisarius; he visited the lagoons in 552.]

[2] [*Chronicon Venetum omnium quæ circumferentur vetustissionum et Johanni Sagornino vulgo tributum e MSS. . . . nunc primum collatum . . . profert H. Fr. Zanetti*, Venetius, 1765, p. 6.]

II

"SUPER LEONEM ET ASPIDEM"[1]

1. VENICE had become a great and a fair lady. The Knights of Christendom came to ask her to go crusading with them. She armed herself and went, and was their Britomart. They made her queen of the fourth part of the world they knew; and she went home and ordered her Greek servants to build her a palace. Who built it of marble and gold, and therein she lived in honour and beauty of justice, but was prouder and happier to be Queen of the Sea, than of the fourth part of the world. That is the brief myth or fairy symbol of the story of Venice in her mighty two hundred years—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But without very true knowledge of the heart of these centuries there is no hope of your understanding the heart of their Sea-Queen; and even when you have partly gained sight of the mind of centuries, still the Sea-maid's mind will be a mystery to you. You may look into the blue eyes of her for ever in vain, if unkindly: you will see nothing there but the reflection of yourself, and the sea. But love her, ever so little, and you may see the celestial dayspring dawn within them, brighter as you answer it with heaven's truth in your own.

The Heart of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: a likely thing to get you to imagine *that*—in these filthy streets of idle misery and encumbered wharvesful of rascality, the steel of Shylock's knife made infinite in hell and beat into engine boilers. The Heart of them—no; but at least the outside form and moving frame of them, perhaps a little.

2. To begin with, there are two men whose lives you ought to learn separately—whom you should know, as you know Henry the Fifth of England, from birth to death—Frederic Barbarossa, and Robert Guiscard. But I can't get a life of both of them, written for you by Carlyle, and must—well, I must get on, somehow. Look here, then. You have at this moment in Europe practically two collateral and equally splendid temporal powers. One, gradually gathering itself into a sense of human Justice and true divine Supremacy or Holy Empire over all the earth. Fastened, this, on more or less real—and better than real, noble imaginary—inheritance of the Empire of the Cæsars. Liable continually to mistake its own pride for inspiration, its own rage for justice, but on the whole representing a great Law of God. This is the German Empire, under Barbarossa, the crowns of Cæsar and Charlemagne, as it were of Karl and Kaiser,

[1] [The pages of MS. entitled as above are headed by Ruskin, "Six pages, beginning the second epoch; very valuable." They connect, it will be seen, with the beginning of the present chapter v., and describe the opening of the second main period: see § 60 above, p. 254. For the title (Psalms xci. 13), and its significance in Venetian history, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 93) and compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 34.]

crossed on his brow. With this, necessary to this, opponent to it in healthy storm as the wind to blue sky, you have the animal spirit of errant chivalry, essentially semi-brutal. A centaur's, not a man's, but with all the good of the man and the horse in it. Corrupt, it is mere piracy and frantic slaughter, as the imperial power, corrupt, is deliberate slaughter. You can study nothing rightly in the rottenness of it. But study the emperor in Rudolph of Hapsburg and Barbarossa, and the outlaw in Robert Guiscard and Cœur de Lion, and you will get clue to the power of all.[1]

3. Cœur de Lion an outlaw! Yes, outlaw of outlaws, one of the wildest of them, rebellious to the death against his own father, and against his *own* laws. Killed in a mere thieves' foray for a pot of money.[2] But a goodly Norman knight for all that.

There have been only two real historians (to my thinking) since Herodotus—Shakespeare and Walter Scott. Neither are entirely to be trusted as to dates, or even material facts. Even Thucydides is only a chronicler, a useful sort of person, but not an historian. But once understand Shakespeare's Cæsar, Henry the Fifth, and John of Gaunt; once understand Scott's Marmion, King James, Cœur de Lion, Saladin, and Robin Hood, and after that you may read the chronicles of the great ages, and see your way into them for yourself, and learn here and there a thing or two, which Shakespeare indeed knew, but didn't think it wise to talk of, and which Scott *wouldn't* know, and always looked the other way when he passed the door.

4. You have your grand Norman Rider, then, in the south and west; your Central Earthly Empire in the north. Here in Italy, abiding against them, Hot St. Peter and Maid Venice, whom you are very likely to understand, are not you, my dear good Protestant Materfamilias, putting your best bonnet on to go to the sermon for the Bible Society in the great saloon of the Grand Hotel at eleven o'clock, and wondering whether the Duchess is going, and how much you ought to put in the plate?

> [Here the MS. becomes memoranda, Ruskin referring to passages in his Venetian diary. These record the scene on the Lido when the Venetian force was assembled for the Fourth Crusade (1201): "Twenty-five thousand men, the best Knights and best Christians in the world, tented on the Lido with mind to recover the grave of Christ. Out of this you will make, O modern reader—what dirty thoughts you can! Yes, in the hearts of these men, no doubt, as in yours and mine, much dirt. Any quantity, indeed, you may find to eat if you like the dish—frantic ambition, mere cock-of-the-game pugnacity, pure robber's lust of gold—not a little of women, and sneaking treachery at the bottom of—say, how many will you say—seven souls out of the twelve? five men honest in the dozen? Three? Two? Well, say one only, you nineteenth-century born rogue: that one was enough to lead them to victory."]

[1] [For other references to Rudolph, see above, p. 137, and Vol. XVI. p. 190; for Barbarossa (Frederic I.), Vol. XIX. p. 392 *n.*; for Robert Guiscard, above, pp. 270, 274; and for Cœur de Lion, General Index.]

[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 3, § 14.]

5. And truly Maid Venice herself, in the first look of her seen from Lido through the tents, seems less divinely enthusiastic than usual. Athena Ἀγοραία,[1] it appears; having her blue eyes occasionally turned to her cupboard from her armoury.

Yes; but then observe first she had been a prudent young Pallas, and had got something in her cupboard. A nice little housekeeper, in the very zenith of her prosperous affairs, is suddenly called to the door by this brilliant party of pious soldiery, rollicking up the street. "Here, we want all you've got in the house, mistress—cakes and ale for the lot of us; we're all going to dig up the Holy Sepulchre. Hurrah!"

The young housekeeper holds the door ajar, and thinks twice about it!

They asked her simply to carry them to the Holy Land and feed them there! Four thousand five hundred knights, four thousand five hundred horses, nine thousand squires, twenty thousand rank and file.

Stipulations, etc.

> [Here the MS. breaks off. The reference is to the terms exacted by Venice from the crusaders: see Gibbon, ch. lx.: "It was proposed that the crusaders should assemble at Venice; that flat-bottomed vessels should be prepared for 4500 horses, and 9000 squires, with a number of ships sufficient for the embarkation of 4500 knights, and 20,000 foot; that during a term of nine months they should be supplied with provisions, and transported to whatever coast the service of God and Christendom should require; and that the Republic should join the armament with a squadron of fifty galleys. It was required that the pilgrims should pay, before their departure, a sum of 85,000 marks of silver; and that all conquests, by sea or land, should be equally divided between the confederates."]

[1] [For this phrase, see *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 73 (Vol. XVIII. p. 448), and compare Vol. XIV. p. 403.]

III

"THE MAGPIE'S NEST"

1. HAVING now some general idea of the course of Venetian mind, and the correspondent changes in Venetian life, let us arrange the existing remains of the city in the groups which properly belong to the periods we have distinguished. Then our study of these ordered groups will be consistent and progressive; and may often be simplified into the examination of one or two characteristic buildings of each epoch.

Of the first great epoch however, the seven hundred years of crystallization, as I have said,[1] no authentic monument remains, nor in human memory any authentic notion. Of Wooden Venice—scattered like a floating Swiss village among islanded meadows, with her seven churches, literally "ship shape," flagships of the cottage fleet—the reader may form for himself such dreams as pleases him; with sagacious phantasy he may create for himself some useful image of the truth, but my own poor gift has always been of sight only, never of fancy, and I must leave him, for my part, to his guideless thought.

2. The Second Epoch, 1100 to 1300, that of the Fiery Cross, and unanimous, valorous, virtuous, spoiling of one's Infidel neighbour's goods, may be characterised, architecturally, as the time of the Magpie's Nest. Beginning with the great shafts of the Piazzetta,[2] you may look upon all the pillars of St. Mark's, and of Venice rising round it, as upon so many stolen sticks and straws, plundered from the harried nests of unbelieving Birds. St. Mark's first enriched within and without, some pretty green and mossy sticks thrust in, anyhow, wherever there was a niche or a corner to spare; then, universal edification of a bright city of oriental arcades, snowy with Ionian alabaster, rich with Phœnician sculpture and Byzantine gold. Magpie's, or unprincipled Phœnix's nest, rising out of conflagration, with diligent embalming and crowning of the sacred dead; but no vestige yet of Venetian art or thought, except this of dainty constructive grouping of whatever, with acquisitive mind, they had fortunately snatched. Rudest imitations of Greek capitals occur, where real ones could not be had; towards the close of the epoch, living Venetian invention does indeed for itself develop a capital of a totally unadorned and practical type, much resembling a flower-pot, and, as we shall see, even scratch upon the tombs of its Doges figures which we perceive by

[1] [See above, p. 427.]

[2] [For the story of these shafts as spoils from the East, see above, § 11, p. 215.]

collateral evidence to be meant for angels.[1] Courage, little Venice; we shall do better, in a time, and times. The buildings belonging to this epoch of the Magpie's Nest are recognizable at a glance by their narrow round arches, their slender shafts, their Byzantine, or else entirely plain, capitals, and the circlets or upright tablets of sculpture set for ornament on their façades, *always* with a cross in the centre. This last is indeed the *infallible* sign of the time; note it first as the main ornament between the angle leaves of the Piazzetta shafts, and then go into the piazza of Santa Maria Formosa, where there is a house of this period, quite unaltered in its main story, with its medallions and cross complete.[2]

[1] [As on the monument of the Doges Jacopo and Lorenzo Tiepolo: see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 79 (Vol. XX. p. 251).]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 166, and Plate XI.).]

IV

NOTES ON LATER VENETIAN SCULPTURE

1.[1] First, look carefully at the sculptures over the entrance; quite among the most important monuments in Venice.

They are dated, bearing the following inscriptions [see above, pp. 173, 174]. And they are among the earliest pieces of real Venetian sculpture extant.

Venetian, native, observe; not Greek imported. And they are as good as, at this time, Venice could do.

Very rude and comic, you think. They are so. But Venice in the mid-fourteenth century had no better sculpture in her than that, and (because the art of sculpture always precedes that of painting) she had no painting in her at all! While already, in France and England, the great thirteenth-century schools of sculpture were on *the decline*, and while Niccola and Giovanni Pisano were dead, in Florence; while Giotto's day of work was over, Orcagna's in its full prime. And this is all we have to boast of in poor Venice. What means this lateness in her awakening?

2. Well, until the thirteenth century, you must think of her simply as a nation of sailors borrowing both religion and art from the Greeks. Sailors literally, as well as in the ideal sense of the English slang phrase,[2] "old Trojans," but knowing themselves only how to live, fish, fight, and die, and taking all their news of the next world and ornaments of this one, from the East, by tradition, patronage, and pillage. Christians of the most orthodox faith, without any troubles of conscience, superstitious terrors, or dispositions to buy their salvation with their fish. They believed the Pope implicitly in all he taught, defended him when oppressed, and resisted him when oppressing. They found the Greeks could build beautifully, and set them to work when the city was to be beautified, keeping their own hands for the oar and sword.

3. And all this went on very comfortably and brilliantly, till, in the

[1] [Here Ruskin begins his examination of the third epoch, that of native Venetian art, at the Accademia (compare the opening of the Guide, above, p. 149).]

[2] [See, too, in Butler's *Hudibras*, i. 1: "There they say right, and like true Trojans."]

thirteenth century, the Dominican and Franciscan brothers got into the town, built their two churches there,[1] and began to talk to these pilots of the Adriatic lake,[2] and to explain to them what Christianity meant. How sin was in all men, and how riches were a snare, and so on, till at last the wild sailors began to bethink themselves, and have stirrings of a new heart and conscience.

And then they directly begin to want to speak for themselves. Greek angels were very good for ornament, and Greek story-telling in mosaic charming, but this new passion in the breasts of us must speak for itself.

And they begin carving for themselves in this rude way that you see.

I will take up the sculpture by itself and carry the history of it forward separately, in another chapter.

[This Ruskin never completed, but the MS. includes the following notes on Venetian sculpture.]

4. San Giobbe.—The Campanile and the three Gothic traceries within the single remaining arcade of the cloister, are remains of an earlier church, of which I find no account in the Guide Books, circa 1350. The Campanile is among the most interesting in Venice in its foliated brick-pointed arches. The round arches of the cloister arcade are modern makeshifts. They were originally pointed and ran round the little square, fully, doubtless, buttressed to the canal, and looking out from the monk's rooms to the Lagoon. A manufactory chimney, and the savage horror of its accompanying destitution, are the modern pious improvements on the quiet scene of the fourteenth century.

The entrance door of the church ought to be seen by afternoon sunlight. There is no work in Venice more characteristic of the fine middle Renaissance.[3] Its freedom and softness of leafage are very far carried; the skulls of cattle, with serpents through the eyeholes for ornaments, on the capitals are true symbols of the sculptor's mind.

The bas-relief above is St. Francis of Assisi and St. Job, but of little merit; the single statues—St. Bernardino of Siena in the centre, St. Louis of Toulouse and St. Anthony at the sides—are refined portraits of real monks, nobly expressive of the characters impressed on the features of men of good breeding by a religious life.

Selvatico[4] calls them "Stupende," and they may in their kind be finer than I can see in the time I have given them.

The Triptych, Annunciation with [blank][5] over the altar of the Sacristy, is a beautiful example of Venetian painting of the sacred time. Destroyed as it is, knocked about by every rough service boy, burnt and dropped

[1] [The Dominicans, SS. Giovanni e Paolo (1234); the Franciscans, the Frari (1250). See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 26).]

[2] [For Milton's phrase, "pilot of the Galilean lake," of which Ruskin is thinking, see *Sesame and Lilies*, Vol. XVIII. p. 69.]

[3] [Ruskin had placed a photograph of it in the Educational Series (No. 92) at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 83).]

[4] [*Guida Artistica e Storica di Venezia*, by P. Selvatico and V. Lazari, 1852, p. 159.]

[5] [St. Anthony and the Archangel Raphael.]

over by candles, blistered by damp and frost, it is yet a hundred-fold better to see it thus than re-gilt and brightened up for public show.[1]

5. The little chapel of the Rosario, on the Zattere,[2] 1500–1530, is of extreme interest in showing the last degradation of the Giocondo school,[3] which yet retained its grace and vitality. The door of this chapel is covered with light arabesque, executed in its marble exactly as a writing-master flourishes with his pen; with no more meaning or enjoyment of art than a writing-master's, but with a wonderful—I had nearly written exquisite, but the delicate word would be wholly false—I *may* say, a rare freedom and felicity of vulgar grace. It is truly "free-hand" sculpture, the chisel flying along into faultless—vulgar—curves on the marble, as a good skater draws them on ice. But when you look close at them they are all as senseless (insensitive is what I mean, only that is rather said of the hand than its work), as if indeed they were cut with a foot instead of a hand. There is no thought of nature, or care in art, shown in any touch of them; the man seems never to have looked at a real leaf or flower in his life, but only at the Giocondo arabesque, and he wants to show what power he has, and gain what money he can, by doing what will look like Giocondo arabesque as fast as a writing-master in writing.

6. Yet he is still a workman belonging to the school; still a living Lapicida, not a mere senseless ape. A trained artist, though of loathsomely lost savour; mere dregs and washings of the old bottle, but yet with the faintest colour of something in him that once was wine. Not a mere pinch of red ochre in bilge water—like a modern workman in this kind of stuff, trained at Kensington. The two flat-cut sphinxes on each side of the keystone show still the dexterity of their undercutting, which we first admired in Rizzo's genii,[4] but they are as hard as pieces of pasteboard. They wriggle their tails with a spirited flap round the stalks of the nearest leaves, and may be contemplated, they and the lance-pointed, dewless leafage together, as an absolutely perfect type of what Raphael's arabesques were to end in throughout Europe. Nonsense, sick on an empty stomach; seeing nothing outside of itself to represent, and finding nothing inside of itself to say.

7. From this chapel go to St. Sebastian, which is the exactly central type of transition from the school of Giocondo to that of Palladio.

From its blank front all the evidence of delicately fantastic pleasure in the designer has vanished, the few pieces of coloured marble we merely put in as things that would be expected; but the mind of the architect is occupied with a new thought, that of the solid Corinthian pillar, as the essential element of Greek design. In the flat arabesque and fresco of his façades, Giocondo thought always of Roman wall-painting. This builder is thinking of Greek columnar temples, as he could hear of them, or get idea of them. He uses grand masses of marble for his shafts, and designs his capitals with almost classic purity; the last traces of the Giocondo treatment remain in the varied sculpture of the eave-leaf, varied,

[1] [Ascribed to the school of Bologna.]
[2] [Near the church of the Rosario.]
[3] [For which, see Vol. XXI. p. 199 and *n.*]
[4] [For Antonio Rizzo, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 354), but the particular reference here must be to some missing part of the MS.]

but no more with pleasant fancy; each is turned into an ugly mask, as foolish as it is ugly.

This means that they had pursued beauty alone till they are sick of it, and are compelled to refresh themselves with the detestable.

All the moulding and arrangement of mass are, however, well proportioned and subtle in this façade; the idea of proportion being now the only one left in the designer's empty head. He finds that a great deal has been written about it in Latin, and supposes it therefore to be a science. In the pride of his heart and feebleness of his brain he thinks the Scientific part of Architecture must be the Gentlemanly and Polite essence of it. He restricts himself to the study of this as a sublime duty, is dull upon the subtlest principles, and vacant on the purest metaphysical basis of negation.

V

NOTES ON VENETIAN PALACES

Palazzo Rezzonico. The stupidest of the Pesaro type; its foundations mere Newgate, with no variety of size or fine placing of stones; its pillars mere heaps of cheeses; the brackets of its main balcony blank stones, doubly vulgar by the equality of their intervals; the lions with their tongues out at the bottom, feather helmets of the main story, and heads cut off at the third, all equally stupid; and the ship's cabin elliptical windows at the top as ugly in their mouldings as in their shape. It is the only building I know in Venice which is as bad as anything we do now.[1]

Palazzo Balbi like the Turk one,[2] but much more common, especially in flourished shields. What little good is in it, entirely destroyed by Mr. Guggenheim's advertisement.[3]

Contarini delle Figure (my old Renaissance front one), Giocondine, extremely pure and severe, quite special in the slenderness of its shafts, and the perky little corners of the abaci of its capitals. Very interesting in qualities of marble, white in solid blocks in the lower story, becoming black (why?), pure in centre, coloured at top. The door of this palace, with its modest, useful harbour-like steps, its severe mouldings and delicious little Cima capitals, is exquisitely Venetian, and of extreme interest to me. The two insane figures are modern.[4]

Palazzo Mocenigo, central of three, same side. With flourished scutcheons again and severe panelling, like Turkish. Note in it this abominable late design for central windows [sketch], as well as in the next, which has been fine, but is all defaced.

[1] [In *The Stones of Venice* Ruskin was less severe on this palace: see Vol. XI. p. 400.]

[2] [Formerly the palace of the Turkish Ambassador; separated from the Fondaco dei Turchi by the old granary; a sixteenth-century palace, built by Longhena. In a letter to Rawdon Brown, now in the British Museum, written in 1876–1877, Ruskin says:—

> "I examined to-day, for the first time with care, the palace for the Turkish ambassadors by the Fondaco, with the Crescent all over it. Of the extremely late palaces, it is to me one of the most interesting, but I can find no notice of it whatever in Lazari or Murray. I hope to show you next week a light sketch from the foot of it, looking to Casa della Viola, which I think you will say comes pretty."]

[3] [The Palazzo Balbi (seventeenth century), now an old curiosity shop, with the name of its proprietor prominently over the door.]

[4] [This palace is noticed in *The Stones of Venice,* vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 21).]

Tiepoletto, nearly opposite, Giocondine, of Veronese type, with crisp beaded and . . . [sketch] mouldings like crimped skate, round arched, with imposed finials and ears, fairly on way to School of St. Mark. Frescoed between, its frescoes very vulgar, but quite bright when I painted an oval from it in 1845. Now quite indecipherable, and not likely to stay much longer.[1]

Grimani a San Polo. My old lovely bird capital one.[2] Giocondine, best style, extremely fine in sweeping curves of the window plinths, the bird capitals, and general precision and fine work everywhere. Low pediments to windows of lower story, circular arches above, with imposed finials, but not ears. Pendant tablets inlaid in red marble, as at the Contarini.

Corner Spinelli, opposite the Grimani.[3] On the whole, the finest Renaissance palace in Venice. Giocondine, but late, with Newgate lower story, but very fine in the irregular insertion of its six windows, obtaining an entresol; note how poor it would be in comparison if the entresol windows were not put quite out of traceable relation to the balconies above. There, the lateral circular ones, unique, as also the window traceries and the projecting stair for landing, useful in the effect of this palace, but a bad innovation. The sudden band of fine foliage along the foundation is also vulgar. But if these three—Mocenigo, Grimani, and Spinelli—were together!

[1] [The "Tiepoletto" is a small palace, near S. Tomà. Traces of frescoes are still visible (1906), especially on the *piano nobile,* but, with the exception of a female figure near a boat, the subjects are indecipherable.]

[2] [For this palace, see Vol. XI. p. 399; one of its capitals is Fig. 12 on Plate II. in that volume (p. 12).]

[3] [*i.e.*, opposite the Palazzo Grimani, on the Grand Canal. It is noticed in Vol. XI. p. 369.]

VI

THE VINE-TREE ANGLE, DUCAL PALACE[1]

1. From the Piazzetta columns go to the Ponte della Paglia. Standing here, you are close to the sculpture of the Drunkenness of Noah, which forms the eastern corner-stone of the Ducal Palace.[2]

It is fourteenth-century sculpture of most precious documentary interest.

It is the best work which Venice could command when she built the great sea-front of the Ducal Palace. I do not think it is by its designer; the Adam and Eve of the east angle is in far grander manner, and I doubt not by his own hand; this has the look to me of being by a sculptor working under him, and straining to do his best.

2. Now there are two ways of straining to do your best—one, which is the noble way, of which comes all good, is trying to do it for the sake of doing it, and because it should be always done; and the other is trying to do it that you may get praised for doing it. In which case you are sure to do the work partly as you think will please the public and not with absolute rightness. Now this man has worked simply in desire to do his best, and has put detail into his work which nobody ever looks at. With ten times less trouble he could have carved a complete pergola of vine-leaves for his Noah, projecting all round the palace, and everybody would have said, "How wonderful!" and "What a great sculptor he was!" and would have said so to this day.

But he was working under a grand master, or was one himself, and knew he would spoil the palace front by a projecting pergola. He gave just as much branch of vine as there was need for to tell his story, and to give noble fretted outline to his corner-stone. He gave the thick stem to mark the angle grandly, then subdivided and undercut to his heart's content, in the canopy of leafage and bough which answer to what, in Northern Gothic of the same period, would have been a fretted niche.

But look at the surface of the vine-leaf, which by caprice of time and fate has been left uninjured. Every vein is carved in it, and, mind you, not with any trick or hasty incision of chiselling, but with laborious finish, like wood-carving, leaving the lines in relief.[3]

[1] [This Appendix is given from a printed proof; there are also, among the *St. Mark's Rest* MSS., two drafts of some of it in Ruskin's hand.]

[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 359 *seq.*, and Plates XIX. and I.).]

[3] [Here the printed proof has a footnote: "I have left a cast of this leaf"; it would thus appear that this was written for a lecture. The MS. is headed "Young People. Noah Sculpture. My own, meant for *St. Mark's Rest*."]

3. You will feel the peculiar character of this clumsy native school better by going to the sixth capital decorated with projecting heads,[1] in which you will see that while the workman is quite incapable of carving anything of the rudest features, he delights in finishing the plaits of hair, and does so with extreme skill.

This would be bad work in an accomplished sculptor, but in a rising school it means that the men are doing all they can, and will come to carve features in time. Already they can give character and expression, though not beauty: go on to the [seven]th capital, and you will find the faces of the smaller figures cut with extreme life and spirit, the little drill-hole used for the pupils of the eyes being a characteristic of the early schools, and founded originally on the Greek habit of inlaying with a dark green.

Then look at the plumage of the birds [on the eleventh capital]; see how graceful and living the bend of their necks and the rounding of their breasts and wings.

4. You think that can't be fourteenth-century work? It could not be but in Florence or Venice, where the Etruscan and Greek traditions of bird-carving remained unbroken. Look at the eagle's beak on the coins of Argos, and you will see the beginning of tradition which passes down through the Byzantines to this stone of Venice.

If you think the birds too good for fourteenth century, do you think the Noah so? or the Ham and Shem, or more distant Japheth? Stiff and crude in form, hard in feature, to me the wonder only is that Venice could, as late as 1360, do no better. Quite unspeakably retarded in following the great schools of Pisa—and never to overtake them.

For here again—though the unknown sculptor still does his best—it is a shallow best. As the ribs in the vine-leaf, so the veins and wrinkles in the limbs of Noah are carved elaborately; but there is no power yet of rendering contours of flesh. Every lock of hair in the flowing beard worked like a Dürer engraving, but with so little power of expression that the features scarcely indicate sleep, much less drunkenness.

I do not, however, know any other piece of sculpture of the period [in which] this fancy of vein delineation is so far carried; and my own conviction is that the sculptor meant to make us think of the fruit of the vine as the sacred stream in the veins of man.[2]

5. What was then the course of the religion of Venice? It was first intense, simple, savage Christianity, such as was possible to men Phrygian by race, and taught by the Greeks in their decline, and contending in wrath and pain with the Gothic desolations.

Her life also simple and savage, maintained chiefly by fishing and sale of salt. Fiercely debating was her government, with hand and thought, —duke after duke deposed—and blinded, like Zedekiah[3]—his own people judging him for having rebelled against them—with Babylonian cruelty.

[1] [See Vol. X. p. 389: the old capital is now replaced by a new one.]

[2] [Here the MS. ends, but the printed proof continues, though the connexion is not clear.]

[3] [See 2 Kings xxv. 7.]

"So monstrous, so unspeakable, what example of Christianity is in this?"

More perhaps than in our religion, smoother than oil. Is it best to hold blindness for a calamity only to be inflicted in punishment of treason, or to seek it as a comfort—it and deafness—as the adder stops her ears[1]—that we may not hear the word of God, nor see His face? How many of us walk in a willing blindness, our eyes wired as the haggard hawk's?

That Greek religion, with its fierce deeds and bright traditions, carried her on steadily to the thirteenth century. She had blinded her kings in what she held for justice; and one, blind in age, led her to her greatest glory. Nothing in heathen or Christian history matches the tale of Henry Dandolo.[2]

6. Yet, read in the depth of it, the omen was too true. He knew not whither he went, nor with whom he warred. He led Venice against her nursing mother. Traitress, corrupt, and hostile now, still the foster-mother of her soul, she stood as Electra against Clytemnestra. So it was doomed for Byzantium—doomed for Venice.

She cast the walls of her tutress city to the ground, and allied herself, for gain, with the Saracen, whose religion she abhorred. And slowly from that day the Greek soul died in her, and the Tyrian was born.

Mystery of mysteries. To this, then, the orphan child who put his hand in the urn to draw forth the command of heaven[3]—to this the Doge Michael of the Lord,[4] who furled his ships' sails to lay them at the feet of their captain, Christ[5]—were at last leading them. Out of the ashes of Tyre, dark phœnix, their own Tyrian infidel spirit rose, and they became the world's merchants in gold, and in precious stones and in purple.

Pause a moment to think how literally this came to pass. She struck her coinage in gold so pure, that after she herself had fallen, and had no more a name among nations, her coins were yet struck by her enemies, in the name that was no more.[6] She wrought her robes in gold so massy that the Doge Grimani—he who kneels before the Faith in Titian's picture[7]—dying as a king should, poor, thinks it enough bequest to his son to say, "Let my mantle be sold"* (was it, then?); and she overlaid her palaces with gold, and inlaid them with porphyry, until only the clouds of her own sunsets were more fair.

Go now into the Academy and learn there what Venice was in her Tyrian time. Look first at Gentile Bellini's picture of the front of St. Mark's.[8]

[Ruskin's second illustrative picture was Carpaccio's, No. 574 in the Academy; this picture is the subject of the next Appendix.]

* Sanuto, quoted by Edward Cheney: *Remarks on Illuminated Venetian Manuscripts*, p. 49.

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[1] [Psalms lviii. 4.]

[2] [See Vol. IX. p. 20.]

[3] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 6 (above, p. 212).]

[4] [For Domenico Michiel, see above, pp. 208 *seq.*]

[5] [*Richard II.*, Act iv. sc. 1.]

[6] [The British Museum has a gold ducat (afterwards known as the zecchino or sequin) which was struck in Venice in 1279. The coin continued to be struck by Austria and other countries until quite recent years.]

[7] [In the Ducal Palace: see Vol. XI. p. 373.]

[8] [See above, p. 162, and Plate XLVI.]

VII

CARPACCIO'S APE

This then is Venice in her Tyrian time, parallel in the history of Israel to the reign of Solomon in alliance with Hiram, and the Egyptians with the ships of Tarshish, bringing home ivory, and apes, and peacocks.[1]

I always used to wonder, in reading that history as a boy, what he wanted the apes for.

Look now to the Carpaccio ["The Return of the English Ambassadors"].[2] It has the most wonderful piece of chiaroscuro in it, in architecture against sky, that I ever saw in painting—the circular temple on the right. On the steps of it you will find an ape sitting, dressed; sitting all by himself, masterless, in full dress. Carpaccio, be assured, never puts in a piece of notable grotesque without meaning it to be noted. Almost while he was painting it, Albert Dürer was engraving the monkey at the feet of his most finished Madonna.[3] You will find no monkeys at the feet of the Greek Athena or the Byzantine Mary. This is the first sign of the penetration into the mind of Venice, of the Northern spirit of the Jesting Grotesque; true Greek or Tyrian grotesque she had before, mystic and terrible — the Gorgon, the Fury, the Harpy, the Siren, but not the Ape.

Here sits on the temple steps the first figure occurrent of your Christmas pantomimes, your beloved Harlequin; know you him not for a Venetian mosaic? A piece of the Divine History of Ravenna, with the Power of Miracle in its hand, become a Jest.

Now look to the end of the room.[4] You see, painted by Veronese, Christ at meat in the Pharisee's house, but with difficulty, for in front is many a piece of pantomime going on, chiefly a dwarf-fool running with a dish, and getting hit over the head by a servant. True pantomime, you observe, —farther advanced in style.

And Venice saw her danger and knew it, and considered of it; and that Inquisition of State of hers, which you have been accustomed to hear

[1] [1 Kings x. 22: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."]

[2] [No. 4 in the "St. Ursula" Series: see Introduction, p. lii., and Plate XLIX.]

[3] [One of Dürer's early engravings; for another reference to it, see *Eagle's Nest*, § 151 (Vol. XXII. p. 225).]

[4] [*i.e.*, at the end of the room in the Academy at Venice, in which the pictures by Carpaccio and by Veronese were at the time exhibited. For the Veronese, see above, pp. 161, 188, and Plate LV.]

of as the Devil in many persons, interfering with freedom of conscience, forsooth, and freedom of trade, forsooth (yes, and actually burning people to death, whom it thought mischievous persons, instead of, as is proper, pitching innocent ones over seventy-feet-high bridges, and burning them in a heap at the bottom to make dividends out of them)[1]—this Diabolical Inquisition of State called the new Paul, the Apostle of Pantomime, into its court, and inquired of him what new gospel this might be. The examination of the painter by the Inquisition has been, by will of Fors, preserved for us.[2]

Harlequin—mosaic of Ravenna become a Jest. Columbine—Virgin Diana the Huntress, succinct of dress, become Diana of the Ephesians, succinct of dress, she also, for other hunting. Against the Greek Madonna, with robes, gracefully lengthened, here is another Madonna predicate by Venice to European worship, with robe gracefully shortened.

As by Correggio the worship of the Magdalen in deserts, studious of divine literature—a popular evangelical sermon, delicately painted on snuff-box lids.*

Then, and in England, Darwinian science and practice of Development —concluding in the investigation of the manners practised among apes as those of supreme Courtesy. These are the final issue of Solomon's quest; this, the meaning of Carpaccio's coloured symbol, and presently you shall see to what it brought Venice, and her beauty.

* The history of Venice in this direction may be closed by the reader who cares to pursue it with Casanova's account of the love-gift sent him by the Nun of Murano.[3]

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[1] [If this was written in 1877, Ruskin may have been thinking of the accident to the Pacific express on December 29, 1876, when a hundred passengers were killed by the fall of a bridge over a creek. The Tay Bridge disaster was later (December 28, 1879).]

[2] [It is printed at the end of the *Guide to the Academy:* see above, pp. 187–190.]

[3] ["L'étui contenait une tabatière d'or, et quelques brins de tabac d'Espagne prouvaient qu'on s'en était servi. Je suivis les indices de la lettre et je vis d'abord mon amante en religieuse, debout et en demi-profil. Le second fond me la montra toute nue étendue sur un matelas de satin noir, dans la posture de la Madeleine du Correggio."—*Mémoires de Jacques Casanova de Seingalt* (the adventurer whose Memoirs give so strange a picture of the morals of the time, born at Venice 1725, died at Dux in Bohemia 1803), vol. ii. p. 133 (Paris edition of 1843).]

VIII

TYRE: STUDY ON EZEKIEL, CH. XXVIII.

> "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created.
>
> "Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire."
>
> —EZEKIEL xxviii. 13, 14.

1. THE young reader who, under the calamitous blight of modern education, has never been taught his Old Testament, yet, if he has attained any power of taste in literature, cannot but be struck by the beauty and passion of the words I have just quoted; and if there is any earnestness or imagination in his temper cannot but farther ask, who is this who speaks? of what happy place and Nation is it spoken, and out of the obscurity of its burning words what literal meaning shall we gather? What is the power of the Cherub that covereth, and where is the Mountain of God, and where the midst of the stones of fire?

To which, this is the uttermost that can be answered.

The speaker, if we are to believe Him, is the Lord of Hosts. And the Happy City is the place where, even among the Heathen, as by double miracle, Christ was born. "They of Tyre, with the Morians—there, even there, was He born."[1]

And the Mountain of God is that happy crest all may climb, who will—and so few will. "Who shall ascend into the Hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his Holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, that hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."[2] And the Anointed Cherub that covereth * is the sacred Kingship of their helpful spirit over other men; and their walking up and down in

* Or encamps (Septuagint). "The Angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear Him."[3]

[1] [Psalms lxxxvii. 4 (Prayer-book version).]
[2] [Psalms xxiv. 3.]
[3] [Psalms xxxiv. 7.]

the midst of the Stones of Fire is as the walking of the three Holy Children in the midst of the Furnace of Dura.[1]

And all this is spoken of the great City which Venice was ordered to abuse for ever by the oracle of the Orphan Child.[2]

2. Will you look back to the first sentence with which I began my story of her, thirty years ago? and now follow it out to its conclusion? "Since first the dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands—the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction."[3]

I ask you to read this partly that you may see how early the conception was formed by me of the present state of England, which led, only a few years after that sentence was written, to my virtually quitting my pursuit of art altogether that I might teach her—so far as she would hear—what likeness she bore to the condemned Queen of the Deep. I have now finally to fulfil the message.

3. You have heard the Blessing of Tyre; hear now her condemnation:[4]—

> "Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."
>
> "By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire.
>
> "Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty; thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee.
>
> "Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic: therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee; and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee.
>
> "All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more."

I do not know if the ears of the modern public, educated by mellifluous railroad whistles, will be in any wise pleased by the tones or cadence of this piece of ancient literature, or whether the intellect of the modern public, developed by the equally mellifluous theology of Professor Clifford,[5] and other corner-stones of recent Science, feeding on the

[1] [Daniel iii.]
[2] [See, again, *St. Mark's Rest*, § 6 (above, p. 212).]
[3] [See Vol. IX. p. 17.]
[4] [Ezekiel xxviii. 15–19.]
[5] [For another reference to Professor W. K. Clifford, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 65, § 9.]

Petroleum truth of such oil as they strike among the flinty rocks, will be in the least interested to ascertain the meaning of prophetic phrases which perhaps have ceased even to be perceptibly melodious. But as I learned what little power of language I have been praised for chiefly in the sound of this ancient music,[1] so also, whatever I have any hope of ever being praised for teaching by good men, has been learned by following out the instructions, or the stories, contained in "the words of this song."[2] Which, therefore, I am compelled in this endeavour to bring my old work to its meant conclusion, to pray my readers to consider of a little while together with me.

4. "Thou wast perfect in thy ways," you see Ezekiel says to the great merchant City, "from the day thou wast created—till iniquity was found in thee."

A wonderful saying, surely, to us, who have been taught so positively that nothing human can be perfect, and that everything human is just as it was before! Will you look into the wonder of this saying more closely?

How long do you suppose Tyre was perfect in her ways; what kind of life did her people lead; what Gods worship? And at what time was iniquity first found in her? You find her sin said to consist chiefly in two kinds—"By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence"; and "Thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness."

The first of these sins you find presently further amplified, thus: "Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by reason of the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic." And the second thus (look back to the second and third verses): "Behold, thou art wiser than Daniel; there is no secret that they can hide from thee, and thou hast said, I am a God, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas."

Words which might surely be, with the most precise truth, also spoken of England, or rather put into her mouth at this hour, only substituting the word "Zoophyte" for "God," thus: "Behold, I am wiser than Daniel; there is no secret that they can hide from me. Also I am a zoophyte, and sit in the seat of zoophytes, in the midst of the seas." Is it not therefore of some importance to us, as existent Tyrians, to know what came of all this wisdom and beauty, this divine purple of the Sea-shell and divine wisdom of the Zoophyte? For whether this so-called prophecy of Ezekiel was written before or after the event, it does indeed, either by inspiration or research, express certain facts concerning Tyre, and suggests certain causes for them which will notably illustrate her history.

5. That history itself is not, so far as I know, summed intelligibly in any easily accessible book. I must try the best I can do with it.

First, Tyre is essentially the capital city of the land of Canaan, her power being inherited from the still more ancient Sidon (Canaan begat Sidon his first-born, and Heth[3]); but the real province or country of Phœnicia is a piece of the coast of Palestine about 120 miles long by twelve broad—or, approximately, what a strip of land would be measured

[1] [See *Præterita*, i. ch. i. § 2.]
[2] [Deuteronomy xxxi. 30.]
[3] [Genesis x. 15.]

twelve miles towards the hills along the coasts of Lancashire and Cumberland—the whole of it, not quite, the area of Lancashire alone.

The capital cities in Joshua's time were in divided power—Great Sidon and Strong Tyre (Joshua xix. 28, 29), Tyre being founded on a rocky island, three miles round, with a sea channel nearly a mile wide between it and the shore.

[Here the MS. breaks off, the other sheets which deal with Tyre containing only references and memoranda. Ruskin gave his general conception of Tyre in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 64. "Tyre is the Hamite slavish *pleasure* of sensual and idolatrous art, clothing her nakedness with sea purple. She is lady of all beautiful carnal pride, and of the commerce that feeds it."]

IX

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI AND CARPACCIO[1]

1. Of these two pictures, the Florentine one represents the highest reach of pure or ideal religious art, next to Angelico; the Venetian one represents the highest reach of religious art, accepting the weakness of human nature, believing in it, abiding by it, and becoming greater therefrom.

The Lippi, therefore, is of the school called "Purist" in *Modern Painters;*[2] the Carpaccio of the school called "Naturalist."

Carpaccio is also much the stronger artist, but trained in a more or less imperfect peasant's and fisherman's school of art, and, like all the greatest men, not caring always to show his strength, and not always capable of doing so. Lippi is a far weaker genius, but trained in the most accomplished school of art the world has seen, and putting forth his utmost strength, as a religious duty, at all times and in the least things. Hence the Carpaccio has a natural charm of conception, and a simplicity of execution, which can be more easily represented in copying, by a man who feels them, than the qualities of the Lippi; and Mr. Murray has, therefore, been able to make such a drawing from the Carpaccio as may, in the absence of the original, give nearly as much pleasure (the rather as he is already himself a very strong master, both of colour and expression); but he has been quite unable to do justice to the exquisite fineness of draughtsmanship in the Lippi, or to give to colours, not reduced to melody, as in

[1] [This Appendix is reprinted from a pamphlet compiled by Henry Swan, the first curator of the St. George's Museum. (The sections are here numbered for convenience of reference.) It has no title-page; the wrapper is lettered "The | St. George's Museum, | Upper Walkley, | Sheffield"; and on p. 3 there is the following "drop-title": "Collected Notes on Some of the | Pictures in the St. George's Museum, | Sheffield." Octavo, pp. 16, issued in pale grey wrappers. Most of the notes are collected from Ruskin's published works, but on pp. 5–10 are the Notes, here reprinted, which do not appear elsewhere. The notes are subjoined to a copy by Mr. Fairfax Murray of the Lippi Madonna, which was the subject of one of Ruskin's "Lesson Photographs" (see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 59 and 69). A reproduction of the picture by Lippi will be found in Vol. XXVIII. The notes refer to that picture, and to Carpaccio's "Reception of the Ambassadors" (No. 572 in the Academy; Plate XLVII. in this volume; see above, pp. l., 166), of a portion of which ("The King's Consent") there is a water-colour copy by Mr. Fairfax Murray in the St. George's Museum. These two copies were, says Mr. Swan (p. 5), "the first pictures sent by the Master to the museum. The following are his notes relating to them."]

[2] [Rather in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 224); but see also the later *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 103).]

the Carpaccio, by the skill of their arrangement, the charm which in the feeble (in comparison) arrangement of the Lippi they receive in the original, from mere exquisiteness of painting.

2. Note first on the Carpaccio—the princess's hands are unfinished in form (being terrifically difficult). The delicacy of their colour in flat shadow, against white in shadow, is one of the special achievements of the art of Venice, as opposed to the black vulgarities of Roman chiaroscuro.

Her hair, twisted into a cable, with pearls, is a specially Venetian manner of head-dress, retained by true Venetian women to this day, without knowing the origin of it, which I do not doubt was the successful defence of Aquileia (the true mother city of Venice),[1] in the third century, against the Emperor Maximin. Rope was wanting for the war machines, and there was not hemp enough; the women cut off their long hair, and made ropes of that. They dedicated (when the city was saved) an altar to Bald Venus;[2] and I have no doubt that not only this head-dress, but the cable-mouldings, which I used to think merely an imitation of the shipping tackle, was influenced in its *close*-wrung form, as opposed to the graceful opened Lombardic spiral, by this tradition.

The black square behind the head is the mythic symbol that while she puts the marriage ring on her finger, the wedding is to death. Such another black space is put behind the head of the angel in her dream.

But the Venetian colourists always use black in larger spaces than the Florentines, being more sad and more earthly in their temper. In order to show you this difference in these two pictures completely, it would have been needful that the shade of Lippi's landscape, exquisitely finished in the original, should have been rightly rendered in the copy; but it is here that the copy chiefly fails, for this landscape distance would have taken as much time and trouble to paint as the figures. Mr. Murray has been obliged to paint it hastily, and has not been successful in the haste.

The soft grey-green colour of it, and the more or less green tone through the whole, still more definite in the original, as opposed to the rich red and gold of the Venetian, lead to many interesting points of inquiry, of which here are a few touched upon in my *Laws of Fésole*.[3]

3. The colour schools of Italy are in the main three, all dependent essentially, first on locality, and secondly on the national habits of life. These three schools are the Sienese, Florentine, and Venetian.

The first is developed in a red sandstone and clay country, with exquisite and almost miraculous springs of pure water.

The second in a white marble and green serpentine country, with clear-flowing mountain streams, but a muddy main river.

The third in a red marble and white dolomite country, with a great plain extending below it to the sea, traversed by muddy rivers.[4]

[1] [Compare above, p. 428.]

[2] [Compare, again, p. 428. See Gibbon, ch. vii., or F. C. Hodgson's *Early History of Venice*, p. 12.]

[3] [That is, in the intended second volume of that book, which was to deal with colour: see above, pp. xlii.–xliii. *n.*, and Vol. XV. p. xxvii.]

[4] [On this subject of the relation between geographical conditions and resultant art, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 175–177, 279–280), *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 38–40), and *Aratra Pentelici*, § 159 (Vol. XX. pp. 313–314).]

4. The result on their art is, first, that red is despised by the Sienese as a sand-and-clay colour, good in pots, not pictures; but that green is rejoiced in by them as the supreme blessing of the earth in spring. They cannot have enough of it, and seriously injure their painting by excess of it.

The second result, for the Florentine, is the founding of his architecture on the opposition of white to green marble, with red inlaid as a glowing luxury. These, with the blue of the sky between his olive leaves, found his Etruscan school of colour, which was suddenly kindled by Giotto into glow, as of St. Francis's chariot of fire,[1] and carried by Angelico into the colours of Paradise. But it is always liable to be subdued, when not in its full enthusiasm, towards tones of white and green, partially degraded by the earthly school of Siena.

The third result, for the Venetian, is his founding his architecture on the opposition of red and white marble,[2] taking up red as a precious, yet constant, colour of domestic power and life, with an exquisitely deep blue, founded on the colour of his distant mountains and plains, and of the Eastern sea; but on the whole rejecting green, as the colour of shallow, vulgar, or angry sea, and, in his own home, the colour of the street pavement, not worth painting. The only thing that Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini never paint with any enjoyment is the water of their own canals.

5. As the schools developed themselves the Sienese gradually expired, having no proper painter's natural food. The Florentine and Venetian taught each other what they each needed; Venice learned from Florence some love of the spring, and Florence from Venice the glory of purple and scarlet. But to the end each remained in their several power—one the painter of the crimson of flesh and blood, the other of the power and spirit of eternal spring. Their perfect power, after each had taught the other, is seen only in Titian and Angelico; but their peculiar national character is better recognized by two exquisite pictures of more simple men—Carpaccio's "Dream of St. Ursula,"[3] a harmony of crimson and white, with subdued gold and green; and Botticelli's "Spring," a harmony of green and white, with subdued gold and crimson.

6. By comparing the drawing and photograph you will see the uses and weaknesses of each. The drawing often misses the perfectness of Lippi's line; the spiral of the chair, for instance, does not taper rightly; the Madonna's dress does not sit so easily; the angel's sleeve does not fold so truly at the shoulder. On the other hand, all that is red or orange-tinted in the painting becomes black or brown in the photograph; and the group which, with the infant they sustain, is throughout suffused with light in the painting, is darkened in its masses like a Bolognese picture, and blotted by the inky wing, which looks like a bit of ebony screwed on.

I cannot make out, either from the photograph or Mr. Murray's drawing, what the chains of white and green spots are in the distance. I suppose trees or shrubs in rows. Artistically, they are simply a pictorial

[1] [See Vol. XXIII. p. 351.]

[2] [Compare above, pp. 162, 163.]

[3] [For other references to this picture, see above, p. li.; and for Botticelli's "Spring," Vol. XXII. p. 430.]

adaptation of bead mouldings, to unite the landscape with the bead decorations of the dress.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the application of the modestly subdued ornamentation in the dress—subdued, not by carelessness or slightness, but by infinitely tender precision. Less well done, they would be more conspicuous. Lippi will work half-an-hour on a fold or a jewel —that it may *not* be observed. But when you *do* observe it, you get something for your pains. See the folds of veil, fastening of breast chain work, beads round spiral of throne, etc.

7. But Carpaccio attains a still less obtrusive and more exquisite delicacy by thinking less of the precision of form than of its mystery; and Mr. Murray's sympathy with his manner has made the drawing of the heads of both king and princess very exemplary and wonderful. The treatment of the king's hair, and the subdued light in his grieved eyes, are entirely beautiful: decoration and jewel painting, this, of highest order, while the princess's crown vanishes almost away, the painter trusting to the wreath of her tresses.

I have just noticed, as I quit the picture, the conspicuousness of the ring by which the dark tablet is fastened. I have no doubt Carpaccio meant thus to connect this tablet with the marriage ring in the princess's hand. The circular panes of glass in the window prevent the eye from being fastened on it too closely.

X

COLOUR AND THE VENETIAN SCHOOL[1]

1. The disposition of artists, otherwise of equal imaginative and moral power, to address themselves severally to the representations of material or of spiritual phenomena, is chiefly dependent on the degree in which they possess the faculty of colour. To a man incapable of seeing colour all the most subtle expressions of human emotion are invisible: the dimness of love in the eyes, or the blush of joy, or hectic of shame, on the cheek, and the harmonies of tender or weather-tried colour which express past conditions of life on the features are simply invisible to them. Even forms are unintelligible which are expressed only by gradations of hue, and the round of a lip which God has graduated with violet and rose colour is resolved by the eyes inaccessible to colour into a crude and plaster-like form, rounded only by so much grey as exists for one compound in the violet.*

2. Therefore, practically great sculptors neglect the face, and great painters the body. If a sculptor pays much attention to the face, he is nearly certain to interest himself chiefly in the lower passions which contort the features; while if a painter greatly interests himself in the body, he is as certain to neglect the highest conditions of beauty both in face

* It is almost impossible for a colourist to conceive the real aspect of the face, blotched as it must be by uncomprehended shade, to persons who cannot distinguish green from red; and it has been proved in recent art examinations that this is the case with one person out of seven, while less total deprivation of the faculty of colour is common to a large number of the students. The choice of sculptures or painting as a means of expression is regulated in countries where painting has been once developed, chiefly by the possession of this faculty. No man was ever a sculptor who could have been a painter, except at periods where both arts are in their infancy. Michael Angelo is the exception in whom the gift of colour existed, but not in perfection, and who remains a sculptor only because his ambition provoked him to contend with the masters of antiquity, who had left no frescoes to be rivalled. But all great painters can carve, as a matter of course, if they choose. Giotto's sculpture is more subtle than Niccolo Pisano's, and Orcagna's than any of the later Pisa school.

[1] [This Appendix is printed from the same collection of MSS. which have supplied Appendices i.–viii. The sheets here given are noted by Ruskin, "Fésole. Now to be used for 'St. Mark's Rest.'" They were written for the intended continuation of *The Laws of Fésole.*]

and action. Tintoret, even in his loveliest faces, makes the eyes too dark, and has degraded his noblest figures by making their gestures violent.

But a noble unity of the arts of sculpture and painting will always be found in right understanding of the ends of both, each being thus taught alike to glorify God in the Body and in the Spirit, which are God's.

3. The schools of art which existed in Europe, independently, or nearly so, of that of Florence, are always to be studied by first considering the characters of the race developing them, and, next, the degree in which they were taught by Greek or Roman masters. Florence only had both; and the greater number of other schools are conditions of Barbarian activity, taught ocularly only by the remains of Rome, and hearing only the Greek religious traditions. Thus, in Verona, the decorations of the Roman arch yet standing in her streets are carried into her early Gothic architecture, energised in that by the Goths, and return into themselves; while the masters of Lombardy are in their virtues too inimitable, and in their errors too attractive, to be either encouraging guides to the wise, or safe ones to the vain.

But standards of perfect painting their central works remain for ever, and the highest reward of the student's patience and obedience in the school of Giotto and Botticelli will be his power of true delight in Carpaccio and Tintoret.

4. In the midst of the Lombard invasion—or, more accurately, overwhelmed by it and preserved like the seeds of plants under snow—the native race of true Lombardy survived. Lombardy, not the stolen dominion of northern armies, but the great Sculptured Vase whose curved lips are the Alps and Apennine.

The mountain people of the Larian lake, the masters of the waves and the murmur of Benacus, the farmers of the banks of Mincio, the merchants of Mediolanum, the peaceful scholars of Antenor's land,[1] the rock-born shepherds of Cadore, and the red mariners of the ribbed sea sands of Adria,[2]—neither Greek nor Ostrogoth nor Lombard poured out the blood of these, but in libation, on their sacred Mother-soil. Native still as the olive and the vine to the marble rock and the blue plain, they bind themselves at last into the "cohort of Death" on the field of Legnano,[3] and by the swords of the Four Hundred, redeem their captivity

[1] [See above, p. 429 *n.*]

[2] [From this point down to the end of § 4, the MS. shows an alternative passage :—

> "these, native still as the olive and vine to their marble rocks and azure plains, lived silently through the ruinous ages, guarded by the proud law of Nature that her royal children shall be nourished in their Father's land, knitted of the same elements as its dust, and bright with the same brightness as its flowers.
>
> "Thus traced and understood, the true schools of Lombardy will be found to include the range of thought and emotion belonging to the race born beneath the light of the Alps and brought up beside the flowing of their waters—race of which Virgil is the supreme type, and which retained, in the virtue of its latest masters, the Virgilian softness and the Dardan fire."]

[3] [For other references to the battle of Legnano (May 29, 1176), in which the Milanese defeated Frederic Barbarossa, see above, p. 135, and Vol. XX. p. 361. For

into Immortal life. For this is indeed an eternal law of Nature, that her great souls and their labours shall always be native to their land, knitted of the same elements as its dust, and bright with the same brightness as its flowers. Thus traced and understood, the schools of Venice will be found to include the entire strength of thought and emotion belonging to the races thus born beneath the light of the Alps, and fed by the flowing of their streams. The basin of Lombardy with its mountain walls, purple horizon, and kindly gifts of fruitful tree and fertile field, had for its children the race of whom Virgil is the supreme type, to which Christianity indeed gave the free strength which was to glow into that of Titian, and which retained nevertheless, through the strength of its proudest masters, the Virgilian softness and the Dardan passion. Correggio in his luxury, and Luini in his purity; Veronese in his splendour, and Mantegna in his pride; Carpaccio in the dawn, and Tintoret in the darkness—all worship with the shepherd of Ida, and are bound with the cestus of the Queen of the Sea.

5. Now the great peculiarity of this race, considered as one artist group, consists in its incapacity of sculpture. From first to last, whenever it uses a chisel, it essentially tries to paint with it; on the one side, produces at its time of highest skill flat sculptures in which the light and shade of the chiselled line are used simply to draw the subject, not to shape it; and on the other, in its decline producing sculpture of fantastic projections in vain imitation of groups designed for the imaginary depths of the painter's heaven. To draw upon marble like Mantegna, is the pride of the sculptors of Venice in the fifteenth century; to carve the Assumption of Titian in the solid, is the dream of those of the seventeenth. At no period of her art, early or late, is there any native Lombardic sculpture acceptant of the laws of sculpture. The Comaschi indeed founded the schools of freemasonry,[1] but under architectural conditions only. All true sculpture was either by the invading Lombards or the invited Pisan. On the other hand, the Etrurian race, while they carry forward their arts of painting and sculpture with entire intelligence of the virtues of both, nevertheless in some slight degree chastise their painting by the laws of sculpture, and will rather carve with their pencil than paint with their chisel. They are first worshippers of Mars, then of Athena, never of Aphrodite, and they perish in the pursuit of vain knowledge, not of vain pleasure.

the formation of "the cohort of death," and of another troop formed of *Three* Hundred youths of the best families, see Sismondi, *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age* (Paris, 1826), ch. xi. vol. ii. p. 207.]

[1] [The "Magistri Comaceni" (Comaschi) are mentioned in Lombardic codes as the builders of the time (see Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, vol. i. pt. ii., p. 25 of the edition of 1725), and other historians record that masons were always to be found in that part of Italy notwithstanding its occupation by barbarians (Tiraboschi, *Storia della Lett. Ital.*, 1823, vol. iii. p. 218).]

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